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Punch

VOL. CXXXIX.



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King George and the Dragon.

OLD FRIENDS.

Few things have given me such real pleasure as the recent announcement that plans have been made for the issue of a new coinage. This will meet a long-felt want, and however soon the issue is made it cannot be too soon.

Not that I wish to disparage the dear old coinage. I don't know as much about the subject as Lord ROTHESCHILD or ANDREW CARNEGIE, I must admit, but I think the time is opportune for a good word to be said about it and, as neither of these gentlemen has come forward (it is little to their credit, I consider), I feel no hesitation in attempting to fill the breach. Indeed, it is part of a journalist's daily work to write about things of which he has little or no experience,

What romance surrounds our old coinage! What thoughts are stirred up by it! Look through your pennies, if any. Is there one dated 1883? That was the year in which Lord WINTERTON also saw the light. Think of all the gladness that both have brought to many a heart. Have you one dated 1874? The thought inevitably comes, how thin it has grown in the service of man, while Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, who came into the world the same year, has altered too.

Let us not slight the old coinage. Remember, an old penny will buy as many wax matches as a new one, and *The Daily Mirror* you receive in exchange for an old half-penny has quite as many pictures as the one you would obtain if you presented a new penny and the boy forgot to give the change.

And the same rule obtains with shillings, and (as I have been told) with coins of higher value whose names I am not familiar with.

Yes, the issue of a new coinage fills me with joy. I only hope they'll issue enough. But all the same I have a warm corner in my pocket for the old.

Overdoing it.

"A message from Marrakesh states that *four quarters* of the business part of the city have been destroyed by fire."

You can't get the insurance people like that.

"CORDON SUICIDA
ALARMING SINGEMENT
COLLAPSE OF YORKSHIRE."

Yorkshire is too sensitive. It should try HIRST's Toffee for the Nerves.

TO SOPHONISBA, OF BEDFORD COLLEGE.

[The Duchess of MARRLBOROUGH, in advocating a scheme for the removal of the Bedford College for Women from Baker Street to Regent's Park, is reported to have said that "it was difficult to comprehend why there should be such rooted objection on the part of Englishmen to the higher education of their wives. There must be some secret fear that, hard as they found it to understand a woman now, it would be absolutely beyond their ken were she highly educated." The way to conquer opposition was for women to be "tactful enough not always to worst their husbands in argument."]

Ere the vows at which the bravest falter
Make you my irrevocable bride;
Ere I feel the nuptial noose or halter
Round my throat permanently tied;
While the hour is open for repentance,
Hear the following prayer which I despatch I
Else, before the priest pronounces sentence,
I propose to scratch.

I implore you not to be too sniffy
Should my lack of culture cause you pain;
Do not petrify your Albert if he
Fails to fathom your unusual brain;
Promise you will temper your ideas
To the taste of just an average man;
Promise, Sophonisba, not to be as
Clever as you can.

Fostered at the fount of higher knowledge,
You enjoyed a chance denied to me;
I was never schooled at Bedford College,
I was nursed at Balliol's homely knee;
'Therefore make allowance for the mental
Lapses which invite your lips to laugh,
And, as you are strong, be very gentle
To your foebler half.

Epigrams, in private, I could swallow;
If you made my manly pride to flinch
From a wit too fleet for me to follow,
I could always smack you at a pinch;
But in public, when you take the trophy
For the finest table-talk in Town,
Do not knock me sideways, O my Sophie;
Let me softly down.

O. S.

AN EXAMINATION PAPER FOR JUDGES.

[A Bill providing for the appointment of two more Judges of the High Court is now before the House of Commons. *Mr. Punch* ventures to suggest that no lawyer should be raised to the Bench unless he can answer the following questions satisfactorily. Knowledge of the world is, after all, as important as a knowledge of Law and the rules of procedure.]

I. Who is HARRY LAUDER? Where and when and how often does he do what? Has he ever travelled abroad? If so, state where and how he travelled and how many bouquets of flowers were presented to him, by whom. What costume does he look best in?

II. Write short life-histories of G. B. SHAW, A. B. WALKLEY and G. K. CHESTERTON.

III. If Mr. SHAW, Mr. WALKLEY, Mr. CHESTERTON and Mr. BELLOC were locked up in a room together for an hour, what do you consider would be the probable result, on the assumption that all type-writing machines, pens, pencils, ink and paper had been previously removed and that only three gags had been provided for the four of them?

IV. What are the favourite drinks of (a) Mr. BELLOC, (b) Mr. CHESTERTON?

V. Give a short working definition of "back-chat," with examples of its use, (1) by a music-hall singer, (2) by three

occupants of a box *plus* six bottles of champagne with liqueurs to follow.

VI. What, if any, is your theory of "chuckers out"? If A., a chucker-out, measures six feet four inches, and B., a noisy member of the audience, measures only five feet five, what in your opinion will be the upshot of a meeting between them on the top of a stone staircase leading to a granite pavement?

VII. Explain the meaning of the following expressions, giving examples of the use of each, and mentioning in every case the status, age and profession of those who use them:—

"Quishy, my boy"; "He's got all the fat"; "It's a perfect frost"; "Not 'arf"; "He's got bubbles in his think-tank"; "She's a fair knock-out"; "A sockdologger on the jaw"; "The Field a monkey"; "Dorothy two"; "None o' your lip"; "I'll push your fice in"; "The spondulicks"; "Arf a thick 'un."

VIII. "This Court is not a theatre." Examine the truth of this statement in the light of some recent trials. Give the names of four jocular Judges, with examples and brief analyses of their jokes.

IX. Can you quote Latin and French? If so, quote some of each and translate into idiomatic English.

X. State what you know about Dresden China; Dress-makers' Bills; Ladies' Hats; Turf Accountants; Journalists' Salaries; Publishers' Readers; Railway Porters; Mining Royalties; The Stock Exchange; The Price of Coals; Grammar; Deportment; and the Duties of Bishops.

THE CRYPTS OF CLAMOUR.

(With acknowledgments to a well-spread advertisement.)

WHAT is more silent and lonely than the life of a bachelor? Even with married couples or in large families there are frequently moments of almost intolerable dullness, gaps in the conversation, hiatuses of sound. Buy the *Crypts of Clamour* and make your existence a melodious and a cheerful thing. What are the *Crypts of Clamour*? They look like the ordinary furniture castor; but are they? No. Every one of them conceals a miniature barrel-organ that plays in rotation all the popular airs of the day. Fit them to your tables and chairs, fasten them to your ottomans and settees, clap them to your bedsteads and your book-cases; let the sofa become tonic and the dumb-waiter burst into song. The pianola will be instantly superseded and the gramophone a thing of the past. Straddle across your chair and ride round the room, and you can enjoy all the finest music of the hour at a minimum of expense. Spring-cleaning becomes a vast orchestral symphony and the drawing-in of chairs to dinner produces the blare of a restaurant band. The little ones will love them. Fastest over polished boards and linoleum, they give an exquisite if softer rendering on Axminsters and Turkeys. Papa will never go to the Club now. Ten-and-sixpence each, they last for a lifetime, and can be procured of all pianoforte-dealers and ironmongers in the United Kingdom by enclosing a coupon from this paper. Notice our trade-mark, the rattle-snake, and hurry up and make your home a concert-hall.

The Public School Touch.

"WANTED several good Caners for indoor work for six weeks.—Day work, not piece work."—*South Bucks Free Press*.

From The Photographic Red Book:

"ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS... Dark Room. Apply, Keeper of Wolves' Dens."

There should be some interesting developments here which we would be sorry to miss.



PEGGING OUT HIS CLAIM.

THE NEW GOLDFIELDS, BUDGET CREEK.



Extract from Aldershot Command Orders.—"THE GYMNASIUM SWIMMING BATH IS FOR THE USE OF SOLDIERS IN UNIFORM ONLY."

GOLD!

[It is announced from Vancouver that the rumours of a big strike of gold at Bitter Creek have been confirmed.—*The Daily Telegraph*.]

GOLD! 'mid the North's magnetic hush,
They've struck it in the good old manner,
Not the beringed promoter's gush,
No trash of your prospectus-planner,
But the true kind that played its part
With bowies, "guns," and forty-niners,
When (by the magic of **BRET HARTE**)
You found no life excelled the miner's!

How often have you, beat but game,
Your old red shirt without a collar,
Toiled at the stiff, abandoned claim
You'd purchased with your last half dollar,
Sure-armed, you swung your pick aloft
Through days of doubt and hours of danger,
Then, lo! the vein—dull, yellowy, soft,
And—"Sort o' think you'd struck it, Stranger!"

And up the pass, through pine and snow,
You've heard the river in the canyon
Shouting a thousand foot below,
The timber-wolf your sole companion;
With aching back you've faced the hill,
You've searched each likely ledge and dug it,
And whooped the eagle from his kill
When you acclaimed a ten-ounce nugget!

You've swaggered into camp at night,
Bronzed, bold, a devil of a fellow;
You've seen the windy dark alight,
Stern faces round the fire grown mellow;

And, where the fanged Sierras rise
Up through the moon's cold flooding crystal,
You've lain and watched the opal skies,
Your head upon a loaded pistol!

Tap of the pick! it's waked in truth
The kindly, half-forgotten faeries,
Friends of the camping fires of youth
That shone on Indians, trails, and prairies,
Whose sparks still through the darkness fall
In flashing showers of gold untinted,
The purest metal of them all,
A finer ore than e'er was minted!

A LANCASHIRE FAMILY AFFAIR.

In view of recent developments it is rumoured that a deputation of county cricket captains is about to present the following recommendations to the M.C.C. at headquarters:—

(1) That not more than seven **TYLDESLEYS**, whether related or not, shall be allowed to play at one time for any Lancashire eleven.

(2) That **ERNEST TYLDESLEY** and **WILLIAM TYLDESLEY** shall be appointed cricket specialists to *The Daily News* and *The Daily Express* respectively.

(3) That they shall always make a point of saying a few kind words about **JOHN**.

(4) That the pastime now commonly called cricket shall henceforward, when Lancashire is one of the contesting parties, be known as **Tyldesley-winks**.

AT THE PLAY.

"PRISCILLA RUNS AWAY."

You know the dear old story of the "Prince's Wooing": how he had to contract an alliance with a Princess whom he had never seen, how he disguised himself as an ordinary subject and made love to her in the ordinary way, and how, finally, when they met as Prince and Princess, they discovered that they had given their hearts to each other long long ago. It is one of the four magazine stories of the world. Well, I thought that this comedy of ELIZABETH ARNIM, which Mr. TRENCH presents at the Haymarket, was going to be that story. It begins in the usual way with the official betrothal of Henry, Prince of Lucerne, to the Princess Priscilla of Lothar-Kunitz. Priscilla, who is as pretty and proper a girl as you will meet on a summer's day, refuses to be handed over like a parcel to Henry, and runs away to England; settling down in Creeper Cottage, Symford, with her maid, Annalise, and her old tutor, Fritzling. Act II. opens on the cottage, and of course I expected Prince Henry to turn up in disguise; he could have done this for all stage purposes by shaving off his diminutive moustache. But to my intense relief he didn't, and the reaction was so great that, had the remaining scenes been much less funny than they were, I should still have enjoyed them to the full and felt grateful to their author.

The Countess ARNIM, in fact, had a more subtle idea in her head. Her heroine was filled with the desire to do good—to dwell among the poor and help them at first hand. Living in a castle at home, she had amused herself by building cottages in the air; now was her chance of making her dreams come true. "Helping" went forward merrily at Symford. Money was showered on the villagers till there was none left to pay the real bills; the Symford Sabbath, as established by the Vicar's wife, was broken with a tea to the children; the ears of the Vicar's son were boxed and the heart of the young Squire captured. And so on and so on. By the end of a fortnight our dear Priscilla's well-meant chickens were coming home to roost. Sadly she began to realise that she could not get out of her class, that she could neither help nor be happy in her new surroundings. Instinctively her heart went back to home. . . .

And then the Prince comes in. You see he had guessed all along what would happen.

It is a pretty comedy, which drops perhaps too easily into farce. I am afraid that Countess ARNIM plays for the laugh; she is inclined to pursue a good joke just a little too long. She knew, I am sure, that the Fourth Act (at Lothen-Kunitz) was a mistake, but the temptation to be funny (and she was very funny) about the official influenza of the truant Princess was too strong for her. It is a pity; for much of the play was so good that one feels that it might all have been so much better.



PRINCESS PRISCILLA IN THE COURSE OF HER FLIGHT COMES TO THE GROUND.

Princess Priscilla Miss NEILSON-TERRY.
Prince Henry Mr. CHARLES MAUDE.

Once again I am convinced that, whatever else they may tell me is wrong with England, there is nothing the matter with English acting. Nor with English beauty, I may add, when Miss NEILSON-TERRY is to be seen. For so young a leading lady she was astonishingly at ease on the stage; her success in a long part upon which everything depended was triumphant. Perhaps her face expresses her emotions rather too obviously—I make the suggestion diffidently, for where all is so pretty it were churlish to complain.

To mention all the other good performances is impossible, but one or two must be singled out. Mr. LYALL SWETE as Fritzling gave the play immense assistance; he was a tower of strength in the two English Acts. Mr.

CHARLES MAUDE made a perfect German prince—he has acquired a habit lately of fitting perfectly every part he plays. Miss SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER has only to speak to make the elect laugh; it was an additional joy to find that the author had provided her with so many good things. But perhaps the best study of the evening among the smaller parts was the young Squire of Mr. DONALD CALTHROP—a name to be looked out for in future programmes. And, remembering appreciatively these and other performances, one must not forget how much of one's enjoyment was due to Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL's skill in casting the play. M.

"Sitting on the doorstep he cut it open fastidiously and read it, leaning against the lintel in the sunlight."
"Daily Mail" *Revue*.

The context shows that he didn't really cut the doorstep open (fastidiously or otherwise); but there is nothing to explain how he got his head successfully on the lintel, unless he was a very tall man indeed.

From "Commercial Notes" in *The Dundee Advertiser*:—

"Brain whisky is slightly more cheerful, there always being a certain demand for this description, but at best it is of a hard to mouth character."

[EDITOR: "I don't think you need rub this one in."]

COMMENTATOR (*sadly*): "I don't often get such a chance, but of course if you wish me to spare them—well anyhow let me put it in italics."

EDITOR: Anything to escape.]

From a notice board set up by the S.E. and C. Ry.:—

"This Bridge is insufficient to carry a Heavy Motor Car the registered axle weight of any axle of which exceeds Five Tons or the registered axle weights of the several axles of which exceed in the aggregate Seven Tons or a Heavy Motor Car drawing a Trailer if the registered axle weights of the several axles of the Heavy Motor Car and the axle weights of the several axles of the Trailer exceed in the aggregate Eight Tons."

We can almost see the chauffeur stopping and working it out.

The Gal he left behind him.

"The Rev. C. R. L. McDowall has been appointed to succeed Canon A. J. Pin as Head Master of King's School, Canterbury."

As a matter of fact in most books of reference they put the Head Master of King's School among the "Gals." In short, his name is GALPIN, dear *Daily Telegraph*.

WHAT YOU MUSTN'T MISS AT HENLEY.



THE PIERROTS.



FAVOURITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.



THE COFFY GOLDBERG'S HOUSE-BOAT—



AND THE RACING (SEE RESULTS IN THE PRESS).

CHARIVARIA.

In view of the admirable effect which the sitting of the Conference has had in quieting over-strung nerves, to the undoubted benefit of the affairs of the Nation, it is being asked, Why should the Conference come to any decision? why not let it become a permanent institution?

"The Persian cake," says the *Tägliche Rundschau*, "probably will soon come to be divided. What is it that Russia and Great Britain are still waiting for? Is it Germany's permission?" The answer is in the negative.

"The Royal Academy holds its own as one of the most attractive exhibitions of London," says *Black and White*. Yes, those persons who prate about our becoming decadent and soft forget the crowds of people who still go through every room at Burlington House without flinching.

It is good news that, after all, we are to see Sir JOHN HARE on the stage again. But he has said good-bye to long runs, he informs us. We hope that this does not mean that he is no longer quite himself. "To run like a Haro" had almost passed into a proverb.

"The methods of our telegraph service are remarkable," says Mr. HENNIKER HEATON, the apostle of cheap postal communication. "For instance, no one can understand why the words 'St. Pancras' and 'St. Giles' count as one word, while other words, such as 'Charing Cross,' are charged as two." It is rumoured that, now that this anomaly has been pointed out, the Post Office will set the matter right by treating "St. Pancras" and "St. Giles" like "Charing Cross."

The French Ministry of Public Instruction, as recorded in last week's *Punch*, has conferred the Order of Les Palmes Académiques on "Little Tich," and he thus becomes an officer of the Academy. Is it possible, we wonder, that the French Ministry confused The Oxford, where our distinguished countryman is now appearing, with the University of that name?

It is now rumoured that the honour bestowed on "Little Tich" is to be followed by two others no less sensational. The Emperor MENELIK and the MAD MULLAH, to signalise the fact that Death cannot kill them, are to be elected honorary Immortals.

Reference was made in the press, the other day, to a member of the staff who was known as the "Father of the British Museum." And the young men who run up the ladders in the Library are, we presume, known as the Step-sons?

The policeman's substantial foot, which has so often been the subject of happy jest, has at length been justified, and may yet be sung by the poets. A constable who was bathing, not long ago, near Molesey Lock, felt something clutch him. It turned out to be a boy who had got into difficulties while bathing, and had sunk for the third time when he felt the policeman's foot, seized hold of it, and was brought to land.

The Earl of YARMOUTH has produced a Musical Comedy. This, curiously enough, is a form of entertainment to which not a few members of our aristocracy are peculiarly devoted, not to say wedded.

"Will they cry 'Vive les Anglais!' at Longchamps to-morrow?" inquired one of our newspapers on the eve of the Grand Prix. We are not surprised that the Parisians decided that they really could not commit this solecism.

Among the passengers by the *Ortega*, of the Pacific Line, which arrived at Liverpool last week was an infant aged eighteen months, who had travelled 1,800 miles alone. But the Line most affected by babies, we imagine, is the Bibby Line.

According to *The Sydney Morning Herald* a discovery of gold has been made in Billinudgel, traces of the precious metal being found inside two ducks. The birds were instantly pegged out.

A young lady who was recently run over by a motor-car, apologised to the chauffeur. In motor circles surprise is expressed that we should have had to wait so long for someone to realise what is the correct thing to do in the circumstances.

In view of a certain notorious fine for bad language, the HOME SECRETARY, it is said, is to be asked to fix a tariff for golfers so that they may know exactly where they are.

"Lady, with two new hygienic corsets, wishes to join another already well established." *Add. in "Morning Post."*
The case doesn't seem very urgent.

THE APPROPRIATOR.

LIFE has not been quite the same since Lambert joined my club. He was elected about a year ago and just before the ballot Henderson told me he was going to pill him. When I asked why, he said, "Oh, he's a poisonous fellow," but did not explain where in this toxic quality resided. As a matter of fact Lambert has no poison in him at all. He is a dapper little man, with a well-trimmed beard, a persistent smile and a beaming eye. He exudes amiability, and if he does shave his forehead to look intellectual, as some malicious people say, the effect is quite impressive. He has rather a florid taste in socks, but that is not exactly a deadly sin, and he affects a hat with a flat brim, which I personally detest. By profession he is an architect, but he is a man of independent means, and his real calling is that of a collector—a collector of friends, other people's friends.

In my own case it began with Molyneux. I have known Molyneux for about fifteen years, and if the truth be told I was rather proud of the friendship, for Molyneux is quite a big gun in his way, a distinguished artist and author, and a great traveller. Well, it appears that Lambert met him in Italy, where Molyneux had been smashed up in a motor accident, nursed him for a fortnight, and escorted him home. Since then I have hardly ever been able to approach Molyneux except through Lambert. If ever I produced any evidence of my friendship, Lambert promptly went one better. Suppose I had heard from him a week ago, Lambert would show me a letter received that morning. Did I volunteer the statement that he was looking much better, Lambert would explain that he had persuaded him to take up fencing again. If I expressed surprise that he had not been at the club of late, Lambert would observe, "Haven't you heard? Old Alec's gone down to Norfolk for a week to shoot with the Greshams." I think it was that "Old Alec" that finished me, so far as Molyneux was concerned.

My next loss was Blandy. Blandy is something of a celebrity too—an F.R.S. who has played cricket for his county and written a couple of capital novels. I used to play piquet with him a good deal at one time, but that is ancient history now. Blandy, like many robust people, is a bit of a hypochondriac, and periodically thinks he has got some mortal complaint. Lambert met him in a country house in one of these fits and recommended the new starving cure. Blandy tried it with success, and now



THE SUFFRAGETTE THAT KNEW JIU-JITSU.

THE ARREST.

Lambert is permanently installed as his dietetic adviser. Blandy has given up piquet for Swedish gymnastics, never comes to the club, and any dribblets of information that reach me about him come through his hygienic father-confessor.

Still there was Jefferson left—the life and soul of the club, whom I regarded as my particular friend. But I use the past tense, for Lambert has collected and appropriated him also. Six months ago he had not even a nodding acquaintance with him. Now they call each other by their Christian names. Still, I am bound to admit that Lambert showed remarkable tact at the outset. A seedy man called at the club one day and asked to see Jefferson. The porter sent a pugo-boy in pursuit, and shortly afterwards Lambert came into the hall, on which the seedy one promptly accosted him on the assumption that he was Jefferson. Lambert instantly spotted the man as a cadging impostor, never revealed his identity, but disposed of him in about three minutes at the cost of the usual half-a-crown. Naturally Jefferson was grateful. All the same I am beginning to think that Lambert is a poisonous fellow, quite apart from his flat hat-brim and florid nose.

OUR PERSONAL COLUMN.

(With acknowledgments to "The Daily Mail.")

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.—If you wish to hear of something to your disadvantage communicate with your friends at once. Be brave.—LITTLE MOUSEIE.

PASSIONATE.—

If your temper's out of tune,
Tutkin's Tonic take in June.
If your anger's quite unruly
Tutkin's Tonic drink in July.
Other months are just the same,
Tutkin always plays the game.

1/1½ A BOTTLE.

SEARCHER.—The only way to find missing friends is to advertise in our Up-in-the-Air Edition. Specimen copies can be obtained at all our Air-Garages.

JAMES.—Never again. I waited on the bridge for ten minutes. I still have some self-respect. Brute.—HORATIA.

AUTUMN.—

Should your hair be falling fast,
Prince's Hair Oil makes it last.
Should it p'raps be turning duller,
Prince can dye it any colour.

AT ALL CHEMISTS.

UP-TO-DATE.—Try our patent buttons, they go on with a snap. Old buttons received in part payment.—

THICKS AND PHANTEN, 1793, Thread-needle Street, E.C.

BROWN EYES.—Aching to be near you. Oh, that I had the wings of a dove.—GUINEA-PIG.

LITERARY PROSPECTS

HELEN, let us talk it over;

Shall it be a bird that hums,
Or a pup to play with "Rover,"
When remuneration comes?

Nay—if Hope will bear expansion,
Smiling with a larger smile
Shall we say a "Model Mansion,"
Or an ancient domicile,

Standing near the bracken cover,
Home of sprites and woodland elves,
Where the trout and golden plover
Keep the valley to themselves?

But I see the vision taper,
Until finally it sets,
Banished by a piece of paper
With the editor's regrets.

"REAL CREPE DE CHINE", double width,
18. 11½d. Advt. in "Northern Daily Telegraph."
We always wondered what that black woolly stuff on poodles was.



AT THE NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

Unbelieving Spectator (who, having seen naval field guns lifted smartly over walls, etc., is inspecting them after the performance). "THERE! I KNEW THERE WAS SOME TRICKERY. THESE GUNS ARE HOLLOW!"

THE FIRST GAME.

THERE comes a Day (I can hear it coming),
One of those glorious deep blue days,
When larks are singing and bees are humming,
And Earth gives voice in a thousand ways—
Then I, my friends, I too shall sing,
And hum a foolish little thing,
And whistle like (but not too like) a blackbird in the Spring.

There looms a Day (I can feel it looming);
Yes, it will be in a month or less),
When all the flowers in the world are blooming
And Nature flutters her fairest dress—
Then I, my friends, I too shall wear
A blazer that will make them stare,
And brush—this is official: I shall also brush my hair.

It is the day that I watch for yearly,
Never before has it come so late;
But now I've only a month—no, merely
A couple of fortnights left to wait;
And then (to make the matter plain)
I hold—at last!—a bat again:
Dear, HOBBS! the weeks this summer—think! the weeks
I've lived in vain!

I see already the first ball twisting
Over the green as I take my stand,

I hear already long-on insisting
It wasn't a chance that came to hand—
Or no; I see it miss the bat
And strike me on the knee, whereat
Some fool, some silly fool at point, says blandly, "How
was that?"

Then, scouting later, I hold a hot 'un
At deep square-leg from the local Fov,
And at short mid-on to the village SCORRON
I snap a skimmer some six foot high—
Or else, perhaps, I get the ball,
Upon the thumb, or not at all,
Or right into the hands, and then, lorblessme, let it fall.

But what care I? It's the game that calls me—
Simply to be on the field of play;
How can it matter what fate befalls me,
With ten good fellows and one good day?

But still,
I rather hope spectators will,
Observing any lack of skill,
Remark, "This is his first appearance." Yes, I hope they
will. A. A. M.

"He is by nature adapted to such 'going,' whereas Lemberg 'of the petite pieds,' as a Frenchman remarked, is not."—*Daily Mail*.
Joy of Jones *minimus* on discovering that he was right after all!



"A PAIR OF NUTCRACKERS."

(After Landseer.)

IRISH BULLFINCH (*piping*). "OF COURSE I'M IN THE PICTURE ALL RIGHT; BUT, THEY DON'T SEEM TO WORRY MUCH ABOUT ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, June 27.

It is a not uncommon thing to take the work of a popular author, select sentences or passages, and present his wit and wisdom in sort of potted meat form for refection of the public. Why should practice be confined to books? Why not apply it to speeches delivered in Parliament? They are reported at greater or less length, are more or less closely read, and disappear with the putting away of the morning paper.

These reflections occur after listening to Lord CARRINGTON. Does not obtrude himself on debate. Never speaks without uttering things the world would not willingly let die. His utterances present rare combination of practical knowledge, worldly wisdom, sly humour and perfect phrasing.

"As a family man," he remarked the other day, "I do not think that dry-nursing is the best way of bringing up an infant."

There you have, in less than a score of words, the whole ethics of the nursery.

This afternoon his singular gift of manipulating words and phrases served to deliver Department over which he presides from what, on face of it, seemed dire dilemma. CLIFFORD or CHUDDELEIGH brought under notice of House case where cattle food had been sold which, according to report of official county analyst, contained 40 per cent. of wood saw-dust. County Council desired to prosecute the honest tradesman, Board of Agriculture refused necessary consent.

Affair certainly looked pretty black. Adulteration of food bad enough in case of human beings. They, at least, can make articulate protest. When, as LONDONDERRY puts it, you come to dumb animals, or to horses whose conversation is "Neigh, neigh," fraud is unpardonable. Here we find Board of Agriculture in collusion with the criminal.

CARRINGTON speedily put now aspect on things.

"My Lords," he said, "the article in question consisted of a mixture of molasses and some absorbent material."

Delightful ambiguity about the phrase, "some absorbent material." A less bold man would have stopped there, leaving noble Lords to form individual opinions as to the composition of the absorbent material. Not so CARRINGTON. Out hunting, when he comes to a five-barred gate, he takes it, leaving others to find safer ways round. Carries the principle into Parliamentary affairs.



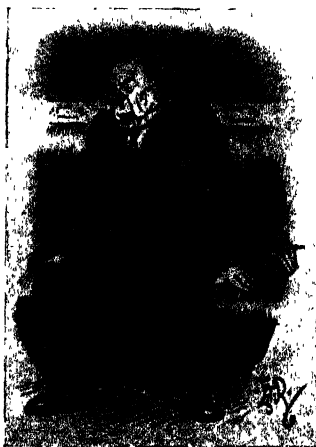
ARISTOCRATIC "MATERIAL DERIVED FROM" SMITH.

Earl Carrington defends saw-dust as a palatable food for dumb animals.

"This absorbent material," he continued, "is no doubt derived from wood, and it is understood that some chemical treatment, which is secret, is employed whereby it becomes to some extent digestible."

Note the shrewdness with which he introduces suggestion of secrecy. By subtle intimation implies that if we only knew the process we should recognise in it one that made saw-dust more palatable than hay, more feeding than oats.

While their Lordships pondered on this hidden beneficent process, beside



"Napoleon B. Haldane . . . visibly shrank."

which Aladdin's manipulation of old lamps was nought, the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE resumed his seat. As he did so it struck him that perhaps the brevity of his remarks might seem lacking in full measure of courtesy. Half rising, and with airy wave of hand, "I shall be happy," he added, "to consider any new points that may be submitted to me on the subject."

This consideration was superfluous. House felt he had really left nothing to be said. Forthwith proceeded to discuss question of the over-insurance of ships.

Business Done.—Lord CARRINGTON defines saw-dust as "an absorbent material derived from wood." The compilers of that monumental work, *The Oxford Dictionary*, happily have not yet reached the letter H. Will doubtless avail themselves of this contribution to their labours.

Thursday night.—Ministerialists jubilant at LLOYD GEORGE's fairy-tale of Finance told to-night on introducing his second Budget. Expenditure going up by leaps and bounds. What with Old Age Pensions and more *Dreadnoughts*, it almost touches the round 200 millions. Compared with last year's realised income, this looks like more taxation. Not a bit of it. With trade expanding in all directions, the CHANCELLOR is able to anticipate increase of revenue that will not only meet full expenditure but make provision for reduction of National Debt by over nine millions and a half, pay for more *Dreadnoughts*, hand out Old Age Pensions, and provide for the early stage of extension of system to Old Age paupers.

And still SON AUSTEN is not happy. Laments over wasted time and opportunity.

"Why," he asks, "did you not bring in a Resolution authorising collection of Income Tax last year? It could have been carried during two of those wasted hours when we went away and dined at home."

"Wasted hours when we dined at home!" exclaimed MEMBER FOR SARK. "It seems only the other week I was present at his wedding. How early comes to some men disillusion."

Dealing in detail with provisions of new financial scheme, SON AUSTEN'S apprehension of the future deepens. Sees no gleam of light anywhere.

"A Jeremiah who has been found out," LLOYD GEORGE calls him, as he gloats over the prospect of expanding trade and growing national prosperity.

TIM HEALY, on the contrary, is jubilant. Additional whiskey tax of 3s. 6d. per gallon, remission of which JOHN REDMOND wasn't able to believe would



Tim Healy. "Arrah, now, git out wid ye, ye little duo-decimo Demosthenes!"

(See Mr. Healy's description of Mr. Devlin in his speech on the Budget.)

be enacted in new Budget, is to be continued. What will he do now? Opposition eagerly asks. Will he resent betrayal of trust by turning out Government? Not at all, says TIM cheerily; I tell the Government they need not be the least afraid of the Member for Waterford, they have only to kick him about and he will stand it. Thus do these Irishmen love one another.

Business done.—Introduction of Budget prefaced by announcement by PREMIER of Autumn Session in November.

Friday.—Restlessness of Mr. BIRD attracts attention, creates curiosity. Hon. Member constantly hopping between his seat and the Bar. Hardly alighted in one locality when he is back in the other. SARK says he is endeavouring to justify the inference drawn from Sir BOYLE ROCHE's explanation that "not being a bird" one could not be in two places at the same time. Member for Wolverhampton is a BIRD; almost accomplishes the impossible. Actually he is not concerned for achievement of renown for agility. Has weightier matters at heart.

Heard a good deal of Territorial Army this week. According to some critics they have not a leg to stand upon nor a horse to ride. ORATOR HUNT dismisses the force as "nothing

but a futile absurdity, a deliberate fraud used to deceive and humbug the people of this country." What is wanted is description.

"Every continental country has it except the United States of America," says HUNT, whose knowledge of geography is not equal to his gift of vague vituperation.

BIRD has discovered new flaw in the system, a rift within the lute, which, slowly widening, shall make its music mute. From perch above Gangway, to which he has temporarily returned, pipes forth query that blanches the cheek of NAPOLEON B. HALDANE. It seems that, whilst the

British army is provided with water-bottles of British make, the Territorial forces are "largely equipped with enamelled water-bottles of German manufacture." Mr. BIRD insists upon knowing why. N. B. HALDANE, who had, more or less resolutely, stood his ground before other attacks, visibly shrank under disclosure thus unexpectedly made. Murmured something about the County Associations being responsible.

Mr. BIRD, who by this time had hopped back to the Bar, not to be taken in by that sort of excuse. More will be heard about water-bottles

made in Germany before the Conference reports.

Business done.—Report of Public Accounts Committee considered.

APOLOGIA PRO IRA MEA.

["Bad temper usually means bad health."] *Weekly Paper.*

OH, blame not the bard when he rages,
Continue to lend him your love,
Perusing the words of the sages

As quoted in brackets above;
Think not that by nature his temper is rude,

Adopt a more merciful view,
And see in his present inflammable mood

The signs of incipient "flu."

The furniture brutally broken,
The features offensively glum—
You may take it are meant to betoken
An ache in the tooth or the tum.

The frown from his face can be driven away

And peace be restored to the scene
With a *soupoon* of sarsaparilla, or, say,
A tabloid or two of quinine.

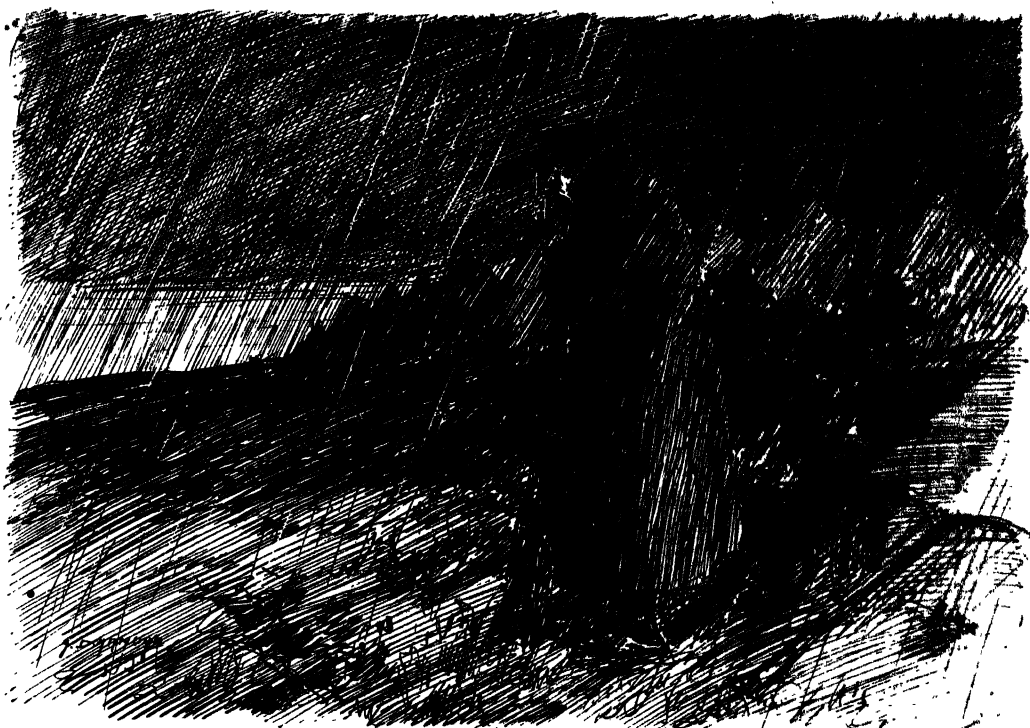
"P.c. Grammar said that prisoner was making use of bad language."—*Peterborough Citizen.*

Pedant!



WHEN REDMOND GETS HOME RULE.

"By the time Mr. Redmond reached the age of Methuselah perhaps he would receive the price of his support to the Budget of 1910. (Renewed laughter.)" (Mr. Tim Healy.)



Territorial (his first experience as sentry, going over his instructions). "IF ANY ONE COMES ALONG, I SAY, 'HALT! WHO GOES THERE?' THEN HE SAYS, 'FRIEND,' AND I SAY, 'PASS, FRIEND; ALL'S WELL.' BUT SOME SILLY ASS'LL SAY, 'ENEMY,' AND THEN I SHAN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. ROTTEN JOB, I CALL IT."

BLACKMAIL.

WHEN young, to serve my private ends,
I went and made a host of friends,
And then I had to make amends.

Instead of quietly getting dead,
Each one of them is getting wed.
("I think I know what's coming."—ED.)

Maybe you do, but tell us what?
("It's 'wedding presents,' is it not?")
It is; and don't they cost a lot?

When all the blessed human race
Seemed bent on weddings taking place,
And ruin stared me in the face,

I did not look for Poor Relief;
I did a bolder thing. In brief,
I set a thief to catch a thief.

I mean (indeed, I do) I made
A further friend in Archie Braid,
His line, the Wholesale Silver Trade.

Henceforth the little gifts I bought
Cost just a tenth of what they ought,
And nothing like what people thought.

For every time a friend of mine
Got spliced, I merely dropped a line,
Accompanied by six-and-nine,

The cleanest card that I possessed,
With label, suitably addressed,
To Archie Braid. He did the rest.

At every climax I was there
To smile upon the happy pair,
As one who 'd paid his proper share.

But now I have no sort of doubt
That friends are things to be without,
For, oh! my fate has found me out.

The last about-to-marry one
Who asks a contribution
Is Archie Braid . . . and I am done.

The Controller of the P. O. Savings
Bank Department, as reported in an
interview:

"Then people might fine themselves a penny
every time they use bad language, while chil-
dren will doubtless compete among themselves
as to who can deposit most."

We hope not.

Mixed Company.

"ARE YOU INVITED TO THE MAYOR'S
GARDEN PARTY?"

If so, you will require the services of the

• • • • • **HYGIENIC LAUNDRY** • • • • •
(Gloucestershire Rd.).

It can't be as bad as that.

In reporting an accident on the
cricket field, happily not serious, *The
Bath Chronicle* says:

"At the time of the accident Edwards was
batting, and the bowler sent down a full pitched
ball known to cricketers as a 'yorker.' Edwards
twisted round to knock it to leg and the ball
hit him with tremendous force just above the
right eyeball."

This kind of "yorker" was always the
one ball we could bowl

We have received a pamphlet con-
taining the following "unsolicited tes-
timonial":

"I have pleasure . . . to inform you how
EXCEEDINGLY PLEASED both my wife and self
are with the machine. We call it the D. D. D."
We can hear them.

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THOUGHTS ON UNIFORM.

REVISITING my old village the other day I naturally asked the news. "Where's Jim now?" "Whose is that new house?" "Does old Blank still . . . ?" "What kind of team have you this year?" And so forth. And here I would ask why it is that, even when the interval since one last was there is comparatively short, one is surprised to find the people still living? Do they too marvel that you are alive? Perhaps it is not so with every one, but with me it certainly is. But one feels it more in a town than in a village, and more of people that one knew only by sight than of real acquaintances.

That is one of the inevitable phenomena that attend my periodical returns to a certain large town where I once lived at the most acutely noticing age; another is the accuracy with which I recognise merely by their backs men whom I never spoke to but knew only by sight, not even by name, twenty or more years ago. I am never wrong. The face at last comes into view and I find I knew every line of it. Is this, I wonder, a common experience?

In time, as we ran over this name and that, we came to Arthur Seal, who used to be a wild fast bowler and spread terror over the neighbouring clubs. I had known him as a long and weedy, impetuous and rather quarrelsome lad who slammed them in without thinking, and who a year or so ago had become a policeman in London. Since then, however, he had been promoted. "Arthur's a detective now," they said; "a plain-clothes man."

Now here was a surprising thing, and at the same time a problem solved, for I had always wondered how detectives came about. Ten years ago, had anyone asked me to look round the field and pick up the cricketer who was destined one day to be a detective, I should have passed over Arthur instantly. Not he, at any rate, I should have said. Yet there he is, in plain clothes, at Scotland Yard every morning, waiting to receive his mysterious orders and set forth on his man-hunting expeditions into strange streets—most obviously, as I would wager, a detective to every one with an eye in his head, particularly an eye for boots, but unavoidable and terrible and inexorable

none the less. Very strange that to such a lad should fall so responsible a post.

That he should have become a constable was all right, I know, for I chanced to meet him once on a Bank Holiday, not long after he had joined the Force, and I could see. He had come down to visit his people for the day: his poor overworked, overtired faded mother; his not too steady father (does it ever happen that a young constable has to take his father into custody?—not by any means an impossible contingency); his brothers and sisters, all on the land. A group of his old companions were with him—satellites, admirers, marvellers—when

plete: he was a square peg in a square hole.

But I cannot accept the detective so readily. To an outsider a detective is a very different creature from a policeman. His methods are different: massiveness goes and sagacity comes in, or should do so; the slow processes, the ponderous civility, of the policeman would stand in the way of a man whose business it was to insinuate, to persuade, to deduce. I once watched a policeman at a critical moment in the grip of indecision: it was the most horrifying moment of my life, for a top window in a poor street was emitting flames and smoke, and a frantic mother had just flung one child forth, to be killed on the stones below, and was preparing to throw another. I was in a hansom and saw it all in a flash, and saw too a policeman at the opposite corner in a frenzy of impulse and uncertainty run round and round in a circle on the pavement as his mind tried to recollect where the nearest fire-escape was and what was the best thing to do. But a detective—detectives should have a mind prepared to act at once on any emergency; and, this being so, it perplexes one to find that they have been policemen first.

Are there, then, no little detectives? one wonders. Are all detectives six feet in height? Yet the little men should be the sharper.

Scotland Yard, however, doubtless knows best; and there Arthur Seal is, six feet and more, a plain-clothes man, dedicated to the unravelling of mysteries and the apprehension of criminals. But if there is anything in the theory that the child is the father of the man the best kind of detective work will not be extracted from that wild fast bowler who used to slam them in without thinking and retire from the club in a huff after every third match.

And another thought comes in, too. Can plain clothes undo the work of uniform? It was nothing but uniform that transmogrified Arthur Seal, the fockless village youth, into a London constable, punctual, firm and trustworthy. That being taken away, what is there to prevent a reversion to type?

I know: the boots. He will be saved by his boots.



TO COVER POSTAGE.

A LETTER IN THE TIMES URGES THE POST-MASTER-GENERAL TO PROVIDE SUMMER HATS FOR COUNTRY POSTMEN. WE CANNOT BUT FEEL THAT THE HIGHEST IDEAL OF UTILITY-WITH-ELANCE HAS BEEN REACHED IN OUR DESIGN.

we met: I was struck by his increased size, his carriage, his importance, in short.

The uniform, you see, had been at work. Belt, buttons, badge, tunic, helmet, loviathan boots, truncheon, waterproof cape, gloves—all had been busy these few months to get importance, self-respect, authority into Arthur Seal; and they had done it, when probably everything else would have failed. He stood there, the idol of his awkward rustic contemporaries, a triumph of uniform's power, literally the creation of clothes. Other influences had helped too, no doubt: drilling, a martinet inspector, the fear of disgrace, the craven attitude of small children; but to uniform, to clothes, I attributed most of the victory. Looking at him and talking with him, I understood that the evolution of a policeman was com-



Scottish Bachelor. "WILL YE HAE SOME TEA?"

Visitor. "OH, PLEASE DON'T TROUBLE."

Bachelor. "IT'S NO THE TROUBLE, IT'S JUIST THE EXPENSE."

THE BACKGROUND.

THERE was something about the man in the railway carriage that puzzled me. His face seemed strangely familiar and yet I could not place him. He looked up from his paper at me with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Not sure whether you know me?" he said.

For one moment the thought flashed across my mind that he was the rate-collector—an estimable gentleman whom I have only glanced hurriedly at through a window—but the twinkle reassured me. Rate-collectors have a glare, but they never twinkle.

"Seen you somewhere," I said, "but I can't settle where."

"Perhaps you've seen my portrait."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, letting my mind go back to my morning paper. "Let me see, are you the Tariff Reform Candidate for Chipping Sodbury, or the new croquet champion, or the gentleman who brought an action to recover insurance of an elephant?"

"No, no," cried the stranger; "I'm far more important. You've seen my portrait hundreds of times."

"'SPRING ONIONS,' ROBERT BLATCHFORD, MR. PLOWDEN?" I hazarded rapidly.

"No, Sir," replied the stranger with dignity, "I am the background."

"The background!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Sir. When photographic illustrations became an important factor in the newspaper world many splendid prints were spoilt by the gross misconduct of spectators. I recall an illustration of Sir Isambard Griffin opening the Camp Hill Lunatic Asylum. This splendid print was ruined because a miscreant standing by was yawning at the moment the photograph was taken. Now if I had been posted by Sir Isambard I should have assumed an expression of intense civic enthusiasm like this."

I accepted the background's statement as to the meaning of his facial contortions.

"You see my point, Sir. If the spectators in the background of a picture look intensely interested the paper readers think they ought to be interested too. Perhaps you remember me now. I am the man who shook hands with PAULHAN when he alighted in Manchester. You recall my look of glowing enthusiasm and the French flag I held in my left hand. I saved the situation, Sir, for the other spectators were all stodgy. They would have ruined the print. You saw

me at Oxford the other day. The undergraduates were grinning at Mr. ROOSEVELT and would have spoilt the effect. Happily I was there gowned—you will recall my expression. I tried to make it one of scholarly admiration for a man of action.

"Of course these are simple things. I have far more difficult subjects. It is often my duty to be on the steps of the Law Courts when a painful case has been tried. You will remember how gallantly I raise my hat when the pretty witness, who has been so severely cross-examined, leaves the Courts. I try to give myself the air of a sympathetic stranger, eager to come forward and protect beauty in distress. Ah, I get out here. Important business at Westminster. Keep your eyes on the press and you will see me. Good morning."

When I glanced at the next number of *The Cackler* I saw a snap-shot, "The Marquis of Carabas tells Lord Pogramore a funny story." From the faces of the Marquis and the Peer I should have judged that the story concerned funerals, the super-tax or some other painful subject. But a yard in the rear was the background writhing with convulsive laughter. Once more he had saved the situation.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. RICHARD DEHAN's name is new to me, and so, to some extent, are his methods. He belongs to a school of novelists which seems to be growing—a school which is giving a welcome new life to the DICKENS tradition. Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN is its leader. Mr. J. C. SNAITH, on the strength of his novel of some years ago, *Broke of Covenden*, might be counted of it. Mr. MALLOCK's novel of last year—to name no more—should entitle him to a place. The school has two chief virtues. It gives you brains, and it gives you good measure. Mr. DEHAN's characteristics, apart from these two, are, first, a skill in weaving a great network of interests, all of which, however unimportant apparently, are essentially parts of the whole; and, secondly, what I must call a very wide human sympathy which at times makes him a little melodramatic. *The Dop Doctor* (HEINEMANN) is full of incident and surprise. If you rattle through it superficially you will think that Mr. DEHAN has a supreme contempt for the accepted ideas of form and balance in a novel. You will catch yourself wanting to say to him, "Look here, you can't do this. You've killed off one of the principal people. How on earth are you going to get through the three hundred odd pages that remain?" But you'll be rash to ask questions. If you skim and skip you will be throwing away a chance of enjoyment which novel-reading nowadays seldom presents. Nearly all the characters are so thoroughly worked up that they might be principals, and one more or less killed off—you can kill off a good many folk if you plant them at Mafeking during the siege—makes little difference. As to the story, to put it very crudely, and pull only the stoutest thread from the network, it deals with a doctor who loves and is thrown over, drinks hard and is reclaimed, loves once more and is at last happy. That sounds commonplace, but whatever else *The Dop Doctor* may be it is not that.

One of these days I shall write a little story about a poor exile who works hard to save enough money for his return to his native land. He shall work and save, and at last the needed sum shall be attained. Then he shall go to a tavern, and there over a bottle shall display it exultingly, all the crisp notes of it, to his envious companions. And that night—prepare yourself—it shall not be stolen! I shall write my story the more willingly since finding that even Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY is not above demanding sympathy for the too familiar version against which it is to be a protest. However, "Compensation" is only one, and among the

briefest, of the sketches that go to make up *A Molley* (HEINEMANN). There is much else in the book that is more worthy of its author; and in its varied "moods and patches" will be found something, as the advertisements say, to suit all tastes. Personally I confess that Mr. GALSWORTHY is a writer from whom I can snatch at best a half-fearful joy. He is so easily offended. I love him dearly when he is trenchant, and a trifle malicious, about other people. "A little man in a long coat, with a red nose and very long arms, always half-drunk—a sort of desperate character, and long since, of course, a schoolmaster," is the kind of appreciation which would make me, who have known many schoolmasters, chuckle delightedly,—if I could only be sure that something equally trenchant about reviewers was not waiting on the next page! Still, admirers of Mr. GALSWORTHY's always thoughtful and nearly always distinctive work will certainly welcome *A Molley*, and none the less for retrieving in it many pieces, hitherto fugitive, which they will be glad to find caught and caged for their book-shelves.

I recommend *The Diary of a Soldier of Fortune* (WERNER LAURIE) to the notice of those who regard Rhodesia merely as a country from which to extract wealth. Mr. STANLEY PORTAL HYATT spent seven years in Rhodesia, and although he was dead broke when he left he can still write, "And yet I love the country and I believe in the country." The diary is a record of failure, but it has a value which is wanting in many records of success. It will teach us, at any rate, to appreciate the services of men who do pioneer



LITTLE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

SIR SYMON DE TOULYNCE'S CHARGER ENCOUNTERS THE EVIL EYE ON HIS WAY TO THE TOURNEY.

work and eventually see others—less courageous than themselves—step in and grasp the rewards. Here is to be found no self-glorification, but an excellently written account of the lives of men who have been down to the bottom of things and who have done sound work on the journey. Mr. HYATT has causes for bitterness, and in spite of his efforts to restrain himself he shows his feelings, but if he cared to be less self-restrained he could, I think, write a book of revelations. Here he reserves too much of his scorn for the English south-coast railways—a sad waste of good material.

Of the seven "Sea Comedies" which Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS includes in *Sea Dogs* (NASH) I like best those two which most nearly approach tragedy. I like particularly that of the old madman, picked up at sea in an open boat, who declares that all the land in the world has become submerged, and that the water is full of "lollers"—all that is left of the inhabitants of the sunken dwelling-places. The rest make pleasant light reading—a smile flickers through the telling of all seven—though I think that Mr. ROBERTS might be funnier if he were better able to conceal his desire to amuse.

CHARIVARIA.

THE CHANCELLOR'S slighting reference to the Law Society in his Budget speech has caused grave offence to the members of that institution, who recently hung his portrait there. They would now like to replace the portrait by the CHANCELLOR himself.

"The rubber boom," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, "was more effective in driving off the German invader than fifty *Dreadnoughts*." It is good to know that a satisfactory substitute has been found for the timber boom which failed recently at the mouth of Portsmouth Harbour.

After the declaration of the poll for East Dorset Lady WIMBORNE threw carnations among the crowd. It is denied that the defeated side adopted the same course, with the little difference that they spelt their carnations with a "d."

COUNT ZEPPELIN has started on his preliminary expedition for the exploration of the Arctic regions. One great advantage of those parts is that you don't run so much risk of being caught in a tree.

Now that Henley is over, we hear that the finances of the Regatta are to be looked into, as there is considerable difficulty in making both ends meet. Various suggestions have been made, and we understand that

the proposal which is least likely to be adopted is the one emanating from a lady to the effect that competitors should be allowed to carry paying guests in their boats (Lady ABEY, for instance), upon condition that a proportion of the fees are handed over to the Regatta Committee.

What a pity it is that *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily Express* find it so difficult to see eye to eye. For example, in its account of the execution of the Apache LIABEUF, the former paper referred to his "massive figure," while

the latter described him as "a slim frail creature." Differences like this will cause incalculable confusion to the future historian.

In writing to the Press to protest against the hypocritical treatment of a book of his by the libraries, Mr. NEWTE winds up with the following words: "I take leave to contend that this extensively advertised run with the

parishioner whose name the minister had mentioned in the course of prayer, asking that his misdeeds might be pardoned. It is expected that the pastor will plead that his communication was privileged.

Some time ago *Punch* suggested that a useful invention would be an umbrella which would cry out when left behind. Apparently experiments have been made on these lines with reference to other articles. The following advertisement appeared the other day in *The Evening News*:-

"Lost, on Tuesday night, 28th June, at Shepherd's dust, a small packet of papers (list of furniture on cart, name on collar, Sam (Henry), c.o. of 'Era'. Answers to the name of Bob; finder rewarded."

Ladies' hats having at last reached the limit in size, a happy thought has made its appearance in France. "The wearing of a cap beneath a hat of mammoth size" is, *The Daily Mail* tells us, the latest Paris fashion. It seems queer that this notion of wearing more than one head-gear should not have been adopted before, for its absurdity is obvious.

A reward has been offered by a lady at Peaslake, Surrey, for information as to the person who whitewashed her donkey, and then painted blue stripes on it. There would seem to be no pleasing some people. Personally, we should be proud to own what is probably the only donkey in the country which



Loafer. "WOT OH, BILL! SEE YOU'VE GOT YER SPADE AND BUCKET. GOING TO SOUTHEND TER DO A BIT O' PADDLING?"

moral hare, while hunting for profit with the ostracised hounds, is scarcely what is known as 'cricket.' We have consulted several cricket experts and find that Mr. NEWTE's contention is absolutely sound: hares and hounds have no place in the national game.

The Crystal Palace seems never to have any luck. Although produced only the other day, *The Last Days of Pompeii* are already being announced.

A Presbyterian pastor of Neoga, Illinois, is being sued for slander by a

has a neat well-fitting bathing costume,

In an age when modesty is so rare it was quite a pleasure, in the report of the Rutland slander case, to come across the following passage:-

Counsel. "What are you?"
Witness. "Nothing."

Five hundred guineas were paid at the Royal Horticultural Society's show last week for a new orchid. The price seems a high one until one learns that the orchid carries with it the right to the name "Odontoglossum Spathi."

A HUMOROUS JULY.

[Dedicated gratefully to the Worshipful Master of the Salters' Company.]

THERE was a time, too far to trace,
 Ere almanacks became absurd,
 When Seasons kept their proper place
 And even Summer still occurred;
 And there were dog-days—every dog had one—
 When in the blue you sported like a puffin,
 Or lashed the long-hop till your skin was done
 Brown as a muffin.

'Twas then that, as the shadows fell,
 And earth took on her loveliest mood,
 You louthed to lose the evening's spell
 And go and stuff yourself with food;
 So fair, in fact, the face of Nature shone,
 So well the outer world eclipsed the inner,
 Strange as it now seems, you 'd have gladly gone
 Without your dinner.

What joy could oxtail (thick or clear),
 What bliss could pigeon-pie convey
 Compared with punting by the weir
 Down the long beams of dying day?
 Deaver, I take it, in the sunset glow,
 Your toying with Belinda's tangled chignon,
 Than relatively vulgar *riz-de-beau*,
 Or *filet mignon*.

But, ah! those halcyon days are dead,
 Killed when the weather-monger's schools
 Rumped in where seraphs feared to tread,
 And tampered with the Seasons' rules;
 We that were wont to live on dew and air
 Now lurk indoors to dodge the gelid blizzard,
 And Satan finds a deal of mischief there
 For idle gizzards.

We never worried how to feed
 When Summer used to prank the sward;
 We should have mocked the gourmet's greed
 For pleasures of the groaning board;
 Now, thanks to blithering slush and blinding sleet,
 When all the sun-forsaken ways are — wet,
 There is no earthly solace save to eat
 A City banquet.

Thither my sodden fancies swoop
 Like hungry "dragons of the prime";
 I shall be ready for the soup
 Whole hours before the usual time;
 God bless the Guild, whose noble halls to-night
 Shelter my head from skies morose and dirty;
 Wbrshpful Master! I'll be there all right
 ("Six for six-thirty.")

O. S.

The Arrivals.

To the Editor of "Punch" and all other His Majesty's
 loyal subjects.

GENTLEMEN,—If on Friday, July 8, you were concerned
 to notice two new families in London, whereas the list
 of arrivals in your *Times* of that date only mentioned
 one, you may set your minds at rest and go about the City
 with light hearts, upon learning that the second family,
 which got out of the train at Vauxhall and is not staying
 at the Piccadorf Hotel, belongs to

Yours, as truly as usual,

MYSELF.

HORSES AND OLD AGE.

THE windows of my room look out on an asphalted
 street, where the traffic, such as it is, is never busy. Here
 at intervals may be seen pairs of omnibus horses, detached
 from their gaudy omnibus and trotting gaily to or from
 their work. One is bestridden by a man who, having no
 saddle, bounces awkwardly enough on his patient mount,
 and thus they clatter along the asphalt, ready to undertake
 the burdens of the day, or faring homeward to, some
 neighbouring stable when their heavy toil is over. Close
 by, in another and a busier street, the motor omnibuses
 rattle and creak and roar. Soon the last horsed 'bus will
 have vanished, and the trotting pairs, with their jolly
 india-rubber riders, will no longer disturb the silence of my
 own retired thoroughfare. I wonder what will become of
 the horses, and in what haven they will spend the years of
 old age that fate may grant them?

Many years, I fear, they cannot have. The strain of
 the load they draw is too great for that. When they are
 young they come to their task fiercely enough, but the last
 spark is quickly extinguished, and in no long time their
 limbs begin to stiffen and their heads to droop. Three or
 four years of constant stoppages and continual starting are
 theirs, and then, if they escape the degradation of a Covent
 Garden vegetable van, they may perhaps contribute in an
 altered state to the sustenance of cats or dogs. A Master
 of Hounds the other day declared that if he were a horse
 he could conceive no nobler end than to feed and invigorate
 the hounds whose sport he had shared in life. As he has
 no chance of assuming pasterns, fetlocks, withers, a mane
 and a docked tail, his opinions are, perhaps, not specially
 valuable as a guide to the ambitions of a horse.

Quite recently, as I learn from a newspaper paragraph,
 "the oldest racer in the world came in first at Rosenheim,
 Bavaria, winning easily by four lengths over a course of
 about a mile-and-a-half. The veteran"—so the reporter of
 his prowess continued—"is twenty years old, and of
 English origin; but for over sixteen years has not been out
 of Germany. He has carried his various owners' colours
 to victory no fewer than thirty-four times." Before this
 hero, I will undertake to say, all talk of cats' meat or of
 hounds' meat is hushed. I imagine him in a gilded and
 garlanded stall, where the children of his owner visit him
 twice a day, bringing corn in silken bags and stimulating
 his appetite with carrots and apples and cubes of beet-
 sugar. He, at any rate, is not too old at twenty.

Like other animals, horses live their lives to the very
 last (and the last generally comes long before twenty years
 have passed) without apprehension of death. Long ago I
 remember seeing a horse that had broken its leg on a
 country road. The knacker had been summoned, and had,
 as he thought, given the death-stroke with his knife. The
 horse lay very still, and the knacker was chatting with the
 surrounding crowd. Suddenly, with a convulsive heave,
 the poor beast raised itself on its three sound legs, and
 then, hobbling painfully across the road, began to nibble
 grass from the bank as if nothing had happened. The
 next moment it had fallen again and was dead.

Horses as pets suffer under increasing disadvantages.
 Amongst ladies, at any rate, the rage is now for the
 infinitesimal. Everywhere you see Poms or Pekinese
 Spaniels, the most minute animals in the world, peeping
 out roughly from ladies' arms, or following their mistresses
 on a lead with absurd importance. One breeder, I believe,



EXCELSIOR!

SUFFRAGIST. "IT'S NO GOOD TALKING TO ME ABOUT SISYPHUS; HE WAS ONLY A MAN!"

MR. PUNCH'S GOLF ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE ONLY RELIABLE GOLF DOCTOR.

SANDY MACWHAUP,

The Sanatorium, North Berwick.

I UNDERTAKE

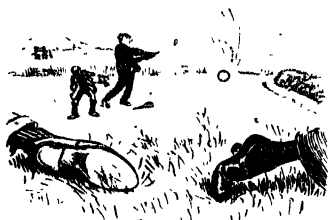
TO CURE

Persistent Flubitis,
Socketitis,
First Tee Fright,
Ungovernable Language,
And all the ills that golfing flesh
is heir to.

N.B.—Special classes for opulent
aliens in the use of the Scots dialect.

Testimonials.

AN EX-LORD CHANCELLOR writes:—
"For fifty years I suffered indescribable
agony from acute flub. Now I can
hit the ball off the tee three times out
of five."



A PRIME MINISTER writes:—"You
have made a new man of me by com-
pletely curing me of my mashie shot
to cover point. I wish I could give
you a poeage."

A FABULOUSLY WEALTHY BARONET
writes:—"Until I went in for your
anti-foozle exercises I really was
ashamed to show myself on a first-
class links. Now I face the responsi-
bility of my tenancy of — Castle
with perfect equanimity. P.S.—Your
instruction in the Scotch accent has
been most successful. Playing at Hay-
ling Island the other day, I was twice
taken for a Southsea Highlander."

REMEMBER!

The BEST BALLS are the DEAREST.

Note our List:—

The "BOOMERANG" . . . 35/- per doz.

When hit into a hazard comes back to
the player with a smile on its face.

The "HYPODERMIC" . . . 48/- per doz.

With sloe gin core and hypodermic
syringe for thirsty golfers.

The "SQUEAKER" . . . 50/- per doz.

With Vox humana stop. Cries out
when lost.

The JOPPA MANUFACTURING Co., Joppa, N.B.

WHY PLAY WITH THE OLD CLUBS?

GO TO MACFADYEN'S FOR
The DERNIER CRI in Golf Implements.

The "SWISHER"

Lead Shaft and Rubber Head

Or,

Rubber Shaft and Lead Head,
Makes a Weak Player strong and a
Strong Player weak,
Thus maintaining the Law of
Compensation.

The "BEERBOHM"

For lofting over Trees.

The "KILBIN"

For playing backwards and for bad lies
McFADYEN, FREAKE & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS TO THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR,
Portobello, N.B.

THE "DUMPLING"
(with Suet Core).Will stay on any green, no matter
how fiery.

Invaluable for Short Approaches.

Some Plus Players on the "DUMPLING."

Miss DOLLY VARDON writes:—"It is
the nearest approach to a poached egg
that I know."

JAMIE JOBBSON writes: "It is a most
appetising pilule, and goes very well
with marmalade or apricot jam."



MUNGO MACPHERSON (after laying the
"Dumpling" dead with his mashie)
sings:—

"Of all the balls that are so smart
There's none to touch the 'Dum-
pling';

It is the darling of my heart,
And shows no signs of crumpling."

NIGEL McHAFFIE, THE BENTS, ROMFORD.

PENNYCUIK & CO., Golf Experts.

Specialities . . .

PennyCUIK's Calves'-foot-Jelly-
faced Putter.

PennyCUIK's Jumble Sale Baffly.

Algernon Ashton's Reversible
Brookwood Bashie.The Bessemer-faced Bull-Pup
Brassie.

Sole Agents for . . .

Metchnikoff's Bulgarian Bulger.

Write or call at 24, Duff Court, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCILLY ISLANDS.—Twelve hours
from London; five days from
America. Vegetables, Early Asparagus,
Casino, etc.

GOLF BY THE GOLF STREAM!

THE PARADISE OF PUTTERS.

BLIND HOLES FOR SHORT-SIGHTED
PLAYERS.

SAMPHIRE ON ALL THE GREENS.

THE ELECTORAL REFORMER MARSEILLAISE.

[Proportional Representation has now definitely entered the sphere of practical politics. This is an electoral method, dreadfully abstruse and involving long mathematical calculation, by which Parliament is to become a faithful miniature of the electorate. Its exponent headed by Lord AVEBURY, are moving heaven and earth for its adoption. The following we trust, enable them to give articulation to their burning zeal.]

Sons of a noble race, arise!

Our country sorely needs us;

On us Britannia turns her eyes,

A man of title leads us!

Unsheathe we then our trusty swords

(By which we mean statistics);

The earth shall mark our weighty work

And learn our cabalistics.

Once more, *aux armes!* The promise
land

Is reasonably near us;

The people cannot understand

Our facts, but they will cheer us!

The opposition may be strong,

But only for a season—

No man can argue with us long

And still retain his reason.

Then let's prepare to shed our blood

(In metaphoric diction),

Nor grudge the sacrificial flood

(Continuing the fiction);

And at our mast this signal float

To strengthen our endeavour,

"The Single Transferable Vote—

And Algebra—for ever!"

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

AN unenthusiastic meeting of inquiry and protest took place in the nurser one wet afternoon last week. Norma organised the meeting, took the chair, and was the principal speaker, and in a limited capacity acted as steward. Standing on the table, among a regiment of leaden infantry and the underclothes of a junior doll, he cleared his throat and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen!"

"That's not fair, Norman; why leave out Peter?" asked Margaret. Peter at once showed that he was no gentleman, and after the disturbance had subsided Norman began again.

"Is it fair, is it just—" he said.

"Is it honest, is it manly?" said Margaret.

"Look here, Margaret," said Norman hotly, "you agreed to play, so don't spoil it. Peter, you might listen!"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Peter, genially.

"What are you talking about?" asked Margaret.

"All joking apart," said Norman,



Small Visitor (at the Naval and Military Tour event). "I WAS PLAYING AT SOLDIERS YESTERDAY."

"it doesn't seem fair that he should have" (here he referred to his notes) "£87,000 a year, while I have only threepence a week."

"Socialist!" said Margaret with scorn.

"Don't use long words you don't know the meaning of," Peter advised. "How much a year is threepence a week, Mortimer major?" he asked, addressing Norman.

"Not more than a pound or two—and he's going to have no less than" (he looked at his notes once more) "£870,000 a year."

"The right honourable gentleman said £87,000 just now; does the right horrible gentleman know what he's talking about?" asked Margaret, taking up a book and settling down comfortably in the window-seat. Peter was already busy with a paint-box and

a highly-coloured copy of a railway engine.

"What I say is, Father ought to afford a bit more than threepence a week," continued Norman feebly, to an audience reduced to fat Joan. "Of course, I'm not Prince of Wales."

"Indeed?" Margaret murmured, turning a page.

"—so I shouldn't expect so much as he gets. But think what I could do, even if I had only a shilling a week."

"Mummy," cried Joan to the intruder, "Norman says he's gon' to have a shinning a week, and ven he can buy me a big pambulator for my littlest dolly!"

"Jesop was betting 2 hours."—*Evening News.*

We hope he had a good day.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

MISS MIDDLETON sighed, helped herself to an almond, and tried again.

"Did you go to the Horse Show?" she asked.

"No," I said.

"Oh dear, I did think you would say 'Yes' that time. You know, you don't give conversation a chance if you keep on saying 'No' to everything I ask you."

"Have you ever fallen off the top of St. Paul's Cathedral?" I asked.

"Yes," said Miss Middleton at once. "Heaps and heaps of times. There's quite a crowd at the top of Ludgate Hill now, when they know I'm going up."

"Oh!" I said, rather taken aback.

"Go on. Now you should ask me if I mind much, and what it feels like when I get to the bottom. And then you'd find that you knew a man who slipped off the Albert Hall once, and we should compare notes and get awfully interested. And perhaps I might ask you to come and see mother."

"I have met Mrs. Middleton," I said, and returned to my thoughts.

"Oh, what's the matter? You won't talk, and you aren't eating—at least, not like sometimes. Has your favourite son run away to sea?"

"He has not. And if you want to know what's the matter, it's this. I'm bored, and disgusted, and—"

"Desiccated," suggested Miss Middleton.

"No, that's not the word at all."

"It's a nice little word, though, I read it the other day. 'Transmogrified'—that's bigger."

"Well, simply sick to death of the weather."

Miss Middleton turned away and gazed in the other direction with great interest.

"I'm not looking at you," I said. "But I should like to know, before I go on: are you blushing?"

"Of course not. Well, sort of colouring up a little, perhaps."

"You may well. Do you remember a certain day in April, when we talked about the summer, and you solemnly promised me that this year it would be fine? And you implored me to believe, and I said that I would."

"Did I?"

"I might have spent the summer in New Zealand, where it's always fine, or in bed, where it doesn't matter; but you persuaded me to give the thing just one more trial. And now where are we?"

"You know," said Miss Middleton timidly, after a pause, "it isn't being

such a bad summer, after all, according to the papers."

"Oh, that's what's so mean about it. The rain stops now and then, and the sun comes out perhaps, just so as they can both get a good place in the statistics. As if we didn't know we were having a beastly summer! as if we cared a hang how many inches of rain or hours of sunshine there were when we can see that it's spoiling everything!"

I finished my glass fiercely and waved away the bird.

"And the worst of it is," I added, "I haven't an umbrella."

"Mightn't you buy one?" suggested Miss Middleton.

"How can I, after I've promised you to believe in the summer? Of course if I had my old one—but I lost that at a wedding. They're tricky things, weddings. They take your umbrella as soon as look at you."

"I always use one of mother's."

"Couldn't I too?" I asked hopefully.

Miss Middleton was silent for a little, and I supposed that she was considering my offer. However, it appeared that she was thinking of something else.

"I do think we are all awfully nice about the weather," she began seriously.

"I am often even nicer than this," I said, in some surprise.

"Oh, I don't mean you—you've been a pig; when you know I *did* want you to have a nice summer so badly. I mean all of us. We have a fortnight of rain, and then, when we get one fine day at last, we're all as grateful as anything, and we go about smiling and saying thank you, and quite forgetting all the wet days. Just notice if we don't, when the next good day comes."

"Perhaps we shall never have a good day again."

"Oh, yes, we shall. And you'll go and sit in somebody's garden—"

"Yours."

"But how nice of you! Well then, in mine, and you'll think it's the very jolliest world that ever was made, and what a lucky man you are to be given such a wonderful morning."

I considered this carefully; and I also considered the last fortnight. I decided to concentrate on the last fortnight.

"Meanwhile," I said, "here we are, and it's time something was done by way of protest. The only difficulty is to know what to do. In America, when it's a nasty dull sort of day, they can always go out and burn a black man or two; but so effete is our own civilisation—"

"We might try throwing stones at Greenwich. Do you think if we broke the Observatory windows—"

"My idea was to go to Hyde Park and hiss. I don't know how that strikes you? You see, if we went together we could share Mrs. Middleton's umbrella."

"Why do you harp on the umbrella? I suppose you think I ought to give you a new one?"

"I think you ought to give me permission to buy one."

"Oh, no! It is going to be fine now."

"Then may I have my aqua-scutum lengthened?"

"Oh, don't keep on thinking about the bad days," implored Miss Middleton; "think about the good one that's coming. The wetter it is now, you know, the more you'll enjoy the change."

"Right," I said. "I'll remember that."

Later, in the hall, they asked me whether I'd have a hansom or a taxi.

"Neither, thanks," I said cheerfully. "The wetter I get now, the more I shall enjoy changing." And I plunged into the rain. A. A. M.

ON THE MAKING OF FRIENDS.

SOME say that I got inside the train. Anyhow, there was a luncheon-car, and that was where the porters threw me. Someone picked me up, brushed my clothes and sat me down in a little seat before a little table and left me there praying that the little seat opposite me might remain vacant.

People whom you don't know are always detestable, particularly in trains. Witness the concentrated hatred of the four corner-seat holders when you open their door and propose to become the fifth occupant of their compartment. It isn't simply that they dislike the idea of your possibly talking to them. What they dislike is the fact that you exist. They hate you; you hate them; and you all join together and hate the sixth man who gets in at the next stop. So I prayed that I might have no *vis-à-vis* on this journey; but at Birmingham some more porters threw another man in and he was put to sit opposite me. We just frowned sourly and made it quite clear that we detested the sight of each other. I was led to suppose that I was, after all, too insignificant to care twopence about; he, that his collar was dirty, his tie climbing up the back of it, his boots down at heel and himself utterly ignoble. He sat down in such a way that he kicked my shins. "What



IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

"WOT'S 'E TOTTEN'IN' THE COPPER FOR?"

"IT'S ONLY 'IS BLOOMIN' SIZE. 'E WANTS PEOPLE TO FINK 'E'S DIVE SOMETHIN'!"

disgustingly hard shins the lower classes have!" he clearly thought. "A vile thing!" my expression was meant to convey. "I wonder if it will make a noise with its food." Then he got behind his *Telegraph* to protect himself from infection, and, in returning the compliment, I managed to unfold my *Morning Post* in such a way as to cause him a maximum amount of draught and discomfort.

With the beginning of lunch and the arrival of the fish he said, "I hope I may never set eyes on you again, but will you take a little salt?"

"Sir," I answered, "you are a contemptible worm, but permit me to pass you the pepper." Later I continued, "Odious creature, I cannot help confessing to you my surprise that out of a kitchen 2 ft. by 1 ft. they can produce a meal apparently without limits."

"Cad though you are," he replied, "I quite agree. Further, it may interest you to know that I am by profession an inventor."

It did interest me a little. It came to interest me very much. I laughed at his mild jokes, and he leant across the table to tap me on the chest. "Yes, my dear Sir," he said, "I go to my office at nine every morning and invent. Sometimes it is a vacuum-cleaner, sometimes a needle-puncher, and sometimes an antiseptic tooth wash."

"Really, old man," said I, "if you don't mind being overheard by the cads and the contemptible worms in this car, you might tell me all about it."

He practically climbed over the table to embrace me, as he told me all about it. At any rate, his boots managed to wipe themselves on my trousers. "Oh, but I'm sorry," he said. "Not at all," I answered.

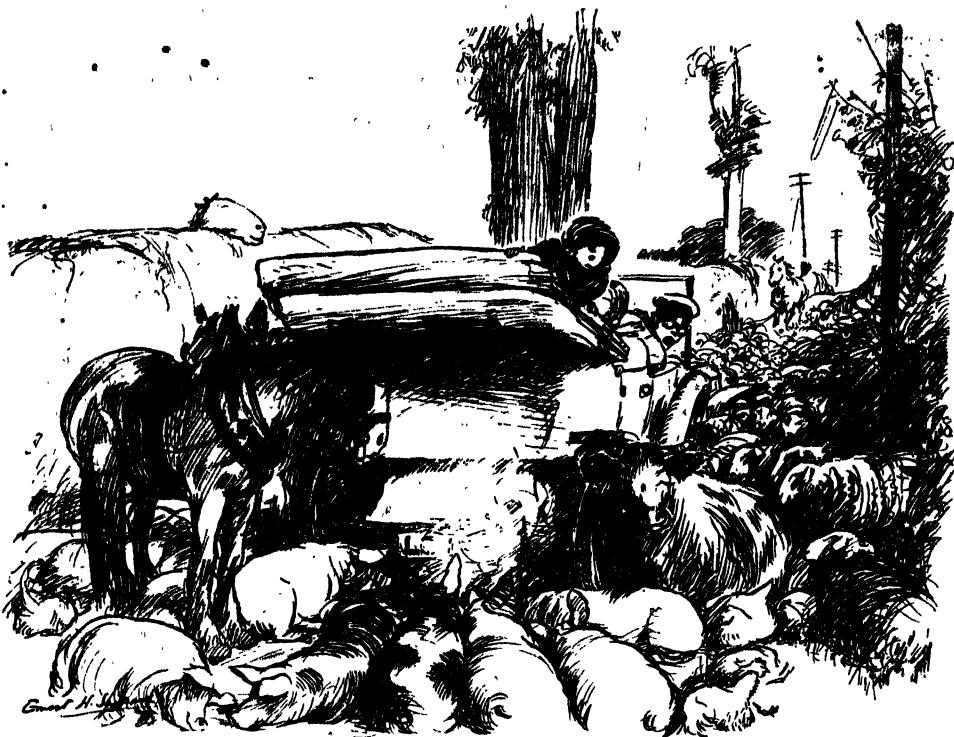
On arriving at Euston, "Good-bye," said I. "It has been a real pleasure to me to travel with such a perfect gentleman."

"Nonsense, Sir," said he. "The

pleasure and privilege have been mine Good-bye; we may never meet again."

We met again about five minutes later in the Tube, and somehow I wished we had not. It's all very well being amused in a luncheon-car, but, when you're in London, you always stand the chance of being seen by people who know you and are apt to judge you by your friends. Besides, the man talked too much. Reaching Charing Cross, we parted with some more good-byes, and met again on the top of a Liverpool Street bus. At Chancery Lane he said, "I don't know whether to get off here and patent some inventions, or to go to my head office in the City and invent some patents. Where are you going?"

"That all depends," I said, and as he eventually decided to get off there I went on to the City, not because I wanted to go there, but because . . . Oh, well, I have come to the conclusion that people are detestable, after all, whether you know them or not.



ORPHEUS WITH HIS TOOT.

THE SOUL-STIRRING TONES OF THE LATEST MOTOR MUSIC MAY BE ALL VERY WELL, BUT WHAT IF TOO HIGH A PITCH OF PERFECTION IS REACHED!

TRUE MODESTY.

It was not at the Oval nor at Lord's
Nor where the level sweep is large and trim,
And eager *cognoscenti* come in hordes,
That (tell it on the sounding clavichords)
You made that hundred, Jim.

No, 'twas a contest more of luck than skill:
The pitch, a trifle marred by plantain roots,
The chomy less apt to field than till
(Few had the samite wear and fewer still
Could boast the buckskin boots).

Five times they missed you from the lofting ball;
The peerless length that county bowlers keep
Was not for them, and (take it all in all)
There are who might have been disposed to call
Your laurels fairly cheap.

But not the way you took them! that was grand:
The modest air, the deprecating mien,
As who should say, "Of course I made a stand,
But fortune-favoured still my good right hand
And made my cow-shots clean."

And, when "the tumult and the shouting" died,
The hearty handshake and the dorsal smack,

When stumps were pulled, and on the homeward ride
Our tongues to other themes began to glide,
The way you brought us back!

Saying, "Remember how I snicked that chance
Right through the slips; their bowlers had no luck;
The fat one with the pace and curious prance,
The one from whom I made that leg-side glance,
He often had me stuck."

The way you sympathised with those that fell,
Giving the scorers neither pain nor care,
And still the story of your flukes would tell,
Was ever knightly hero knew so well
The conscious bays to wear?

And, if before they paid their rightful debt,
These lips of mine from weariness were shut,
Here on the harp, O James, and don't forget,
I hymn you as a bashful violet,
A self-obscuring nut.

Evom.

"A. Lindsay started by deep cutting Bridges to the ropes, and followed up with a string of braces, taken indiscriminately from both bowlers."
—*Saturday Post*.

Another time, LINDSAY should provide his own braces, or string, or whatever it is he affects.



HARD LABOUR.

JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT (on a Saturday morning, wistfully). "AH, IF I'D ONLY DONE MY BIT OF OVERTIME THIS WEEK, I NEEDN'T HAVE MISSED THE DEAR OLD JAUNT!"

[It is proposed that Judges of the High Court should be required to sit on Saturdays, unless they make up time during the rest of the week.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, July 4.—After two hours spent in Commons strolled across corridor intent on discovering whether on the green earth there were a duller place. Found it in the Lords. SAYE AND SELE on his legs moving Second Reading of Bill designed to regulate foreign traffic in broken-down horses. About a score of Peers present in subtly sympathetic state of decrepitude. Had they just learnt that Conference had decided to recommend abolition of Veto could not have presented more funereal aspect.

To this state of affairs SAYE AND SELE contributed speech that raised him at a bound to first rank of orators. Object of his measure commends itself to every kindly heart. Amid clash of more pretentious business success needed nice management. This forthcoming. As in low voice, occasionally faltering accents, with doleful countenance, he pleaded the cause of the dumb and destitute, one could almost hear the footfall of the doomed horse on the hard pavement as it slowly wended its way to the docks to take ship for Antwerp; could see its work-worn frame; observe its wistful regard of the occasional sausage shop passed *en route*; recognise its pained consciousness of conditions under which (if ever) it would return to its native land.



THE DERBY FAVOURITE.

"We recall his breezy manner in the Lobby as he went about the business of the Whip."

(The Earl of Derby.)



A LITTLE QUIET CHAT WITH MY FRIEND BIRRELL.

"I confidently hope that ere long Mr. Russell will be sitting by my side again. I know nothing would give Mr. Russell greater pleasure." (Loud laughter.)

(Mr. Birrell's speech on the temporary disappearance from the House of Commons of Mr. T. W. Russell.)

Speech a masterpiece of artistic conception, flawless rendering.

Effect on Earl of DERBY, who followed, remarkable. For years we knew him in the Commons as Lord STANLEY. Recall his breezy manner in the Lobby as he went about the business of the Whip, his brief but pointed speeches when, on return from South Africa, having seen active service as Chief Press Censor (Dispatches), he was appropriately promoted to the War Office. To-night, seated almost opposite SAYE AND SELE, he relapsed into forlorn attitude familiar when he was Postmaster-General worried by demands of working staff for shorter hours and longer pay. Interposing in debate he spoke as one who had come to bury the horse, not to mount it. Like other noble lords who followed, he heartily approved the principle of measure which is about to be commended to friendly care of Commons.

Over scene thus artistically shadowed one gleam of light flashed. Came from unexpected quarter of Orders of the Day. These are circulated for information of Peers. For title, paper bore the legend, "Notices and Orders of the Day for Monday the 4th of July." This on first page. Turning over leaf one found set forth in black letter, enclosed in double lines so as to mini-

mise chance of its being overlooked by the most casual backwoodsman, the announcement, "There will be no Evening Sitting of the House on Thursday the 30th of June."

Frequently admitted by most censorious critics of House of Lords that in comparison with Commons it is the more business-like assembly. Here was crowning proof of its orderliness, its prevision, its observance of detail, matters which, apparently unimportant, go to build up orderly, effective business system.

Business done—Officially announced that the House will not sit last Thursday. Bill dealing with Continental traffic in broken-down horses read second time.

House of Commons, Tuesday. Period which sufficed for the accomplished work of to-day shows what House can do when it puts shoulder to wheel. Progress made exceeds a week's achievement under ordinary conditions. After usual cloud of questions, for practical purposes signifying nothing, entered upon Committee on Regency Bill. Came to the front those eminent constitutional authorities, KING and LUTHERALL, with many amendments designed to correct what ASHLEY, with tears in ordinarily inquisitorial eyes, described as "the magnificent

work standing to credit of the Regency Act during the last 100 years."

PREMIER, in charge of Bill, received valuable support from Sir FREDERICK BANBURY, whom strangers in gallery were shocked to hear alluded to as "the junior Member for the City of London." There's nothing junior about FREDERICK unless it be in personal appearance suggestive of perennial youth. As a statesman he is senior to most of his contemporaries in present House. With his assistance, Bill passed through Committee with immaterial amendments.

Item. Accidents in Mines Bill, in charge of MASTERMAN READY, passed second reading amid chorus of approval.

Judicial Bench next stormed. Bill proposing to add two Judges to King's Bench Division of High Order of Justice came up on Report stage. MARKHAM moved new clause requiring Judges to make annual return of number of days they have sat. Principle familiar at dockyards and other large labour establishments where time-keeper ticks off hours of attendance.

MARKHAM, acknowledging that our Judges are all honourable men, refrained from insistence on that invidious condition.

"Leave it to the Judges," he said in effect. "Here and there may possibly be a generous enlargement of view. What, according to the clock, has been half a day's labour, or even a quarter, may, in the hurry of the moment, be entered as full time. On the whole, their Lordships may confidently be counted upon to make full and fair returns."

(Wait till they catch him in one of their courts!)

PREMIER, whilst objecting to this way of putting it, admitted laxity with respect to Saturday sittings. Some Judges make a habit of dating their week-end from Friday afternoon. Others, constrained by conscience, put in an appearance late on Saturday morning and, like CHARLES LAMB at the India Office, make up for it by going away early. On the understanding that, if the Judges do not sit on Saturdays, they shall through the week work overtime, MARKHAM withdrew new clause and Report stage agreed to.

Trifle thrown in by second reading of Bill dealing with election of aldermen in municipal boroughs, and at twenty minutes to nine House adjourned.

Business done.—Prodigious.

Friday.—"It's very difficult to get round this question," said CHARLES BERESFORD, pulling down an imaginary sou'wester set to win'ard.

Was not trying to get round Land's



THE TAVISTOCK DIVISION.

He had designs on "the magnificent work standing to the credit of the Regency Act during the last hundred years."

(Mr. H. C. F. Luttrell.)

End in a gale on a starless night. What he was endeavouring safely to skirt were Income Tax Resolutions of the Budget. House dealing with them



CHARLIE B. "DEACHED AGAIN!"

As an inspired Irish Member promptly described it.

(Admiral Lord Charles Beresford.)

in Committee of Ways and Means. Majority of Members preceding in debate had more or less confined themselves to subject. JOHN DILLON, by exception turning aside to deal with Whisky Tax, bitterly complained that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had "burned his boats in such emphatic manner." If it must be, JOHN likes that sort of spiriting done gently, with absolute freedom from emphasis.

Possibly it was mention of boats that turned CHARLIE's gaze seaward. As GOLDSMITH tells of his Traveller, in all his wanderings "his heart untravelled fondly turns to home." So our plump sailor-boy, having with more or less emphasis burned his boats and come ashore, cannot control the wayward trend of his heart towards the unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea, and the additional *Dreadnoughts* that ought to be afloat upon it.

Unfortunately, in making for blue-water, CHARLIE got under influence of various undercurrents. These were, *inter alia*, the domination of the Irish Members; the possibilities of Socialism; and proposals for reforming the House of Lords, which led him to remark that "the House of Commons itself wants reforming."

CHAIRMAN interposed with quiet remark: "I think it is time the noble Lord came to the Budget of the year."

"Ay, ay, Sir," chirruped CHARLIE; starboard it is," and slewed round to consideration of Ministerial Naval programme.

Getting on very well till it flashed across his mind that "the Budget of the year is voted by the House of Commons, the House of Commons is elected by the people, and if there are 53,000 voters sending one man to the House, and 1,700 sending another man —"

"Order! order!" cried the inexorable CHAIRMAN. "The Budget has nothing to do with the Franchise."

It was here that CHARLIE made his moan about the "difficulty of getting round this question." Gave up the job. Made all taut and anchored for the night.

Business done.—In Committee on Budget Bill.

"The scores should not be counted nor may the targets be touched by any person other than an umpire after being fired at."—*Daily Mail*.

We can see the umpire after being fired at hastily flattening himself against the target for protection.

"The match was unfinished owing to measles. Mr. Stephen's were compelled to scratch."—*The Harrovian*.

Very irritating.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

FASHIONS AND A SCANDAL.

Park Lane.

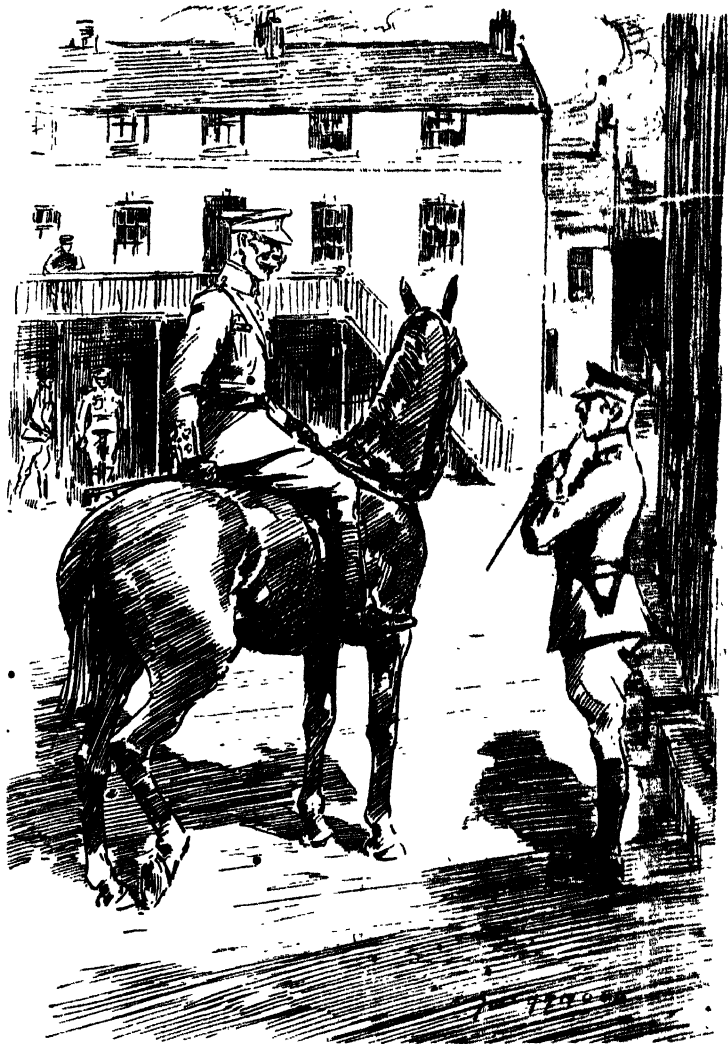
DEAREST DAPHNE,—I've a simply thrilling bit of news for you. People are actually beginning to walk, my dear—and in town! It's getting quite quite usual to send away one's car and walk home from shopping or calling, even as much as two or three streets! *Par conséquent*, there's been a slump, as far as certain people are concerned, in smart, small-sized boots and shoes that they could only wear to sit still in, and, as SHAKESPEARE says, Those walk now who never walked before.

Partly we've been frightened by what Professor Dimsdale told us in one of his *Thé Causeries* at the Fall-lal. The series was on Lost Arts, and he chose Walking for one of his subjects. He said that if people continued getting about by motoring and aeroplaning and all that sort of thing the race would gradually alter, everyone would get enormously stout, and legs and feet would at last become extinct! Wasn't it a ghastly idea? Whatever sort of fashions would be worn then! Of course I don't undertake to dispute the whole of the prediction, but it seems to me, as far as my own observation of my dear friends goes, that feet, at all events, are in no danger of becoming extinct—quite the reverse! However, we've all been horribly frightened, and now we're walking.

Some had forgotten how to do it, and had to be taught all over again, like old babies,—the Duke and Duchess of Dunstable, among others. Being both stout and stodgy, and not nearly so young as they'd like to be, they took fright badly at the dear Professor's hideous prediction, and now that they've learned to walk again they're always at it. When it's too wet to walk out of doors, as it generally is, they trudge up and down the big ball-room at Dunstable House; and I hear each is so aggravated at seeing the other grinding away, they're on worse terms than ever.

And the craze doesn't stop at walking. None of the chaperons will sit still or play bridge at parties now. They've all caught the exercise-panic and insist on dancing. I gave a boy-and-girl dance for my little cousin, Rosemary, the other night, and I simply couldn't prevent the chaperons from dancing. Those that were too old and too weird to get real partners danced with each other. They entirely spoil the look of my rooms.

Madame Blagueuse is another who's been giving *Thé Causeries*. One of



Young Officer (who is notorious for getting tense whenever possible, to C.O.) "I WANTED ASK YOU, SIR, IF I MIGHT HAVE A FEW DAYS' LEAVE?"

C.O. "WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR?"

Young Officer. "WELL—ER—I THINK I WANT A CHANGE OF AIR."

C.O. "OH! IS THAT IT? THEN I THINK YOU'D BETTER STAY HERE FOR A CHANGE!"

them was on Beauty, and the room was packed at five guineas a head. She told us all women were beautiful; that all they had to do was to accentuate their individuality and cultivate charm; and that no woman need ever grow old; wrinkles and grey hair and stoutness were merely the result of mismanagement! It was simply dilly to see *ces autres* drinking it all in with their tea and swallowing it with their ces, and going away quite pleased and perky.

I was telling Nerty about it afterwards, and he said if all women are beautiful then those who are really nice to look at must find a new word for themselves, and that I'm to find that word. He too had a *Thé Causerie* (anyone who has anything or nothing to say makes a *Thé Causerie* it now) at the Rocherché the other day on "Nature the great Anti-Socialist." He did make us laugh. He said there were no inequalities of fortune so glaring as Nature's inequality in the dis-

tribution of fat!—that one only had to watch the people on a public promenade to become aware of this injustice, a large percentage of the passers-by being made contemptible by utter lack of fat or 'ridiculous by excess of it. He wondered if "socialistic legislation proposed to deal with this point, and to demand that each person should have a reasonable amount of fat and no more!"

I was complimenting him later on his *Causerie*, and said I hoped some day his talents would put him in his proper place. He asked, What place? Why, Prime Minister, of course, I told him. And then he asked what he had done to offend me that I should hope for such a *disgraceful future* for him! He's a funny boy.

Oh, my dearest! People are whispering such a *quaint* little storiette about—guess—guess—and guess again!—about Stella Clackmannan, of all women! She's had the reputation for being *absolutely* immaculate, you know, as our nicknames for her, The Saint, and The Icicle, show. There've been plenty of stories about everyone else, but about *her* there's always been the most extraordinary story of all—that there was *no* story! It's true that *some* people have said her straight running was owing to the fact that the Duke is a mere *demon* of jealousy, with all the furious fierceness of his forbears, the old Chiefs of Clan Kiltibeg, as shown in the Clackmannan crest and motto, a drawn claymore and "Slay and spare not," and that poor Stella has always been afraid that if he found her out in the *teeniest* little pieceadilly he'd catch up the family crest and act the family motto; but I don't know about that. Anyhow, here's the story.

You remember a mannequin we noticed when you were with me last summer, and we went to Olga's" one afternoon—a tall, pale, statuesque girl, with a deliciously haughty way of saying, "Yes, moddom," and "No, moddom." Oh, you *must* remember her! She showed two creations that I bought—"The Dream and the Waking," poppies worked on black mousseline-de-soie, and dawn and sunrise suggested in the shaded colours of the train; and "Arrière Pensée," in mauve and white *charmeuse*, with a hint of tears in the touches of crystal embroidery and a big bunch of purple pansies on the left shoulder, and another tucked behind the left ear. We remarked that, allowing for her being five or six years younger than dear Stella, and having perhaps half an inch more height and less waist, she was almost her double. Everyone used to talk about the startling like-

ness. Stella herself was amused at it, and made a sort of *protégée* of the girl, and, according to *les chuchoteuses*, made use of the extraordinary likeness to send the mannequin to fulfil some of Stella's own philanthropic engagements (opening and shutting things, you know, and giving away prizes and so on), at one or two boresome, out-lying places that didn't matter much. And then something happened. Oh no! I don't mean that the girl broke down and gave the show away. I believe she played the Duchess à *merveille*, and completely imposed on the savage tribes; but on one of these occasions a letter was in some way

have stepped down from her little stone niche and taken off her halo. Illos must be wretchedly cold, heavy, head-achy, heartachy things to wear!

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

EVOE VICTIS!

(By our Sloptimist.)

THERE is nothing that marks the onward progress of humanity, in spite of many lapses, more nobly than the treatment of the conquered. In ancient Rome the situation was tersely summed up in the iron phrase, *Vae victis*—"Woe to the vanquished." Conquered kings adorned the triumph of their victors, and languished in dungeons until death put an end to their sufferings.

Nor were the Greeks more considerate. SOCRATES, who in our time might have been a popular and successful preacher, was obliged to drink hemlock simply because he failed to convince his judges of the excellence of his intentions.

Even in "the so-called nineteenth century" this evil tradition lingered on, and NAPOLEON, instead of being allowed to share the Waterloo Stakes with his victor, was brutally banished to St. Helena.

Happily we have changed all that now. It is no longer the inhuman practice of civilised countries to trample on the defeated.

JACK JOHNSON, the champion prize-fighter, has pocketed £24,000 as the reward of his prowess. But JEFFRIES, the defeated giant, gets more than £23,000 as his share.

Dear friends, if we cannot always bo top dog, let us at least strive to render the position of the inferior animal financially endurable.



AN ILLUSTRATED POSTER.

conveyed to the fictitious Stella, a letter meant for the *real* Stella, a *love-letter*, my own Daphne, showing that our dear Saint not only had an admirer, but didn't exactly *frown* on him. Now, isn't that *absolutely*? As to what happened afterwards, opinions are divided. Some people say the girl still has the letter, holds it over Stella's head like somebody's sword, and black-mails her. Others say Stella had copies made of the Clackmannan jewels, sold the real ones, bought the letter, and sent the girl to New Zealand, or British Columbia, or Fiji, or somewhere. Anyhow, "Olga's" tall, statuesque mannequin vanished utterly, and Stella did a long rest-cure. Of course, we're all most enormously amused, and—well, yes—just a teeny bit pleased, that our dear Saint should

From a Catalogue:—

"1 New Zealand Kea Parrot (Nestor, Notabilis), very fine specimen. These are the birds which devour sheep alive. This specimen is very tame and feeds from hand, also very amusing."

We can well imagine its being extremely funny—with somebody else's hand.

Water-on-the-Brain.

The Daily Mirror on the divining-rod:

"On several occasions the thick end of the stick rose up and struck the operator on the head. On these spots, he asserted, water would be found fifty feet down."

His head, even at the swollen spots, can't have been as thick as that.

"At half-time the visitors fell off, says The Field, in reporting a polo match. A most unfortunate accident."

A DIALOGUE.

The Sunshade. Well, my dear, I'm glad to see you again. We don't often meet, do we? You're looking fine and commanding as ever.

The Matinee Hat. Not quite, I'm afraid. But I'm feeling very well, considering.

The S. Considering what, dear?

The M. H. Why, considering that I'm indoors so much. Now, you—no wonder you have such a bright complexion. You get so much open air.

The S. Yes, but I don't know but what I should like a little indoor life too. You see so many plays. How interesting! I never see any. I hear a little of them now and then, but I can see nothing. What are they like just now?

The M. H. Oh, they're always the same, in the main. But just lately there's been rather more talk than usual. So far as I can understand—it's the new drama, the Repertory brand, you know—there's something important left out; but I don't quite know what it is. Harry's bottle, is it? Something like that.

The S. Don't you mean ARISTOTLE?

The M. H. Yes, that's it. How clever of you to know! How did you find out?

The S. They were talking about it at Lord's last week. At the Eton and Harrow match.

The M. H. Oh, yes. You go there, of course. How delightful! Did you like it?

The S. I liked being there, of course, although I prefer Ascot. But it's not the cricket I care about so much as the remarks of the men behind who can't see. I love men when they're angry.

The M. H. Shall I tell you a secret, dear? So do I. That's why I'm so glad when we go to the back row of the stalls, because then I can hear the people in the pit. So droll—so idiomatic.

The S. You're luckier than I am. I never hear that kind of talk, though I suppose I might if we went to the cheaper seats. It's a darling feeling to know that you're preventing people from seeing, isn't it?

The M. H. Perfect. I wouldn't miss it for anything.

The S. Nor I.

From Answers to Correspondents in *The Assam Era*.—

"Our present King-Empress' birth anniversary is 3rd not 2nd June. We were of belief that every one, however ignorant, knew that. Apparently there are some ignorant who do not know it."

That's rather a nasty one for somebody.



Farmer (to Lady who has taken rooms at the farm for the summer.) "TIDY CROP OF HAY, MUM."
Lady. "BEAUTIFULLY TIDY—AND—ER—LET ME SEE—WHEN DO YOU THRESH IT?"

THE CHAMPIONS.

He was reading the paper opposite me, a little, pale, serious-looking man. He laid it down with a sigh. "JOHNSON'S a wonder," he said. "The Champion of the World. Fancy that!" "It is a lovely thing to be a champion," I quoted.

"Do you think so?" he asked. "Why? I don't think so."

"Then perhaps you haven't experienced it?" I said.

"Oh, yes, I have," he replied gravely. "I know all about it. I'm a champion too."

"You?" I said, rather rudely, I fear. "Yes," he replied. "I'm the champion of Crouch End. Guess what I'm champion of."

This was delicate ground. I am too old to guess. But he plied me so that at last I gave way and suggested what I thought was fairly safe—billiards.

There have been lots of little weaklings who could play a good game at billiards.

"Yes," he said—"in a way."

"Not the game proper?" I inquired.

"Not exactly," he said. "But billiards, yes." He was quite grave.

"Pool?" I suggested.

"Not exactly," he said.

"Fives?"

"No."

"Then what is it? Tell me."

He stood up, for he had reached his station. "I hold the record," he said, "for losing hazards at pyramid. Good morning." And he was gone.

It is not often I get my leg pulled like that by a stranger.

"He scored his 119 in two hours, driving and occasionally putting with great power."
Daily Mail.

We ourselves frequently have recourse to a mashing shot over first six's head.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Sir Drummond must have been the hero of many another novel than *The Laird of Craig Athol* (CONSTABLE). At any rate, when he comes into an estate, left to him by a cousin in default of any nearer of kin turning up, he knows that he is in for a poor thing. Though it has been made abundantly clear that there is no nearer of kin in existence, previous experience tells him that "there ain't going to be no" default. So he enters into possession with a heavy heart, and the merest effort of speering into the future by the local second-sighter drives him to wire in despair for his London solicitor. Had I been *Sir Drummond*, I should not have thus given in at the beginning of the first chapter. I should have reckoned, and reckoned rightly, that my author had not given me a beautiful daughter, *Meg*, for nothing. But there was no harm in sending for *Mr. Forbes*, as being the man to put everything right that might go wrong, for obviously this is not his first appearance as the kindly and omnipotent solicitor of fiction. At once he settles down to cross-examine everybody about everything, and to such good purpose that cross-examination becomes a craze, and all the characters set about questioning each other darkly. Finally, clever *Miss Isfield* comes along and starts cross-examining *Mr. Forbes*. For the rest, there is a bogus claimant, a genuine heir, some falling in love, a kidnapping, a half-dressed woman lying face down-

wards on the carpet in a pool of blood, and a happy ending; from all of which you may gather that, though there is plenty of excitement and an ingenious mystery, this is not the best novel that *Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE* has ever written.

In these days of astonishing heroines it is rather a comfort, I think, to learn that the advanced young person is not, after all, a wholly modern phenomenon. If we are to trust *Mr. ASTON HILLIERS* who writes *The Master Girl* (METHUEN), she synchronised with the cave-bear and the rollicking hey-day of the mammoth. *Deh-Yan* (please don't forget those accents) was a little Moon Woman with a taste for scientific research, who benefited posterity by evolving the first bow and arrows out of the strung-drill, which, by the way, is a good word to try to say six times quickly during the hot weather (if any). The result of her enterprise was the complete success of her husband in a spear-throwing contest (it apparently had not occurred to anyone to bar "freak" implements) with *Honk-Ah*, one of the braves of the Sun-Disc tribe. The author is a little didactic at times (perhaps this is inevitable in palaeological fiction), but I can heartily recommend *The Master Girl* to that large section of the public which, possibly influenced

by *Mr. Punch*, has been accustomed to treat the romances of prehistoric man with irreverent badinage.

On the title-page of *Mr. EVERARD HOPKINS'* novel, *Lydia* (CONSTABLE), appears the dedication "To my Wife." I cannot help wondering whether there is not something rather more in this than the ordinary tribute from an author to the person whose sympathy may most properly have encouraged him in his work. Because a more essentially feminine book I never read. If it be true, as they say, that the success of a novel depends upon its appeal to the softer sex, then *Mr. HOPKINS* is assured of half-a-dozen editions at least. Women will delight in *Lydia*; the phases of her wooing by various suburban swains will be to them episodes of intense interest, all the more for being recorded by the author with a wealth of detail which sometimes I myself (if the secret must come out) felt to be a little over-elaborate. But then I hated all the young men so, which probably accounted for it. *Lydia's* married

career seemed to me ever so much the better half of the story. There are scenes in this, showing her struggle against, and final conquest by, the blighting influence of semi-genetel poverty, that are worth twenty of the earlier chapters. The visit of her old school-friend, especially, and the horrid failure of a day that was to do so much—I chuckled whole-heartedly over this, and for its sake am more than ready to forgive *Mr. HOPKINS* certain previous long-queurs in his tale. And he has quite a bogie surprise waiting to jump out at the unsuspecting reader on the last page, the effect



LITTLE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

REACH OF HER DISCIPLINE.

of which will be entirely spoilt for those who (as many will) turn on to find whether *Lydia* and her irritating husband "make it up at the end." Wait and see.

Our Wonderful World.

From a letter in *The Daily Mail*:—

"While busy fishing, from waders, on this occasion a woodcock suddenly emerged from the trees on the south bank carrying a chick in its feet."

Hence the waders—a truly motherly precaution.

"A professional man (bachelor), who has a well furnished and charming little flat at Kensington, wishes to meet another gentleman to share same. Breakfast and use of everything, 27s. weekly. Can have all food."

No, no, we cannot accept such a sacrifice; we'll share the breakfast as well.

"Bike (Lady's) for Sale; cost £7; will sell for £4; does not agree with owner."—Advt. in "*Evening Chronicle*."

We know that bicycle. It always wants to go down hill when the owner wants to go up.

CHARIVARIA.

THE latest rumour about Buckingham Palace is to the effect that an American millionaire has offered to bear the entire expense of rebuilding subject to his being allowed to have a suite of apartments there.

At last the Government would appear to be converted to the view that if you wish for peace you must prepare for war. Orders have been given to the Irish Constabulary to restore to their owners all the weapons hitherto kept in safe custody under the provisions of the Peace Preservation Act.

Mrs. LLOYD GEORGE, speaking at the Congress Hall, Clapton, on the subject of Public Health, expressed the opinion that there was a great deal too much tea drunk. Nothing, however, was said about cocoa.

Twenty thousand children, we read, at Alexandra Palace "unanimously and solemnly protested against any alteration in the King's declaration." But what we want to know is this. How long are we to wait before the chicks also give us the assistance of their decision on the vexed question of Binctallism?

We cannot help thinking that it is unfortunate that Lord ROSEBERRY will be prevented until September from proceeding to Vienna to announce to the Emperor of AUSTRIA the accession of King GEORGE. Has the Government realised the danger of the news leaking out before then? Every day's delay adds to the risk.

In the voting on the Woman's Suffrage Bill *The Evening Standard* tells us, "Forty-eight Members paired—twenty-four against the Bill, and twenty-four in favour." Audited, and found correct.

The promoters of the Scotch aviation meeting to be held at Lanark in August, have, *The Pall Mall Gazette* informs us, framed strict rules against "air scorching." Personally we are of the opinion that any good work done by the Sun ought rather to be encouraged.

It is, we suppose, gratifying to our national pride to reflect that, though M. MORANE, who made such a fine

messenger fares. There is a strong feeling that the kids should only pay half fare.

The Law Journal proposes that the Judges, instead of sitting on Saturdays, should begin business half an hour earlier each day. Another suggestion, which, if adopted, would have the effect of saving even more time, is that the Saturday sittings should be devoted entirely to the Judges' jokes, these being made illegal on any other day.

There would seem to be no limit to the sporting energy of the Publisher's Circle. After organising a Cricket Match at Lord's and a Lawn Tennis Tournament at Queen's, there is now some talk of changing the title of the association to the Publishers' Ring and arranging a great Prize Fight, after the most recent precedent, between two of its members—Mr. BLACK, the publisher, and Mr. WHITE, the publisher.

LORD KITCHENER, it transpires, is no longer a member of the Imperial Defence Committee. His presence there, we take it, would have given that body a somewhat military appearance, and in these days one cannot be too careful of our enemies' susceptibilities.

In an account of a burglary at Hampstead *The Evening News* tells us how Constable KENDAL, his suspicions being aroused, waited until he was joined by Constable HOLT, and "between them they surrounded the house." This gives one a very good idea of what fine spreading men our Metropolitan Police are.

From Italy comes the news that the Leaning Tower of Pisa is getting tired, and may sit down at any moment.

The Servian Steamboat Direction, according to *The Express*, have solved a long-standing question by deciding that the calves and kids which follow their owners on board and play about the deck shall in future pay full pas-

senger fares. There is a strong feeling that the kids should only pay half fare.

The Select Committee which has been considering the matter has reported in favour of improving the dinner arrangements at the House of Lords. This seems only humane. A condemned criminal is always given a good meal before the end.



"SHRINK ME, NED, IF WE AIN'T IN THE FASHION AT LAST!"

THE PERILS OF THE POSTER.

I WROTE a few weeks ago of my friend Trencham, and how he made a study of the coloured posters of Beauty Spots in the hope of getting some guidance as to the best place in which to spend his summer holidays. The quest, futile in itself, has had a strange development; for, having tasted blood, he has now acquired a habit, amounting almost to a mania, of studying posters in general, and drawing the most unwarrantable inferences as to the wares which they are designed to commend.

He has been peculiarly obsessed by the advertisements of a firm which announces its Whisky through the medium of two symbolic terriers. These terriers usually have their attention riveted upon a rat, either in a cage or on a river bank. Trencham has no quarrel with the dogs' taste, which no doubt obeys a law of nature, but personally he detests rodents, whether on land or water; and he cannot see why any beverage, short of rat-bane, should require one of these little brutes to advertise its merits.

He assures me that he has nothing against this particular Whisky; but in future he is going to take to Lime-juice, because the girl in the poster where the limes grow thick as gooseberries is rather presentable at a distance, and there are no rats in the picture. There were the same arguments in support of a certain Irish Ginger Ale, for the yachting lady (whom he presumed to be addicted to it, though there was no Ginger Ale actually in sight) had her good points, and again there were no rats in the picture; but, on consideration, he felt sure that the bull-dog was out of place on a sailing-yacht, and this decided him in favour of Lime-juice.

Having made up his mind on this point—perhaps a little too hastily—he could review without emotion the picture of yet another dog (Trencham's studies have given him a veritable surfeit of dog) which has knocked over a pewter-pot of Stout, and in the act of recoiling makes the remark—"What would Master say?" Trencham now knows what he would say if he were the master of this vocal hound. He would ring the bell and say, "Clean up this mess, and bring me some Lime-juice."

My friend suffers at times from dyspepsia and constantly from a growing tendency to obesity. Had he the choice (which he has not) of these two ills, he would prefer the former. That is why he instantly rejected the advances of a poster which portrayed the pale victim of a wasting indigestion, who, after testing the virtues of a certain Syrup, became "always merry and bright." Nothing is so hateful to Trencham as the man who is "always merry and bright." But there was worse. In his after-state, in addition to this terrible mirth (of which indeed it may have been the cause), the Object had acquired so ridiculous a rotundity that Trencham at once resolved not to give the Syrup a trial.

Then again there was a poster of a Beef-extract, in which one of the noble creatures from whom the fluid is drawn was represented as labouring under a presage of approaching doom. This spectacle, to one of Trencham's imaginative temperament, had in it an intolerable pathos. And yet I have known him to eat a beefsteak without finching. But in that case the victim was not allowed to have a premonition of his end; whereas they somehow seem to get to know their fate beforehand in the case of Beef-extracts. Trencham supposes that thoughtless people leave the bottles lying about.

His logical mind was ruffled by a picture of two cooks—the one erect and holding a pot of Custard, the other prostrate among the ruins of his eggs. The second chef is the object of ribald laughter on the part of his more stable colleague. Trencham regarded this ridicule as being in the

worst possible taste; but he was also strongly of the opinion that the artist has begged the whole question. Custard, he contends, is every bit as brittle as eggs, and why should not the cook with the Custard have fallen and spilled it, and the cook with the eggs have remained upon his feet? In any case, Trencham's chivalrous nature inclined to sympathy with the weaker vessel, and he proposes to continue his diet of cooking-eggs.

On another poster my friend observed a lion sampling a bottle of Somebody's Brandy. Outside the Zoo, Trencham's experience of the habits of big game is but slight, but he is quite firm in his intention never to carry with him any brand of spirits that is likely to excite the curiosity of wild animals.

So much for goods intended for internal consumption. Of a certain famous Polish, to be applied externally, Trencham harbours the gravest suspicion. If the monstrous calves, encased in pink stockings, of the flunkey who advocates the claims of this Polish are any indication of its physical effect, Trencham means to have none of it. The tendency to obesity, on which I have already touched, has not yet invaded his lower limbs, and he wishes still to retain a grip upon his trusty cob.

Trencham tells me that, when weighing the attractions of any article, he is easily influenced by the character of the people who employ it. Thus he would like to treat his rheumatism with salts, but he shrinks from being classed with the person behind the towel in the Anti-rheumatic poster. His appearance is so abhorrent to Trencham that he would choose to suffer the worst agony rather than be associated with such a type in the adoption of any remedy however infallible.

It is the same with the swarthy gentleman who keeps on losing and recovering his Fountain Pen. Trencham cannot make up his mind whether he finds the fellow's expression more detestable in the hour of despondency or at the moment of ecstatic relief.

On the other hand, he was attracted by the face of a lady who is shown reading a weekly edition of a great London daily newspaper. On closer inspection, however, he found that she was not actually perusing it, but allowing her eyes to wander over the top of its pages and out of the picture. He therefore got little assistance from her as to the character of the readers of this periodical. A clearer line was obtained from a really earnest student of the same paper—a bald and bellicose warrior in scarlet, his shoulders covered with chain-mail surmounted by two biscuits indicative of his rank. He is seen smoking furiously a cigar with its red band still *in situ*, and Trencham concluded that, though an officer, he was no gentleman. My friend has therefore resolved to stick to his *Spectator*. He says he is convinced that no officer in uniform would ever read *The Spectator* with a band on his cigar. O. S.

"The turf is excellent, and being composed of said the rain does not lie."—*Tuller*.

It may not actually tell a falsehood, but if it calls itself rain and is really composed of sand, we feel that it is not dealing quite frankly with us.

"Following the collapse of the Campanile of St. Mark's, Venice . . . the basilica and other portions of the famous building are now seriously threatened with destruction."—*Daily Mirror*.

We do trust that nothing will happen to the Unicorn and the Cockatrice.

"The famous Leaning Tower of Pisa, which for many centuries has called forth the wonder and interest of all who see it, is now attracting the attention of the authorities."—*Daily Mail*.

We felt sure they'd notice it sooner or later.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JULY 20, 1910.



RE-UNITED.

PRIME MINISTER (*Shelting Woman's Suffrage Bill*). "WELL, GENTLEMEN, NOW THAT YOUR INDIVIDUAL CONSCIENCES HAVE HAD THEIR FLING, LET'S GET TO WORK AGAIN."



Enthusiastic Lady (carried away by the old-world beauty of "As You Like It.") "DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH LOVELY CLOTHING! AH, YOU CAN'T GET MATERIAL LIKE THAT NOWADAYS!"

"HUMBLY SHEWING."

IN the dear old days, when a good and kind and beautiful lady said to me, "Oh, there you are! Are you busy? I just want you to do something for me," I used to reply gladly, "Why, of course I will!" And then I would dash off to fetch her a sprig of edelweiss from the top of Mount Everest (or whatever it was) and lay it at her feet and say, "Fairest of your sex (and much fairer than any of ours), I only live to serve you. Ask me something more difficult."

But now when, still good and kind and beautiful, she says to me, "Oh, there you are! Are you busy? I just —" why, now I turn very red and cough, and, murmuring that I have a train to catch, dash for the door. I wish the dear old days were back again.

The first time that I got badly mixed up with the new movement was about a month ago. I had just finished an exhausting game of croquet, when a good and kind and beautiful lady came up to me and said:

"Oh, Mr. — er, will you just come and do something for me?"

"Why, of course I will," I replied.

"I want you to sign my petition if you will."

"Oh!" I said stiffly.

In a general way I didn't want to. Some people have the knack of signing, others haven't. About once a week I sign a cheque for a pound, payable to self or bearer, and that is really about all the signing I do.

"What's it for?" I said, to gain time. "It's to the KING, praying him to bring about —" I forget now what it was, but I know I didn't agree with it.

May I be forgiven if what I did was wrong. I could not refuse her invitation without entering upon a long and (on my side, anyhow) heated discussion as to the rights of the question, and I hate discussing important things with strangers. I could not escape, for she was nearer the door. But she was ignorant of my name, and I began to feel that after ten minutes, when I should have a train to catch, I might never see her again. So I wrote, "Albert Tompkins," which isn't me, in a bold round hand. I cannot believe that the support of Mr. Tompkins will turn the scale one way or the other, and I am sure that he would have liked to oblige so charming a lady.

Five minutes later, while I was still sitting at the table, fanning myself with a piece of blotting-paper and wondering if I was a forger, my late croquet opponent came in.

"Oh, there you are," she said. "You're

just the man I wanted. Will you sign my petition?"

"Help!" I groaned.

"What did you say?"

"The fact is I'm not very good at signing petitions. I signed one just now, and it seems to have affected my wrist. I think it sprained it slightly."

"For whom was that?"

"For the KING. Nothing less."

"I meant who asked you. Was it Mrs. Williams?"

I decided, for the sake of Albert Tompkins, not to pursue the subject.

"It was really when I was playing croquet with you that I hurt my wrist," I said. "I fell on it going through that second hoop."

"Then sign it with your left hand; it doesn't matter about the writing."

"Wouldn't that spoil the 'page' rather? And when the KING got down to me wouldn't he think that a very decrepit old centenarian who could barely sign his name had no business to be urging Compulsory Military Service on others? I mean it would seem rather an altruistic performance."

"This isn't a petition for military service, it's for —" I forget now, but I know I didn't agree with it. "Do sign; I've got two hundred and thirty-seven names already."

I made one more attempt.

"My solicitor," I said, "always insists

on my reading every word of a document before I sign it. If I were to read the preamble and all the two hundred signatures now, I should never catch my train. Some of the signatures, in fact, I doubt if I could ever read at all."

The entry of my hostess saved the situation. I got up hastily, and rushed at her.

"Good-bye," I said, "I was just saying that I must be off. Such a jolly time!"

"Oh, must you go? So sorry. But I just want you to sign my petition first, if you will. It's for ——" I really forget what, but I was certainly against it.

I go about now with my pockets full of petitions. The preambles are drawn up by myself; they are signed as yet by nobody. But when a good and kind and beautiful lady comes up and asks for my signature then I take out my own documents and smile at her.

"I will sign your petition for Universal Military Service," I say, "if you will sign one or two little things for me."

"Yes?"

"The first is in the cause of Universal Civil Service. Your petition wants all civilians to learn soldiering; well, mine wants all soldiers to learn a profession or trade. That seems only fair."

"Oh!"

"And the other is a petition that all women should be compelled to serve three years in a hospital in the East end of London. You see, when we are invaded——"

But, as I say, my petitions aren't getting along very fast.

Ladies, is it kind? There was a time when your lightest wish was law to me. Now every day makes me seem a churl.

Is it necessary? These are matters very close to our hearts. Do you believe indeed that there are men firmly convinced that a certain measure is of vital importance to their country, who yet have to be begged by women to support it? And of what value to your petition is the signature of the indifferent man to whom it does not occur to sign until asked between the dances?

Have your petitions if you will, but let there be no asking. Instead, let hostesses put up a notice in the hall—

THE FOLLOWING PETITIONS CAN BE SIGNED HERE.

Military Service . . .	Mrs. Smith.
Women's Suffrage . . .	Miss Letitia Brown.
Anti-Suffrage . . .	Miss Betty Jones.
Anti-Protection . . .	Mrs. Robinson.

Believe me, you would not by this lose any name of value.

And, if it so happened that a man full of enthusiasm for these and other causes did not visit houses where petitions lay, how easily he could advertise—

"WANTED, by an excellent Penman of impressive nomenclature, the following petitions to sign . . ."

which you would haste to send to him.

A. A. M.

POTTED PAPERS.

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

(New Style.)

IN THE HOUSE.

... With his keen sense of humour, Sir Albert Blond could not resist exploiting the comic aspect of the Bungalow tax. The House was sparsely filled when he rose, but in two minutes not a seat was untenanted. Beginning *piano* in a delicate vein of raillery, Sir Albert developed his theme with such a prodigal wealth of ludicrous illustration that the House was soon convulsed with merriment. Nor was the laughter confined to the Ministerial benches; Mr. BALFOUR rolled about in his seat, and Colonel Lockwood actually fell on to the floor in a spasm of hysterical mirth and had to be carried out by Mr. LYTTELTON and Mr. LONG. But the amusement of the Tories was but short-lived. Suddenly changing his note, Sir Albert Blond lashed the Opposition for their unprincipled action in invoking the support of COBDEN for what was essentially a Protective policy. The Liberals cheered frantically and the Tories listened in sullen silence as he relentlessly drove home his point. For luminous logic, scornful irony, exquisite elocution and sledgehammer force no speech heard in the last fifty years has excelled this wonderful effort. As an old Parliamentary hand observed, it combined the noble simplicity of BRIGHT with the trenchancy of CHAMBERLAIN and the wit of BERNAL OSBORNE.

IN THE SOCIAL WORLD.

Lady Blond gave a brilliantly successful musical *matinée* at her beautiful house in Belgrave Square on Friday afternoon, the percentage of refusals out of five hundred invitations being only fractional. The beautiful apartments were profusely decorated with flowers from the famous gardens of Goleonda Grange, Sir Albert Blond's historic place in Hampshire, and the artistes were Madame Héloïse Petrarchini, the famous aerial soprano; Mr. Hanusch Jokai, the Hungarian *buffo*,

and M. Menthol de Couac, who plays the clarinet more like a bird than a human being.

Lady Blond wore a superb dress of mauve savarin ornamented with sapphire kibobs, a corsage bouquet of priceless paprika, and a plastron of black seed pearls tastefully arranged so as to imitate a small sea of caviare.

Among the guests were Lord and Lady Rumpelmayer, Viscount Lisper, the Bolivian Minister, Sir Benjamin and Lady Truffel, the Duc and Duchesse d'Ortolan, Madame Gloria Kümmler, the Dowager Marchioness of Boedle and the Hon. Ruby Bonanza.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

As usual *The Morning Post* is dissatisfied with our comments on the Conference. We are sorry, in view of the weight and prestige of our contemporary and the unique position occupied by Mr. RICHARD JEBB as an adviser of the Unionist leaders, to have incurred its resentment; but after all, facts are facts, and nothing can be gained by refusing to face them. It was once a commonplace of Unionist speakers to point to the disintegrating tendencies at work in the Liberal Party. When we contemplate the dissensions which have now honeycombed the Opposition, we feel that Sir Albert Blond was fully justified last night in wittily reminding them of the old adage about people who live in glass houses.

Nocturne.

Opal and amber veils

Drifting athwart the moon,
Gossamer jewels on argent sails,
Light the lagoon.

Hark! the Kingfisher flies,
Clad in his harlequin suit,
Cleaving the dim ambrosial skies—
An arrowy lute.

Mars by Venus pursued
Gleams with a hectic flush,
And over the universe seems to brood
A Cosmic hush!

The old convention which associated dowdiness with philanthropy is happily extinct. Nothing is more charming in the present day than the way in which our *grandes dames* contrive to enlist high Art as the handmaid of charity. Thus we note that at the *matinée* organised by Princess Bobolinsky and Lady Blond, for the Bathchairmen's Orphan Asylum, to take place on July 25th, there will be a repetition of the Corot cotillon, which was so successful at Lady Blond's last season. A few £5 5s. tickets are still available.



A SUBURB OF ETON.

SCENE—Lord's.

First Eton Boy (to second ditto). "I SAY, GEORGE, RARE LOT O' LOCAL DAUGHTERS ABOUT, WHAT?"

THE ANALYST.

THE following passage recently appeared in a review by HESTER BRAYNE in *The Literary Post*:—

"Take the readers of a novelist, say Mr. Arnold Bennett. From my observation, which is fairly wide, they are extremely nervous, with a tendency to hysteria, essentially bourgeois in taste, although consciously unconventional in artistic, social, and religious matters; their philosophic rationalism is but skin deep, reminding one of the blotches of free thought that disfigure the novels of Mr. Eden Phillpotts while endearing him to the members of the Rationalist Press Association; they possess the artistic temperament, and are proud of that dubious blessing."

My ingenious friend Beechcroft, who is always on the look-out for a new diversion, was greatly taken with the new HESTER BRAYNE division of readers, and studied it until he had made a science of it. I met him last Sunday morning in Piccadilly.

"Come into the Park," he said, "and take a pew, and I'll tell you what the people read."

"How?" I asked; and he explained the art. "It's quite easy," he said, "after a little care;" and off we went.

He got to work at once. "Do you

see that thoughtful-looking woman," he said, "over there? The one with the sage-green dress with scarlet poppies on her breast, and a retriever. She reads GALSWORTHY. They are all like that, more or less. Serious, but very human. Lovers of dogs. Friends of Liberty. You can tell them a mile off."

I was surprised at his perspicacity. "Go on," I said.

"And this prematurely weary person with the buttonhole of nightshade—of course you spot him," said Beechcroft.

"No," I said. "I am no psychologist."

"Why, HARDY's his hero, of course. He reads HARDY's poems. It's written all over him. But these are easy cases. Now there's a more complex one coming this way. That girl there, in the blue dress. You see how impulsive she is by her quick movements. Her blood is good—notice her red lips. Her joy of life is strong—notice her springy step. Her defiance of trifling convention is shown by her want of a left glove, which also tells us, by revealing her fingers, that she is engaged. Everything points to one conclusion—she reads HEWLETT."

I had said nothing while Beechcroft

was talking because I wanted to hear the end. I was naturally interested in what he was saying because the girl happened to be my cousin and I knew who her favourite authors were—MARION CRAWFORD and the WILLIAMSONS. But all I said was, "How extraordinarily clever you are!"

After, however, he had left me I decided to test his divining powers a little farther, so, taking my courage in my hands, I went up to the weary man with the nightshade in his buttonhole. "Excuse me," I said very nervously, "for doing what is apparently a very rude thing, but would you mind telling me if you are an admirer of Mr. THOMAS HARDY's poetry?"

"Poetry!" he said. "Not much! I don't read poetry. JACOBS is my man."

"The Vicar of St. Anne's and his wife were, at a garden party, presented with a piano by the members of the congregation of the Parish Church, in celebration of their silver rose bowl from the Sunday school teachers."—*Manchester Courier*.

The next thing to celebrate is the piano. In fact, once got started, and you can go on like this for ever.

MAKING UP A MIND.

We were sitting in the smoking-room, and our friend, the Member of Parliament for the Division, was holding forth. Somebody had asked him whether he didn't find it difficult to make up his mind how to vote on all the important questions that came up in the House from time to time. He laughed heartily. "Oh dear, no," he said, "not a bit—at least, not when it's a Party question, as it is nine times out of ten. You see, the division bell rings all over the House, and you troop up from the Terrace or the Smoking-room or the Library, and when you get to the door of the House you find the Whips there, and they say "Aye" or "No" as the case may be; and you just drop into the lobby they indicate. Then you pass along and you're ticked off and counted, and that's all. It's the simplest thing in the world. No, you needn't know what you're voting about. Sometimes I try to find out, but as a rule nobody can tell me. You've just got to trust the Whips.

"Of course it's not so easy when it's a non-party question, because they don't put on the regular Whips either of the Government or of the Opposition, and so a chap may often get into the wrong lobby. Then perhaps he'll have to defend his vote afterwards in his constituency, and he must mug up the arguments and find out why he voted as he did. And even if he does happen to be present during the debate he'll probably get so knocked about one way and the other by the speeches that he won't know whether he's standing on his head or his heels. That's the worst of listening to speeches.

"For instance, last week we had the Second Reading of the Widowed Charwomen's Protection Bill. There's been a frightful row about it, you know. The married Charwomen have formed a sort of Union and they won't let the widows join. The widows won't stand this, because they say it robs them of their living, so they've had this Bill brought in to assert their rights and give 'em a free run. How do I know all that? Well, if you'd had all the letters I've had about it and heard all the speeches you'd know something about it too. They've been frightfully keen about it in this constituency and I've been regularly bombarded with letters and telegrams on both sides. 'The Wives' Charing League' made all their members write to me to say that no Charwoman's husband should ever work or vote for me again if I voted for the Bill, and 'The Widows' Amalgamated Charing Association' threatened that if I didn't vote for it their male relations meant to have my blood. It was a deuced awkward situation, and I had serious thoughts of breaking a leg and keeping out of it altogether.

"However, I went to the debate with a perfectly open mind. Members on both sides were at me as soon as I got into the House, but I shook 'em all off—told 'em I meant to listen to the arguments and vote according to my conscience. That frightened 'em; they don't like you much when you talk about your conscience in the House. Well, the proposer's speech did the trick for me. I hadn't a doubt left at the end of it. No, you're wrong there. He didn't persuade me to vote for his Bill—quite the reverse. I never heard such silly reasons as he gave for it, and I settled to vote against it. I wish I'd gone away after that, but I stayed to hear the fellow who opposed it, and he sent me bang the other way. By the time he'd finished I was perfectly certain that if I didn't vote for the blessed Bill I should never be able to hold up my head again.

"Then there came another chap who spoke against it, and he really made me think that the Bill was a perfectly monstrous and revolutionary proposal; and he was followed by a supporter who proved quite conclusively that justice and policy alike demanded the passage of the Bill. So it went on the whole evening. Every time I made up my mind somebody came along and unmade it for me and fixed me the other way. What did I do in the end? I'll tell you. I took the frank and manly course of abstaining altogether from voting. And now the League and the Association have both called upon me to explain my absence from the division. That's what comes of bringing up these non-party questions."

MAGNI NOMINIS UMBRA.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In the recent case of *Smith v. A Newspaper* (recalling an earlier case of *Jones v. A Newspaper*), in which damages for libel were obtained, Counsel for the defence—Mr. F. E. SMITH, K.C.—cited *Punch* to show that the generic names of Smith and Jones were habitually taken in vain to illustrate types of various kinds; and when his Lordship asked Counsel if he himself proposed to bring an action he replied that he certainly would do so if the present action succeeded.

Without implying any reflection on the justice of the verdicts in the above cases I foresee that, following the lead of so eminent a Counsel as Mr. F. E. SMITH, many owners of these historic names will spend their spare time bringing libel actions of a speculative nature; and I protest against the birth-accident which gave me a comparatively unusual name, and thus prevents me from taking up so engaging a career. I have indeed broken out into verse on this tragic theme:—

A Jones can get damages, so can a Smith,
If the deeds of a Jones or a Smith be referred to;
Then Robinson he must be next reckoned with,
And Brown, if he's mentioned, will put in his word, too.
But I have no chance, Sir, though ransacking duly
All sheets for some hint that I'm had and uncomely;
For me there's no verdict, for I am, Yours truly,
Adolphus FitzMarjoribanks - Wemyss - Beauchamp -
Houlkes-Cholmondeley.

From a feuilletton:—

"Her voice was low and soft; but once again, as Janet Fern withdrew from the room, and closed the door after her, the fiendish gleam came into her odorous eyes."

If we hear any more of Janet, we will let you know.

Clerical Candour.

"Mr. C. commenced his duties on June 19th. He hopes regularly on Sunday evenings (until further notice) to play some selections of music after the Evening Service, and it is hoped that those of the congregation who appreciate music will endeavour to stay in their seats."—*Parish Magazine*.

The protest can be made afterwards in the vestry.

A Sporting Offer.

"CORNET Player Open for engagements for dance music, 2s. 6d. per hour or terms; or will sell good Cornet cheap."—*Advt. in "Christchurch (N.Z.) Evening News."*

Now the public can choose.

Suggested English title for STRAUSS's *Feuersnot*: Hanging fire.



FORGOTTEN SPORTS.

MOCKING THE TURTLE.

THE SCHOOL FOR WAITERS.

"Yes," he said, "we teach them everything here. We guarantee to turn them out qualified to do credit to the waiter's calling. For example, to show you how thorough we are, here is our exercise ground. That's where we teach them to walk. See, they're at it now. Not too fast, you notice, and not too springy. In fact springiness is one of our *bêtes noires*, if I may so express myself. We have an instrument for rendering the feet flat in those cases where Nature hasn't done it. But she usually does. A wonderful woman Nature, Sir?"

"This room here is where the waiters' vocabulary is taught. It's a brief one, but of the highest importance. The chief work is to make them unlearn what they know. Many of our candidates come here with quite a flow of language. Epithets for everything. But we don't allow that, of course. There's only one adjective for food, and that's 'nice,' and no man gets our certificate until he has ceased to use all the others. You may have noticed that no good waiter ever uses any other word—'Have a nice grilled sole?' he says; 'a nice cutlet'; 'a nice chop'; 'a nice steak?' That's so, isn't it? All our doing.

"There are other phrases too; but

very few of them. We don't want to burden the men's minds. 'Coming, Sir, coming'—they have to practise that for hours. And then the stock reply to impatient customers, 'In two minutes'—they practise that too. Some of them are very quick and get the whole vocabulary in a month or so quite perfectly. Others take longer.

"In this room," added my cicerone, "we teach them also to say quietly but effectively, after City dinners and other big gatherings, 'I'm just going now, Sir.' I hope everything has been satisfactory, Sir," and such stimulating phrases.

"Here's the cellar. This is where we train the men in shaking bottles. You see that young fellow there—he has naturally quite a steady hand, but give him a bottle of old claret or hook and it'll be like a thick soup when he comes to pour it out. He's our best pupil, but the others are all good too before we've done with them. There's also a special class for pouring out wine so as to spill a little. We are very particular about that; and coffee too. We spend the utmost pains in teaching artistic coffee-spilling. Some gentlemen wouldn't know where they were if the waiters poured coffee neatly, so we have to be particular.

"This is the auditorium, as we call it, where we coach the men in not hearing

customers who may come. That's all."

I thanked him for his courtesy, and before leaving asked for the name of the restaurant to which his men usually went, to keep it as a reference.

"None in particular," he said. "they go to all."

Beetroot.

"Then Blythe finished off the innings by doing the hat trick, dismissing Mr. Lawton and Howcroft with the last two balls of one over and Root with the first of the next." *Daily Mail.*

In the actual score the name of the third victim is given as Beet. There is not much in it, perhaps, but we should welcome an official announcement on the subject.

A Norfolk contemporary, in reporting a plague of flies, says:—

"Inspector Slipperfield, of Blofield, and Sergeant Webb, of Thorpe, are watching the movements of the swarms."

It seems a fairly soft job being a policeman.

Extract from a poem in *The Academy*:

"I am the Lord of Love," he cried,
"And am the Prince of Tears."

Reciters of this are requested to be careful with the second line.



The Master. "How's this, THOMAS! I HEAR MY DOG'S BEEN FIGHTING AGAIN."
Thomas (the gardener). "Yes, Sir, AND DON'T HE IMPROVE!"

A CHILD OF THE SUN.

[It seems certain that we are at the beginning of a wasp year of unusual virulence.]

Daily Express.

WINGED pirate with the poisoned dagger!

Devourer of the jampot's hoard,
 And quite incorrigible ragger
 Of every British breakfast board,
 Till blind with surfeit to your doom
 you stagger,
 Drunk as a lord;

Till, trapped amid the heady spices,
 Snared by the treason of your taste,
 Foreseeing not the hand that slices
 (Be cautious, woman, not with
 haste!)

Mary, who's always bold at such a
 crisis,
 Severs your waist;

Wasp (to be brief), my dear good
 fellow—

A pestilential bore to some
 Who mark you round their plates grow
 mellow,

But I am glad to hear you hum.—

Which is 'your favourite brand, old
 boy, the yellow
 Or greengage plum?

'Ware of your appetite for topping
 I do not shriek nor tremble if
 I find you round my foodstuffs sloping,
 But, like a man, at danger sniff,
 Watching my hour, well-armed and
 always hoping
 To have you stiff.

Nay, what is more, I praise your
 pounces,
 I contemplate with joy your nerve;
 At every boom my bosom bounces,
 It almost pains me when you swerve
 Down to your last long sleep in 16
 oz.
 Of pure conserve.

For this I know, what time you smother
 Remembrance in that final bout,
 The sun's your sire, the earth's your
 mother,
 You bring the days of halcyon drought;
 Therefore I weep for you the while, my
 brother,
 I wipe you out. Evon.

Advt. in *Sussex Daily News* :—

Situation :—	Rent per week.		Bathroom.		Bedroom.		Reception-rooms.		Stabling for
	30 gns.	14	2	4	6				
Burgess Hill									

The sad case of the guest who used one of Friday's bathrooms on Monday and was never asked to the spare room again is still remembered at Burgess Hill.

"Five wickets fell for 90, and then an unexpected stand was made. The two amateurs before being separated advanced the score to 94."—*Belfast Newsletter*.

They don't expect much in Ireland.

"Kent, with a lead of 144 over Somerset on the first innings, have made 51 for three in the second, and are now 206 ahead. . . . As Kent scored 51 for three wickets before the close they should win the match with ease, for with seven wickets in hand they are 195 on."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Kent was really 190 ahead, but we have not time to explain it now.



THE UNCONQUERED AIR.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 11.
—General cheer welcomed PRINCE ARTHUR back to business after brief illness. Also the SPEAKER again takes the Chair after a wilful bicycle closed his morning ride. SARK has interesting story about the accident. It seems that when the SPEAKER perceived imminent danger of a fall he in peremptory voice cried, "Order! order!" Usual effect absolutely lacking. Over he went, just as if he were an ordinary Irish Member.

Approach to debate on Woman's Suffrage Bill heralded by pleasing, as it turned out, illusive incident. Two messengers dressed like waiters entered bearing in either hand what looked like tea-trays. Ah! Here was evidence of the thoughtfulness of woman, her instinct of hospitality, her consideration for unworthy man. Forthcoming debate likely to be prolonged, not to say tedious. A cup of tea, a slice of brown bread and butter, peradventure a buttered bun, would be exceptionally welcome.

On closer inspection, what looked like well-furnished tea-trays turned out to be bundles of petitions.

SHACKLETON arose on front bench below Gangway to move Second Reading of Parliamentary Franchise (Women) Bill, colloquially known as "the Conciliation Bill," because some of its provisions offend habitual supporters of the Cause, like LLOYD GEORGE. Not proceeded far with his speech when, as WILLIAM BLACK used to say in now forgotten novels, lo! a strange thing happened.

ANNAN BRYCE had given notice to second motion for rejection of Bill, an intention in due course fulfilled. Entering the House while SHACKLETON was still wrestling with his exordium, he was observed, first with amazement, then with sickening sense of horror, to be making his way down the floor, passing between the Member on his legs and the SPEAKER in the Chair. With respect to other breaches of order certain measure of laxity is permitted. This is the unpardonable sin. When BRYCE's purpose was discovered there went up from both sides of crowded House a shout of expostulation and execration, comparable only with the roar heard in the lion's den when the mid-day meal is unduly delayed. BRYCE pulled up just in time. With ashen countenance and shaking knees turned about and slunk back.

Apart from just resentment of breach



"THE UNPARDONABLE SIN."

Execution of Annan Bryce for laying Shackleton a stymie.

in order, the incident left behind unpleasant sense of suspicion. BRYCE's opposition to the measure, his difference with the mover, were testified to by notice on the paper. Of course, if by any chance SHACKLETON could be put out of the way there would be swift end of the controversy. It was remembered that BRYCE had just returned from the great continent beyond the Atlantic where bowie knives are cheap and action free. "Mak siccar" is a motto to this day proudly borne on the crest of the descendants of an amiable Scottish nobleman (flourishing in the days when the Scots had their own king) who, as history recounts, took exceptional care that a certain foeman of his sovereign should not again be troublesome. ANNAN BRYCE, himself a Scotsman, knows the story.

It is in this connection, of course,

an idle reminiscence. Nevertheless Members whisper to each other that BRYCE has been too long a member of the House inadvertently to outrage its most cherished point of order.

Business done.—Second Reading of Woman's Suffrage Bill moved.

Tuesday.—The meanness of man, his constitutional shiftiness, brought into strong light this evening. Well known that if the fate of SHACKLETON's Bill were decided by the ballot it would be bundled off the premises by overwhelming majority. Within the last two years Members have had advantage of close study of what is likely to happen when lovely woman stoops to the folly of playing at politics. The HOME SECRETARY has had his face slashed with a whip; the PRIME MINISTER's windows have been smashed in town and country; public meetings have been broken up, and Parliamentary

proceedings interfered with by women who either dash in from the doorway or chain themselves to the grille of the gallery.

These demonstrations of capacity for control of public affairs, while strengthening opposition by old stagers, have driven waverers into the hostile camp. Nevertheless, for reasons partly domestic, partly traceable to consideration for constituents, 299 Members voted for second reading, carrying the stage by a majority of 109.

That, as little PETERKIN's inter-
out more than once remarked, was a famous victory. Exceeded the rush by which Veto Resolutions were carried. Next thing to do, in ordinary circumstances the automatic procedure under new rules, was to send Bill to Grand Committee, there to be discussed, possibly strengthened by amendment, and come back, say a fortnight hence, to be carried through remaining stages by the impetus of this great force.

It was here that the frailties of manhood, delicately alluded to, manifested themselves. The alternative to sending Bill to Grand Committee is to refer it to Committee of the whole House. By such arrangement it must needs take its turn with other more pressing and important measures. All know that, in view of adjournment within next three weeks, every hour of ordinary sittings of House is mortgaged. To refer the Bill to Committee of whole House was equivalent to chucking it out as far as present session is concerned.

And that was what was done by majority of 145. MACCHIAVELLI wasn't in it with sober-minded, tall-hatted, church- or chapel-going M.P.'s, who voted, in some cases spoke, in favour of the Bill and immediately after threw in their lot, tongue in cheek, with conspirators who solemnly remitted it to an inaccessible Committee. All very well to asseverate their love; but why did they kick it down-stairs?

Business done.—Woman Suffrage Bill smothered in its cradle. Thus doth man's inhumanity to woman make countless thousands mourn.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Taking part in debate on state of things in Ireland just now, DONOUGHMORE incidentally cast flood of light on manners and customs in Tipperary. Reference made by preceding speakers to condition of affairs when JOHN MORLEY was at



AN ACCOMMODATING PHYSIQUE.

"I am willing to submit to any pressure which the majority of this House may put upon me."—*Mr. Harcourt, in reply to a question as to the re-building of the front of Buckingham Palace.*

Irish Office, and CREWE (then Lord HOUGHTON) at the Viceregal Lodge. DONOUGHMORE modestly excused himself from following up the line of argu-
ment.



Keir Hardie. "Well, I seem to hit off the popular taste about as well here as I did in England! Wretched Jingo lot! always ready to fight for their country! 'Bushido!' Bah! Makes me sick!"

(According to *The Christian World*, Mr. Keir Hardie "sometimes dreams, if ever he retires from politics, of a retreat to Japan, and a settling down in an inland village.")

"I was," he said, "at that time in petticoats."

Doing a little sum in arithmetic, knowing that DONOUGHMORE, with other choice flowers, was born in the early spring of 1875, while MORLEY and CREWE were in office in 1895, noble lords worked out result that at comparatively mature age of twenty he still wore petticoats. Before the pleased eye rose a vision of the noble Lord, his sylph-like figure partially draped in petticoats, tripping over the meads and morasses that girdle the ancestral home in Clonmel. Brooding over recollections of early childhood, WORDSWORTH, has written how

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come.

Up to his twentieth year Lord DONOUGHMORE trailed his petticoat.

Business done.—The Commons clobbered the Shipbuilding Vote for the Navy. Carried by overwhelming majority.

SUPPRESSIO VERI.

THE Theatre and Music-Hall Licensing Committee of the L. C. C. sat last Thursday and Friday to consider applications for leave to produce a number of cinematograph performances representing scenes in the life of eminent public men. The proceedings were strictly private, but the following condensed summary of what took place has reached us from a trustworthy source.

The first application related to a realistic series of scenes portraying the interviews between Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., and various members of the Cabinet when the idea of a Conference was first mooted. In these the Great Negotiator was shown in a number of elegant attitudes—patting the PREMIER on the back, with his arm round Mr. LULU HARCOURT's neck, singing "*The Harp that once in Tara's Halls*" to the accompaniment of a Welsh harp played by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, and so on. The series opened with the entrance of Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR by the PREMIER's front hall door, and closed with his exit from the pantry window of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's residence.

Mr. T. HEALY, M.P., who opposed the application on behalf of the All-for-Ireland League, argued that it was entirely derogatory to the dignity of a great Irish patriot like Mr. O'CONNOR to have him

exhibited to the cynical curiosity of a Cockney mob as a "minowdhoring, minandhering and blandandhering palaverer." He felt sure, he added, that the public exhibition of these scenes would be extremely painful to Mr. PATRICK FORD and Mr. HASCOURT.

The objection was maintained and the application was withdrawn.

The proposed production of a Cinematograph and Gramophone Record of a Recital by M. PACHMANN was next discussed.

In support of the application it was argued that the performance would tend to foster friendship with the Russian nation, of which M. PACHMANN was a distinguished representative.

LORD ROBERT CECIL, K.C., who appeared for M. PADEREWSKI and Mr. MARK HAMBOURG, vigorously opposed the application. He submitted that the honourable status of the pianist was likely to be seriously prejudiced if the notion were allowed to prevail that speeches, pantomimic action and dancing formed an integral part of piano-forte recitals.

The Committee unanimously rejected the application.

"The Premier at Play" was the title of the entertainment which next came before the Committee. This proved to be a bioscopophonic representation of a foursome at golf, with Mr. ASQUITH as one of the players. The application was enthusiastically supported by the Women's Social and Political Union on the ground that one of the caddies was a prominent Suffragette in disguise.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL, who appeared for the Anti-Oburgation Society, opposed the application, maintaining that it was contrary to the public interest to give a public representation of what was said as well as done in a bunker from which the PREMIER took seventeen strokes to extricate himself.

Ultimately a compromise was effected, by which the bunker scene was cut out and the PREMIER was never represented in the act of hitting the ball.

HOW TO AVOID CRISES.

MODERN METHODS.

THAT men should talk for days and days Of Compromise, is bad enough; But when the ladies get the craze Then I have more than had enough.

I took my loveliest of loves Along of me to Hurlingham (For if one has some newish gloves Well, why not be unfurling 'em?).

Since every modern lady, who Has ceased to be a flapper, owns That taxicabs were made for two, And home's the place for chaperons,



BEYOND HELP.

SCENE—A First Aid Class examination, where Boy Scouts, labelled as having received various injuries, are being used as subjects.
Pupil (to small Scout, whose label is invisible). "AND WHAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN ON YOUR LABEL?"
Scout (cheerfully). "PLEASE, MISS, I'M DEAD!"

We went *à deux*. I thought it wise To stroke her hand and indicate The benefits which would arise From fixing up a syndicate.

I talked from three to seven o'clock, And then, because she fed at eight, I took her home to change her frock, And left her there to meditate,

Myself returning homeward by A red (an almost ruby) bus, And leaving till to-morrow my Prospective fate in *nubibus*.

Her letter came at break of day, And this is what she wrote to me:—

She could not bring herself to say, A "Yes" nor yet a "No" to me.

"I take the mean. To be exact, Although one has a brother, one Could manage with a little tact To undertake another one."

I wired (the answer was prepaid):—"You make a compromise of it?" Her ultimatum:—"I'm afraid That's just about the size of it."

A Message.

"CORNS.—Hobble while you can't after using one bottle of — you can't."
Advt. in "Punch & Telegraph."

OUR FISCAL COMMISSION IN LONDON.

Mr. Punch, in his anxiety to create a better feeling between England and Germany, resolved to compensate the Fatherland for the intrusion of English Fiscal Commissioners, and instructed typical German Free Traders and Protectionists to investigate London life. In order that the inquirers should be absolutely unprejudiced, *Mr. Punch* chose persons who did not know a word of English. The following is a translation of their reports:—

I.—LONDON BY A GERMAN FREE-TRADER.

On inquiring which was the most typical London street, I was by numerous persons referred to Park Lane. So I travelled thither by a motor-bus—riding in the utmost luxury for ten pfennige. I was pleased to observe how easily the workmen of Park Lane could travel to and from their labours in these comfortable vehicles. Park Lane, where I expected to find specimens of hungry toilers, is a great street of fine houses looking on a noble park, and compares most favourably with our blocks of workmen's dwellings in Berlin.

Being anxious to secure accurate information, I made inquiries from the constable on duty in the neighbourhood. Facts ascertained from a Government official of conspicuous exactness may certainly be relied upon.

Average hours of labour of Park Lane residents.—Quarter of an hour per day.

Average income of labourers.—£100,000 (2,000,000 marks) per annum, or £2,000 (40,000 marks) per week.

Food of labourers.—The constable assured me from his personal knowledge of Park Laners' cooking that the consumption of dog, horse, and goat flesh is absolutely unknown.

Nothing of residents.—I was particularly impressed by the number of white shirts worn. What is a luxury in Berlin is a commonplace in London.

Employment.—Not a single resident of this vast area has been registered as unemployed at the local bureau.

General observations.—I was much struck by the number of German residents. All had fled from the blight of Protection at home to take refuge in this blessed land of Free Trade. In the second place I was impressed by the overflowing wealth of the district. What a city to plunder!

II.—LONDON BY A GERMAN PROTECTIONIST.

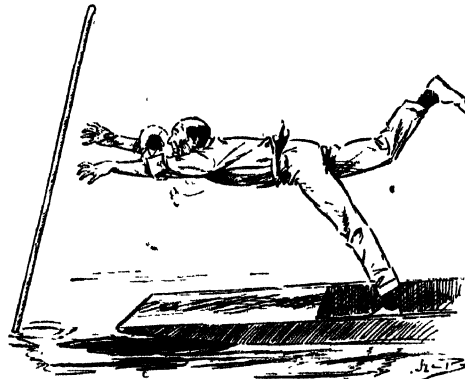
Perhaps the best known thoroughfare in London, corresponding to our Unter den Linden, is Petticoat Lane. Therefore I resolved to take it as a typical case. I was prepared for misery, but the reality caused tears to trickle down my cheeks. Let those who disbelieve in the advantages of a Protective Tariff look at these figures.

Percentage of out-of-works.—98 per cent. Every man who accosted me assured me that he was out of work.

Average hours worked when employed.—18 per diem.

Average wage paid.—1s. 6d. per diem (one mark, fifty pfennige).

Food of populace.—All of whom I made inquiry declared that they had not eaten for weeks, and besought



ANOTHER DASH FOR THE POLE.

charity. Surely black bread is better than nothing.

Clothing of populace.—I can declare from ocular observation that no new clothing is sold in London. Everything is second-hand. As an instance of the poverty of the community, I saw a pair of trousers first offered by a tradesman at 14s. 6d. and finally disposed of for 10½d.

General Observations.—The rapacity of the starving populace is enormous. During the hours that I spent in Petticoat Lane it was seldom that a hand was out of my pockets. Happily I had adopted the protective measure of leaving my purse at the hotel.

I return to the Fatherland convinced that nothing but the instant imposition of food taxes can keep these starving people from extinction. Certainly an invasion is not worth while, until the country has risen to prosperity again under Protection.

ROOSEVELT AND THE RING.

By a strange coincidence (writes a correspondent), on the very day on which I read *Mr. Roosevelt's* statement in the periodical which he helps to edit, that he had himself appeared in public boxing contests, and had a number of prize-fighters among his most valued friends, I chanced to meet in a Fleet Street tea-shop one of his old associates. He was a short, sturdily built man, his iron-grey hair cropped short, his nose flat, and he had one scar over the right eye and another on the clean-shaven lip. His little eyes looked keenly at me as he drank out of his saucer. By his check suit, red satin necktie, and three diamond rings I knew him to be just the kind of man one would be proud to call a friend.

"Yus," he said, "I've 'ad 'em on with Teddy, more than once or twice."

"He is known as a hard-hitter; did you find him so?" I asked; and I told the waitress to bring the bruiser another sponge-cake.

"See this—and this?" he said, significantly pointing to his right eyebrow and his lip. "Teddy-marks, they are. I've 'ad my bit of luck, with bolts and champ'nships, and what not; but I never got the best of 'im;" and I thought his face took on a sad expression as he gazed far away towards the plated urns.

"Was he then so good a fighter?" I asked.

"Only mod'rit as a fighter. Always in too much of an 'urry. No, not what I call a first-class

"Then how did he manage —"

"Well, you see, 'e's a great 'un at conversation, is Teddy. That's what done me in every time—is conversation. 'E would talk; I never stood up to 'im once but what 'e'd either be lecturin' me on physical generation or racing suicide, or else tellin' me what 'igh old times he and 'is mates used to 'ave out West. Very interestin', very; but I'm only used to fightin' with the 'ands—I ain't up to the jaw work 'e used to put in. It was w'en 'e was tellin' me of 'ow 'is old friend Shootin' Ginger wrestled with a blind ox that 'e give me this one on the lip."

"That was unfortunate," I said, in weak sympathy. "And the other 'Teddy-mark'? How did you get that?"

"He give me that," he said, "just as he was tellin' me that the great thing



New Vicar's Wife (who has just come from her first Mothers' Meeting). "AND, MY DEAR, YOU CAN'T THINK HOW NICE SOME OF THE WOMEN ARE. FAR TOO RESPECTABLE TO BE MOTHERS, I'M SURE!"

to remember in life was either to git on or to git out." Here he fell savagely upon the sponge-cake, and I learned no more of the home life of America's greatest citizen.

The Vernacular Press.

The example set by so staid a journal as *The Daily Express* in the following headline:—

"VOTES FOR WOMEN
(WE DON'T THINK)"

is likely to have a strong following among our more emancipated sub-editors. We offer a few suggestions:—

MARCH OF UNEMPLOYED
TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE
(LET'S ALL GO DOWN THE STRAND)

REDMOND'S LATEST MOVE
(SUCKS FOR OLD ASQUITH)

LITTLE NAVYITES
(GOVERNMENT UP A POLE)

SUICIDE OF CITY MAN
(BALMY ON THE CRUMPER)

ACCIDENT TO LADY MOTORIST
(WHAT O SHE BUNPS)

THE RECRUDESCENCE OF COURTLINESS.

ENCOURAGING symptoms of the return of chivalry were noted on Thursday, July 14—let the date be duly recorded—by *The Daily Mirror*, which was taking a look round the streets of London that afternoon. We read that in Bond Street a well-turned-out, up-to-date young Englishman was actually seen talking to a lady with his hat in his hand; that in the City a man who was obviously rushing for a train stopped to pick up an umbrella which a lady had dropped, handed it back to her gracefully, and not till he had raised his hat in a distinctly stately manner did he proceed on his way (probably missing his train); also that a man in a silk hat and morning coat carried a heavy basket (also dropped) for a poor woman across the street to the lift of a Tube station. These little anemometric straws are ascribed to the re-appearance of the "Modest Violet Maiden."

Other instances of a similar tendency have been duly reported to *Mr. Punch* within the last few days. At a public meeting recently held at Queen's Hall five Damsels-errant of the Purple Iris variety, on uprising simultaneously and

shouting "Liar!" at a distinguished Statesman, then in the course of his speech, were most courteously helped to sit down and generally soothed in their hysterical condition by as many Stewards of the meeting, who, we noticed, were wearing white shirt cuffs and new shilling ties for the occasion.

On Monday afternoon a fourteen-stone policeman, who had been tying some jujitsu experiments with a lady in response to her appeal for male collaboration, and found himself executing a somersault in his eagerness to please, remarked to the fair Britomart, as he gathered up his helmet with an old-world air, that he would always be very glad (not 'arf, as he put it) to break his neck in order to oblige a lady.

We look daily for further displays of awakening gallantry due to the Shrink-ing Prinrose Miss or the Bashful Ox eye Girl.

A communication from Shepherd's Bush:

"The twenty-four hours' cycle race at the Stadium on Friday and Saturday next will start at 7.30 p.m. on Friday and finish at 7.30 p.m. on Saturday, not at 8 p.m., as previously announced."

It was a lucky thought of somebody's to work it out again.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is no new thing to see the Spirit of Romance dragged behind the chariot wheels of a Great Cause, but it still gives me rather a shock when a really clever novelist does it. There is quite enough of good plot and clear characterisation—to say nothing of that kind of humour which sometimes makes one laugh aloud, and (if one happens to be in an omnibus) provokes the amazed compassion of fellow-travellers—in *A Splendid Heritage* (STANLEY PAUL), by Mrs. STEPHEN BATSON, to carry through the story without any imported didactic interest; so when I came to pages of Socialistic propaganda, all of which I had read many times before, introduced under the thin screen of an argument between the hero and his friend (a clergyman and a Tory), I felt rather as the cricketering reporters seem to do when the stone-waller comes in.

Mr. Richard Ferrier was the adopted heir to a soap manufacturer's millions, and had large schemes of social reform, but, except for the dialogue referred to, he gets no further with these in the narrative, which is occupied with his courtship (as a poor man) of the widow, Marie Sherwood, a figure not quite so interesting, I think, as she was meant to be. But incidentally there is a delightful and very good-humoured satire on the society of a country village (you must on no account miss *Tom Waller* and *Mrs. Tarberton*) and its whole-hearted devotion to the chase of bird, beast and ball. The author makes an exception, however, in favour of the pastime of gardening, which is contrasted with other games, and notably golf, to the great disadvantage of the latter. Probably the true Socialist feels, as I have myself sometimes felt after an off-day on the links, that there is less waste of productive energy when you use the orthodox hoe.

In point of art, *Intellectual Mansions*, S. W. (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is just round the corner from *The Street of Adventure*. On the map it is a block of flats on the other side of the river, tenanted by a group of smart young writers and artists of both sexes and various kinds, whom Mr. PHILIP GIBBS, the expert architect of both street and mansions, christens the Would-be-Greats but the Just-fall-Shorts of the artist life. To the flats and flat-dwellers in Chapter I. enter two new-comers, an earnest country doctor and his pretty, purposeless sister. Intoxicated by the atmosphere of home-brewed coffee and shoppy slang, in which the Intellectuals really shine, they are whirled into a sort of square dance with a real live Court Theatre playwright and his misunderstood wife, and quickly set to partners, or rather to carriers, earnest doctor to misunderstood wife, and neurotic dramatist to pretty sister. The dance waxes fierouser and fierouser, till at last the misunderstood wife joins the ranks of the militant Suffragists and the pretty

sister trips off to meet the dramatist at Charing Cross Station—which is to the beginning of the elopement of fiction what big-game shooting is to the end of all unhappy love-affairs. Luckily, however, for all parties, the dramatist changes his mind and his plot at the last moment, and fails to turn up at the booking-office. Otherwise he would have been taking two tickets for the Continent just at the moment when his Suffragist wife is done to death in a street riot, the first martyr to the Cause. I expect the book will be popular with those who like to know, you know, all about the people who write in and are written about in the newspapers. But personally I don't think it's in the same street with *The Street of Adventure*.

I never seem to get over an old-fashioned prejudice in favour of incident in a novel. Possibly the novelists of today who are big enough to hold me without incident are not enough to go round. At any rate I want rather more than

one brush with a frontier tribe to get me comfortably through a book like *Sahib-Log*, by Mr. JOHN TRAVERS (DUCKWORTH). Not that it hasn't a fair number of good points. The story traces the gradual strengthening of the link between a soldier and his wife as they come to a mutual understanding, she realising that the man, a fighter and ruler of men, hasn't got it in him to express in words his very real love for her, and he little by little learning the peculiarities of her sensitive and very feminine nature. These two people provide an interesting study, but Mr. TRAVERS hardly makes enough of it to fill out a book. There is besides a deal of readable information about India, and there is a variety of characters, though none is much dwelt upon, and I don't know that any are very new. Also there is a flavouring of the *Plain-Tales-from-the-Hills* kind—rather diluted. But, as I said, I want movement. There doesn't seem to me to be

sufficient blood for a book in which every man who counts is a soldier.

The first part of Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN's *Queer Things about Egypt* (HURST AND BLACKETT) is devoted—too devoted, in my opinion—to "Anecdotes illustrating the Egyptian character." Many of these yarns are supplied by Mrs. CROMWELL RHODES, who is called *Agenoria* in the book, and as this fancy name appears no fewer than twenty-four times in one short chapter, I may perhaps be forgiven for getting a little tired of it. The kindest thing I can find to say of the stories is that there are plenty to choose from. Whatever defects Mr. SLADEN may have as a writer parsimony is not one of them. The second part—"On the Nile, From Alexandria to Assuan"—is more to my taste, though Mr. SLADEN does not make me palpitatingly eager to visit the places which he describes. There is, however, a delightful chapter called, "Abukir and the Battle of the Nile." As a photographer Mr. SLADEN is again prolific, and the quality of his illustrations is excellent.



Well-meaning Golfer. "ER, DO YOU THINK IT QUITE SAFE TO BRING THAT CHILD ACROSS THE LINKS?"

Matilda Jane. "OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. I SHOULDN'T THINK OF BRINGIN' 'IM IF HE WAREN'T AS DEAF AS A POST, YOUR LITTLE CHAP!"

CHARIVARIA.

MR. ASQUITH'S admission that Germany has the same right as Great Britain to increase her navy has given great satisfaction in Berlin, and Germany will now go ahead seriously with her *Dreadnoughts*.

"The Committee of Imperial Defence," Mr. ASQUITH has told the House, "is constituted by the Prime Minister of such persons as for the time being he invites to sit upon it." Can it be that Lord KITCHENER has sat upon it without being invited?

We consider that the Law Society ought to be satisfied with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S explanation, the burden of which was, "No offence meant." We really do believe he sometimes cannot help it.

The Admiralty is being twitted with the fact that, after being condemned to the scrap-heap, *H.M.S. Centurion* and *H.M.S. Barfleur* figured in an official return as effective battleships. What the Admiralty intended to convey was, we imagine, that those vessels would be useful in a scrap.

On the occasion of his visit to Brussels the King of BULGARIA made a short flight with M. DE LAMINE, and His Majesty decorated the aeronaut with the Order of St. Alexander while in the air. "This," says *The Daily Chronicle*, "is probably the first time that any man has been decorated by a King while flying at a height of 200 feet." "Probably" seems to err on the side of caution.

MR. JOHN BURNS has introduced into the House of Commons a Bill to enable local authorities to appoint officials whose duties will comprise advice to mothers, and the promotion of cleanliness. One can just imagine the indignation which will be aroused by the receipt of some such notice as the following: "Dear Madam, — Unless your son William Henry's hands are washed and the finger marks on his face removed within seven days, the Council's scraper will be instructed to attend and do the necessary."

MR. COSMO BONSON has been appointed President of Guy's Hospital, and his friends will watch his future

with interest. His predecessor in office has become King of England.

"Canada," says Earl GREY, "is the helle of the ball, but it is possible that impostors may put on the robes of the Lady of Snow. I advise investors to make sure that they are dancing with the right partner." For all that, we fancy that Canada is not keen on retaining the reputation of being the Belle of the Snow Ball.

In a lecture at the Royal United Service Institute, Mr. N. W. THOMAS stated that a reed instrument played in

When the Crystal Palace menagerie was sold by auction the other day there was scarcely any competition for the yaks, one of which was given away for sixty shillings. Evidently the expected reaction against the tiny toy dogs which are at present affected by Society ladies has not yet set in. It is, however, bound to come, and our advice to investors in yaks is, Hold them.

A needle which entered the left knee of a dressmaker at Schrodin, Posen, a contemporary tells us, emerged some days later from the sole of her right foot. This must have been particularly annoying if meantime she had purchased another in its place.

We hear that, owing to his success with his aeroplane at Bournemouth, Mr. LORRAINE, the actor, is contemplating giving a series of Flying Matinees.

In reply to a question from Mr. KATA, Mr. LLOYD THOMAS undertook that every facility should be given to married women to pay the super tax. The CHANCELLOR is evidently determined to show the Suffragists that they do him an injustice in imagining that he does not favour equal rights for men and women.

The recent incident that caused a certain Strand restaurant to figure in the police court reminds us that it was just this kind of thing that, under another great Empire, tended to weaken the force of the propud boast,

Civis Romano's Sum.

ABDUL HAMID, according to *The Daily Mail*, is now enjoying the unique experience of reading an extremely frank account of his own reign by the historian OSMAN NAWWI. HIS MAJESTY is said to have come to the conclusion that he really was a bit of a flier.

From the catalogue of "The Aryan Nursery":—

"Pure honey" is the extracted juice of bees which is used by everybody either healthy or weak. Its benefit, as we know, is far from description. If it is taken by the healthy with bread as break-fast, it makes him physically strong and brings a special colour to the appearance; as for the weak, we are sure, is of the same benefit as for the healthy. It is doubtless superfluous to add further as we are no physician nor a Doctor, that it is of much more benefit than the other good things.



Lady from the *Barytin Sales*. "WHAT IS THE NEXT TRAIN FOR BRISTON?"

Booking Clerk. "TWO-TEN."

Lady. "MAKE IT TWO-THREE AND I'LL TAKE IT."

Nigeria produced exactly the same effect as the Scottish bagpipes. This renders the local prevalence of sleeping sickness all the more mysterious.

A hair specialist has come forward with the warning that, if the large hat craze continues, women will lose their hair. We can well believe this. It must be extremely difficult to find anything in those huge structures.

Hatless women visitors, it is announced, will not be allowed to enter Yarmouth parish church. We presume that the entrance is about to be enlarged.

A HOLLOWAY DE LUXE.

TO A MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE.

[Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST has publicly assigned to the Suffragettes the credit for those excellent reforms in our prison administration of which the HOME SECRETARY gave so admirable a sketch on Wednesday last. But there is no doubt another element which takes a more sinister view of these proposals.]

MADAM, I never knew you fail to say
Just what you thought of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL,
But, oh, the words you used the other day,
Then when he left your backers in the lurch, 'll
But feebly indicate the awful shock
Of this his latest knock.

For if he wrought you great and grievous ill
(See Earl of LYTON) when, in lieu of blessing,
He blasted your Conciliation Bill
And gave the thing a most infernal dressing,
What of his new proposals which disarm
The gaol of half its charm?

Henceforth you are to serve your time on toast;
Your cultured tastes will be no longer thwarted;
No more on platforms will he let you boast
How rude the prison-raid which you sported,
Or (brutal torture) how you had to scrub
Inside the penal tub.

The rule of Silence—worst of Woman's banes—
Is to be modified; with kindred cronies
You may engage, without incurring pains,
In brief but joyous conversaziones:—
"How go our Champion Knights? What news to tell?
Is HALDANE pretty well?"

Or should this intellectual pastime pall,
And dearth of topics make you more and more dumb,
The Suffragette at large may pay a call
And bring you books to mitigate your boredom;
Or you may speed the dilatory suns
With cake and currant buns.

Ah! what a subtle stroke is here, my friend!
How can they hope to face their death by famine,
Your hunger-strikers, when they're free to send
Outside and get a first-class tongue or ham in?
Or purchase nutty provender in piles
From Mr. EUSTACE MILES?

Madam, I mourn your occupation gone!
This CHURCHILL, with his most humane of charters,
Snuffs out the haloes you were fitting on,
And spoils with too much jam your roll of martyrs.
All done by kindness! This must be, I know,
The most unkindest blow. O. S.

"Lost . . . a black cat . . . If anyone has taken him in and would like for it to remain with them the friends of the late owner would be very thankful if they would communicate with the Editor of this paper, not for any desire to have him away, but to know where he is."

Surrey Comet.

Many a grass widow has friends that feel just like that
about her erring husband.

A Respite.

"Letters were read at the Highway Committee from Mrs. — and Mrs. —, asking that the trees in front of their houses may be cut down . . . Recommended that the wishes of the applicants be acceded to for the time being."—Sevenoaks Chronicle.

THE SPIRIT OF COMPROMISE.

[Our telepathic contributor, to whom we are indebted for the following account of the proceedings at a recent meeting of the Constitutional Conference, states that, though he cannot pledge himself to the literal accuracy of every single word of the report, he is conscientiously convinced of its general truth. We quarrel with no man's conscience, and therefore print it as we have received it.—Ed. Punch.]

A Room in Downing Street. Present, the eight Conferrers.
Mr. Asquith. The tea will be here directly. Let me see, BALFOUR, you like buns, don't you? and CHAMBERLAIN's a buttered toast man? Crumpets for CAWDOR, and muffins for LANSDOWNE. Jam? I've ordered it, and those who want it can take it. Well, I suppose we'd better get on a little. We were discussing the powers of the House of Lords, I think—(refers to a paper)—yes, that was it. Of course, it may be argued that the House of Commons ought to have a certain amount of legislative power left to it—

Mr. Lloyd George (interrupting). I couldn't assent to that without qualification.

Mr. Birrell and Lord Crewe (together). Nor could I.

Mr. Asquith. Perhaps I put it rather too strongly. What I meant was that in financial matters it might conceivably be advisable—mind, I do not base it on any constitutional right—but it might, as I say, conceivably be advisable to give the House of Commons the power to initiate some legislation.

Lord Crewe (dubiously). Perhaps that might be advisable, but I'm not very sure that it would work well in practice.

Mr. Lloyd George. Personally I see no great harm in admitting that; but, of course, the power must be rigidly defined and limited, and in no case ought it to extend to the Budget of the year. That's a point I feel bound to insist on.

Mr. Birrell. Hear, hear!

Mr. Balfour (wearily). Really I don't know that there is much use in prolonging these negotiations. We seem to be drifting further and further away from one another. I am almost tired of pointing out that it is perfectly useless to expect a democratic body like the House of Commons to submit to the inferiority involved in the PRIME MINISTER's suggestions. I am a House of Commons man, and I object to the exaltation of a Chamber which is based not merely on a non-elective, but—and this is much worse—on a hereditary principle. I hope I make myself plain.

Mr. Asquith. What do you say to that, LANSDOWNE?

Lord Lansdowne. I agree entirely. Indeed, I would go even further. The House of Lords did what it could in regard to last year's Finance Bill. We took a considerable amount of time over it and had a most interesting debate, but it was all useless. We can never hope to get such favourable ground again, and for my part I am in favour of bringing the whole thing to an end.

Mr. Lloyd George. Come, come, you can't expect us to agree to the total abolition of the double-Chamber system under which this country has become great and prosperous. Independently of the terrible danger of rash, hasty and impetuous legislation—

Mr. Austen Chamberlain (breaking in). There you go again, my dear GEORGE. I really thought we had knocked that silly bogey on the head long ago. What we want is the free play of a representative system. This constant clamour for checks and balances shows, if I may say so, that you are unwilling to trust the people. Why should the people be balked in their wishes by a parcel of irresponsible gentlemen who vote merely for the protection of their own pockets without a thought for the general welfare of the nation?



THE PRICE OF EFFICIENCY.

MR. HALDANE (*to TERRITORIAL COLONEL, after inspection*). "WELL, YOU'VE HAD A VERY EXHAUSTING FIELD-DAY."

COLONEL. "DON'T MENTION IT, SIR. THANK HEAVEN, WE STILL HAVE STRENGTH ENOUGH LEFT TO DRAW OUR CHEQUES—FOR WHAT THE COUNTRY OWES US."

[In many of the Territorial battalions efficiency is only attained at the cost of a heavy charge upon the private purses of the officers.]



SCENES FROM OUR ROUGH ISLAND STORY.

Aberrant-minded Baron of Commercial Origin (handing Magna Charta to King John). "SIGN, PLEASE!"

Lord Crewe. Isn't that just a little extreme? For my own part I cannot imagine a system of government resting on the basis of a single Chamber. Nay, I will go further and declare that, taking one thing with another, I am of opinion that no conceivable Second Chamber could perform its salutary and necessary duties one half so well as the House of Lords now performs them. I trust I shall never be found wanting in a proper respect for the House of Commons, but—

Lord Cawdor (interjecting). There's always a "but," of course. Why not say at once that you want to abolish the House of Commons? You know that's what you're aiming at.

Mr. Asquith. Well, what if we are? There's a great deal to be said for the suggestion.

Mr. Lloyd George. Yes, a great deal.

Mr. Birrell. Thank heaven we've got to actualities at last. Let's have done with all the nonsense about popular sovereignty and the people's rights. Nobody believes in it.

Mr. Balfour (icily). That may be your opinion, but it is not mine, nor is it that of my friends. We shall oppose an unwavering resistance to every attempt to impair the supremacy or to detract from the dignity of the House of Commons.

*Mr. Austen Chamberlain
Lord Lansdowne and
Lord Cawdor* } (together). Hear, hear!

Mr. Asquith. We seem to have reached a deadlock. I

don't know that it's worth while doing anything more to-day.

(At this moment the tea comes in, and all further discussion of the Constitutional issue is suspended.)

TO A MACAW.

FOWL of the nightmare visage, baldly white,
Your evil orb fulfilled of all the sly
Inherent devilries of days gone by.
Ere from the Main upswapt the Spaniards' night,
When your familiar sires would shriek delight,
Perched where some cruel temple rose on high
I will not scratch that heathen head, not I,
Moreover, I am certain that you bite!
I wonder haply, long, long years ago
If once you lived, a painted Aztec priest,
Ill-famed for many a fierce and hurtful deed,
Who in your guise must watch the seasons flow,
A captive, far from sacrificial feast,
Cloyed with the unconvincing nut and seed!

"It was suggested by Mr. Nicholls that steps should be taken to protect the forts at Signal Hill, and entrance to Harbour. They are fast disappearing, being taken away presumably by boys."

Daily News (Newfoundland.)

The Newfoundland Boy Scouts must be real terrors.

THE ORDEAL BY FIRE.

Our Flame-flower, the Family Flame-flower, is now plainly established in the North-east corner of the pergola, and flourishes exceedingly. There, or thereabouts, it will remain through the generations to come—a cascade of glory to the eye, a fountain of pride to the soul. "Our fathers' fathers," the unborn will say of us, "performed this thing; they toiled and suffered that we might front the world with confidence—a family secure in the knowledge that it has been tried by fire and not found wanting." . . .

The Atherleys' flame-flower, I am glad to inform you, is dead.

* * * * *
We started the work five years ago. I was young and ignorant then—I did not understand. One day they led me to an old apple-tree and showed me, fenced in at its foot, two twigs and a hint of leaf. "The flame-flower!" they said, with awe in their voices. I was very young; I said that I didn't think much of it. It was from that moment that my education began . . .

Everybody who came to see us had to be shown the flame-flower. Visitors were conducted to the apple-tree in solemn procession, and presented. They peered over the fence and said, "A-ah!" just as if they knew all about it. Perhaps some of them did. Perhaps some of them had tried to grow it in their own gardens.

As November came on and the air grew cold, the question whether the flame-flower should winter abroad became insistent. After much thought it was moved to the shrubbery on the southern side of the house, where it leant against a laburnum until April. With the Spring it returned home, seemingly stronger for the change; but the thought of Winter was too much for it, and in October it was ordered south again.

For the next three years it was constantly trying different climates and testing various diets. Though it was touch and go with it all this time our faith was strong, our courage unshaken. June, 1908, found it in the gravel-pit. It seemed our only hope. . . .

And in the August of that year I went and stayed with the Atherleys.

* * * * *
One morning at breakfast I challenged Miss Atherley to an immediate game of tennis.

"Not directly after," said Mrs. Atherley, "it's so bad for you. Besides, we must just plant our flame-flower first."

I dropped my knife and fork and gazed at her open-mouthed.

"Plant your—what?" I managed to say at last.

"Flame-flower. Do you know it? John brought one down last night—it looks so pretty growing up anything."

"It won't take a moment," said Miss Atherley, "and then I'll beat you."

"But—but you mustn't—you—you mustn't talk like that about it," I stammered. "Th—that's not the way to talk about a flame-flower."

"Why, what's wrong?"

"You're just going to plant it! Before you play tennis! It isn't a—a *buttercup*! You can't do it like that."

"Oh, but do give us any hints—we shall be only too grateful."

"Hints! Just going to plant it!" I repeated, getting more and more indignant. "I—I suppose Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN s-said to his wife at breakfast one morning, 'I've just got to d-design St. Paul's Cathedral, dear, and then I'll come and play tennis with you. If you can give me any hints—'"

"Is it really so difficult?" asked Mrs. Atherley. "We've seen lots of it in Scotland."

"In Scotland, yes. Not in the South of England." I paused, and then added, "WE have one."

"What soil is yours? Do you plant it very deep? Do they like a lot of water?" These and other technical points were put to me at once.

"Those are mere details of horticulture," I said. "What I am protesting against is the whole spirit in which you approach the business—the light-hearted way in which you assume that you can support a flame-flower. You have to be a very superior family indeed to have a flame-flower growing in your garden."

They laughed. They thought I was joking.

"Well, we're going to plant it now, anyhow," said Miss Atherley. "Come along and help us."

We went out, six of us, Mrs. Atherley carrying the precious thing; and we gathered round an old tree trunk in front of the house.

"It would look rather pretty here," said Mrs. Atherley. "Don't you think?"

I gave a great groan.

"You—you—you're all wrong again," I said in despair. "You don't put a flame-flower in a place where you think it will look pretty; you try in all humility to find a favoured spot where it will be pleased to grow. There may be such a spot in your garden or there may not. Until I know you better I cannot say. But it is extremely unlikely to be here, right in front of the window."

They laughed again, and began to dig up the ground. I turned my back

in horror; I could not watch. And at the last moment some qualms of doubt seized even them. They spoke to me almost humbly.

"How would *you* plant it?" they asked.

It was my last chance of making them realise their responsibility.

"I cannot say at this moment," I began, "exactly how the ceremony should be performed, but I should endeavour to think of something in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion. It may be that Mrs. Atherley and I would take the flower and march in procession round the fountain, singing a suitable chant, while Bob and Archie with shaven heads prostrated themselves before the sundial. Miss Atherley might possibly dance the Fire-dance upon the East lawn, while Mr. Atherley stood upon one foot in the middle of the herbaceous border and played upon her with the garden hose. These or other symbolic rites we should perform, before we planted it in a place chosen by Chance. Then leaving a saucer of new milk for it lest it should thirst in the night we would go away, and spend the rest of the week in meditation."

I paused for breath.

"That might do it," I added, "or it might not. But at least that is the sort of spirit that you want to show."

Once more they laughed . . . and then they planted it.

* * * * *
These have been two difficult years for me. There have been times when I have almost lost faith, and not even the glories of our own flame-flower could cheer me. But at last the news came. I was at home for the week end and, after rather a tiring day showing visitors the north-east end of the pergola, I went indoors for a rest. On the table there was a letter for me. It was from Mrs. Atherley.

"By the way," she wrote, "the flame-flower is dead."

"By the way!"

But even if they had taken the business seriously, even if they had understood fully what a great thing it was they were attempting—even then I think they would have failed.

For, though I like the Atherleys very much, though I think them all extremely jolly . . . yet—I doubt, you know, if they are *quite* the family to have a flame-flower growing in their garden.

A. A. M.

Notice outside a Correspondence College:

"Language exhibitions given free in a private room."

It cannot be too private.



Small Boy. "WHAT'S THAT PLACE, MUMMY?"

Mummy. "TINTERN ABBEY, DEAR."

Small Boy. "WHO BROKE IT?"

PRESENTS.

["The general way in which wedding presents are given nowadays is unwisely sentimental," says Professor WILLIAM R. SMITH, Principal of the Royal Institute of Public Health. "The economic result on the recipients is that they strive to 'live up' to the magnificence of these gifts, but generally fail badly."]]

WHEN Clarence and Maud were engaged to be wedded,

No symptoms of arrogance either displayed;

The former was frugal and quite levelheaded,

The latter was modest and staid.

But, after each generous friend and relation

Had furnished a present for bridegroom and bride,

They both had a bout of extreme ostentation,

All canons of thrift they defied;

Each coffee-pot, inkstand, and silver-gilt cup, too,

Was something they felt they were bound to "live up to."

Their Chippendale sideboard (the gift of a cousin)

'Neath loads of the costliest viands was bent;

They filled with rare wines the decanters (two dozen)

Which distant connexions had sent.

They ordered fresh salmon and whitebait *ad libit.*,

And pounds of the choicest sea-trout they could get,

Just merely to find an excuse to exhibit

Their fish-slice (from Mr. GILLET).

Regardless of cost all their neighbours they fêted

To show that their dishes were silver, not plated.

They wasted their substance, and found they must rue it

When shortly their humble finances gave out,

And forced them to pawn Aunt Hermione's cruel.

Put Uncle Tom's spoons up the spout,

Dispose of the tea-set Mamma had presented,

And sell (at a loss) all their Sheraton chairs,

And leave the magnificent flat they had rented

To house all these treasures of theirs;

And now in an attic—since fortune is fickle—

They have to "live down to" *one* trestle-bed of nickel!

(OLDSTREAMER.)

"The sufficing in New York is intense. People are living in their baths, and sleep is almost impossible owing to the humidity."

The Standard.

It certainly sounds dampish.

"The old lighthouse at Pakefield has recently been moved back about 100 yards owing to the erosion of the coast at this point. The complete building, which weighs 80 to 70 tons, was moved bodily upon a cradle constructed for moving Lowestoft Low Light, the haulage being effected by a crab."—*The Times' Engineering Supplement.*

Is this true? There was nothing about it in *The Spectator*.

"The nostrils of his nose were white and pinched."—*Daily Mail's Pencilton.*

Why this silence about the lips of his mouth, and the knees of his legs?

"The name is to-day only second to that of O'Murphy, having been borne by no less than 55,000 persons in 1890. . . . It is variously Anglicised O'Kelly, Kelly, Keely, Kiely, Gilly, Kilkelly, Kelling, Kellogg, Edmundson, Edwards, and Cox."—*Tuam Herald.*

Has anybody here seen Edmundson?

THE CRICKET CHAMPIONSHIP.

My remarks upon the anomalies of the new method of scoring in the County Cricket Championship have called forth—as I rather expected they would—several millions of letters from all parts of the British Empire. It will be understood that it is not possible for me to reproduce all these in full, interesting though they are. They evince a very wide-spread discontent on the part of the public, and many of them contain pithy suggestions for the improvement of the present system. It will be remembered that the position of the leading four counties at the time of the opening discussion was as follows:—

	Pls.	Wons.	Lost.	Draws.	Pls.	Per-centage.
Kent.....	15	11	1	3	11	73·33
Middlesex....	12	6	2	4	6	50·00
Sussex.....	14	7	4	3	7	50·00
Hampshire..	15	7	6	2	7	46·66

"VILLAGE GREEN" writes "What are the little dots for? And how is it that Sussex has only scored 5,000 runs in fourteen matches, while Kent has scored 7,333 runs in fifteen? Seems to be some thing wrong." I have replied personally to Mr. Green, pointing out his error in mistaking the percentage table for the tally of runs, but after all there is much in what he says.

"PEACE AT ANY PRICE" expresses great satisfaction that defeats are no longer penalized. "This is the first step," he writes, "towards eliminating the hateful spirit of rivalry from our playing grounds. It is the earnest wish of many humble citizens that the M.C.C. may see their way to complete the revolution by ignoring victories also and allowing two points for a draw and three for a game abandoned through rain."

On the other hand a somewhat contrary view is expressed by "PAVILION STEPS," who writes: "What we want is sporting finishes; I should suggest returning the gate-money in the event of the match being unfinished, and allowing ten points to both sides for a tie."

"FAIR PLAY" seems to have misunderstood the point at issue. "If the present hot weather continues," he writes, "I should be inclined to allow two pints to every man on the winning side, and three each to the Umpires."

"MATHEMATICUS" thinks that the time has gone by when a satisfactory result can be attained in mere figures. He encloses a system of computation by algebra, which I regret to say I am not in a position to appreciate. But as Derbyshire, in his table, ties with Essex for the leading position, and Lancashire is disqualified because the

number of matches they have drawn cannot be deducted from those lost, I can hardly believe it to be equitable.

I now put forward my own scheme for the kindly criticism of the British Public. I shall be happy to deal with comments next week, and I may point out that, by the courtesy of the Post Office officials, a new pillar-box has been erected in the Strand to prevent dislocation of the ordinary mail service. I hope my readers will avail themselves of it.

In the first place I should take the percentage of matches in which the game is abandoned through rain after the winning side has lost the toss. I should divide these by the proportion of those which have resulted in a draw without the intervention of rain, but only in the case of both sides having declared their innings closed after the fall of the tenth wicket. We must have sporting finishes. I would then add the number of points thus obtained to the average of the batting averages of the losing side. We must have all-round men. At this point I borrow a hint from "MATHEMATICUS" and call our result so far x .

We now come to the consideration of finished matches, and I may say at once that I would ignore all finished matches that do not result in a victory or a tie. We must consider the spectators. For matches won after losing the toss against a county standing higher in the table of the previous week than the winning county—you take me?—I would allow four points, less the number of inches of rain that fall during the match. All other victories would count as defeats, except ties. In the event of a tie I would simply take the percentage of the proportion of wickets, and double the talent money. We must encourage our professionals. Defeats after winning the toss would be penalised in the same proportion. We have now merely to multiply the last result by x , and we shall have the final position.

Let us see how it would work out, as applied to the position given above. As I anticipated, Kent would still be top with the following record:—

	Allotment.	Pro-portion.	Per-centage.	Divi-dend.	Total.
Kent	23·17	—94	183·3	1·12945	142.

The *Yorkshire Evening Post* quotes an old joke from *The Windsor Magazine* thus:—

"Officer (to men who have been grumbling): There is nothing whatever the matter with this soap; I've tasted it."

Private: That's just it, sir; but the cook wants to call it coffee."

Which makes it really quite funny again.

TRAINING THE MIND.

It is stated in *The Times* that Sir ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, and Mr. ARTHUR CROXTON have been appointed adjudicators of a novel competition devised by the General Manager of the Great Western Railway. The competition takes the form of three sets of twelve questions dealing with the country served by this line.

By the exercise of that intelligent anticipation for which he has long been famous, Mr. *Punch* is in the happy position of being able to lay before his readers a representative selection from the lists of questions on which Sir ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON and Mr. ARTHUR CROXTON have been called in to adjudicate.

1. Of whom was it said that "He's past 'ealing and on the road to 'anwell?"

2. Is it true that WAGNER composed his famous opera, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, on the G. W. R.? If not, why not?

3. What high law officer sits for Reading, and what Cabinet Minister nearly lost him his seat?

4. Differentiate between (a) bogie-engine, (b) bogey-man, (c) Colonel Bogey.

5. Estimate the comparative soporific effect of the novels of Sir ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH and Mr. MAX PEMBERTON as a means of inducing sleep in the train, and compare the styles of "Q" and LE QUEUX.

6. Give a complete list of the ingredients employed in the baking of (a) a Bath bun, (b) a Banbury cake, (c) a Bath Oliver biscuit. Indicate the probable results of feeding three normally constituted individuals for seven weeks on nothing but one or other of these comestibles.

7. State why in your opinion corridor soap is by far the best detergent to employ for the scouring of the White Horse.

8. Write a brief history of the rise and decline of the foot-warmer. Say who invented the tea-basket, and what is his present income?

9. Translate into ordinary English the following:

Eecenee Poime-e-c-r.

Account for the extraordinary pronunciation of bookstall boys and railway porters.

10. Distinguish between the musical rhythm of the G. W. R. and the L. & N. W. R., and explain why the Midland always runs in triplets.

11. State by what route Mr. BRAM STOKER travels to Birmingham when he interviews Sir OLIVER LODGE, and explain the connection between the

Seven Sleepers of Ephesus and the Baghdad Railway.

12. Briefly elucidate the following:—

- (a) "Playing billy with the labels,"
- (b) "In the presence of the passenger,"
- (c) "Bad for the coo,"
- (d) "Pretty Little Polly Perkins of Paddington Green."

13. What is the best way of dealing with (a) a passenger who whistles in the train, (b) a passenger who uses unparliamentary language in a Parliamentary train, (c) a passenger who has never heard of Mr. MAX PEMBERTON?

14. "Oh, ever since the world began,
There never was and never can
Be such a very useful man
As the railway porter."

Who wrote the above touching lyric? Explain why Sir ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH declined to include it in his famous anthology of English verse.

15. Which is the more euphonious title, Sir MAX PEMBERTON or Sir ARTHUR CROXTON?

16. What deductions are to be drawn as to the quality of hotels from the following notices: (a) Hotel 'bus meets trains, (b) boots meets trains, (c) hotel porter meets trains, (d) hotel cabs meet trains on request (free)?

17. When an Oxford undergraduate says that he is going to Diddler, Padder, or Redder, what does he mean?

18. Give the population, the leading hotels, and the chief objects of local interest of Little Kimble, Coalpit Heath, Luxulyan and Preesgwynne, and state what is the par score of the Par golf links.

19. Distinguish between (a) a luxurious and (b) a luxuriant hotel. Is it wise to patronise a hotel which advertises a "smoke room" instead of a "smoking room"?

THE INSUFFERABLE.

By all the floods that won't abate,

By all the frosts that freeze my bones,
Since summer dawned at summer's date

In times recalled by aged crones,
There never fumed, I think, a fiercer hate
'Than mine, just now, for Jones!

I met him when the ways were mire,
And steely ramrods struck the ground,
And said—but no, it shan't transpire—
We'll say I simply said "Confound!
'This weather would provoke an angel's
ire."

And Jones—he smiled, the hound!

His boots were muddied at the base,
And, though he held a largish gamp,
It would not overstate the case
To call his trousers beastly damp:



John Rogers

A PAINFUL MISUNDERSTANDING.

Applicant for Situation "I'VE COME ABOARD THAT JOB WOF WOS ADVERTISED."

Employer "WELL, CAN YOU DO THE WORK?"

Applicant (in great alarm) "WORK! I THOUGHT IT WAS A FOREMAN YOU WANTED!"

And still he bore that smile upon his face,
The "footlight beauty" stamp.

I strove to speak him soft and bland,
As one whose mental state 's amiss;
But naught could make him understand.
Immersed in ecstasies of bliss,
"By Jove," he mused, "the water must
be grand;
I hope it keeps like this."

It seemed by some infernal luck
The brute had fixed on late July
To give his task in town the chuck
And flog a mountain-pool with fly;

But Nemesis, ye gods! May Jones
be struck
With thunderbolts and die!

Or else, ye Naiads of the wave,
Where Jones expects to lure the trout,
Attend a poet's prayers, I crave;
Engird him, as he flops about,
And heave him down, like Hylas, to
his grave,
A Hylas bald and stout. *Byron.*

"In Holborn-circus 18th, of rain fell in ten minutes."—*Daily Mail.*
Yes, that 's just the sort of weather it is.



Mrs. Jones (bent on depreciating the place Jones has chosen for their summer holidays). "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THIS IS THE ONLY CEMETERY THEY'VE GOT HERE!"

REMNAINT SALE. GRAND CLEARANCE OF REMAINDERS OF THE LONDON SEASON.

We have on offer a large variety of marriageable young girls, attractive widows, wall-flowers (slightly soiled from exposure), younger sons (military and others), bachelor-stockbrokers, etc., etc. This line has failed to go off this season and must be cleared at a sacrifice. Lot 25, dark, good figure, splendid collection of cartwheel hats, would go for anything over the super-tax standard. Lot 49, eighteen, clever, tragic recitations, is going cheap (mother wants to get married herself). Lots 81 and 82, sons of well-known Peer, hard up, perfect manners and quarters, driven through town all this season, are open to offers from the Wild West. Lot 104, charming widow, in the neighbourhood of 35; would make excellent wife for retired business man; we give with this lot a written guarantee of housekeeping ability and knowledge of Society matters. Lot 201, "Elsie," female, age 21, sporting, reckless rider, brilliant scarlet complexion, winner of several lawn tennis cups, full of life and fun; birth more of an object than money; Englishmen only; no agents.

2,000 bales sheath dresses, bow shoes (large sizes), canoe hats, toupées,

transformations; frock suits and morning suits, fancy ties, coloured waistcoats, etc. Worn two or three times this season, and therefore out of date, but will be fashionable for the next three or four years in the Midlands or Colonies. Also twenty-two crates of pageant costumes. Suitable for fancy-dress parties in the provinces.

Umbrellas, goloshes, etc. We have a fine selection of these articles in fancy designs, as used by the leaders of Society during the recent glorious summer weather. Also overcoats, mufflers, respirators.

Lot 273 contains a large variety of second-hand political programmes, amendments, private members' bills, of no further use to their owners, but invaluable to provincial orators, aldermen, chairmen and others. Can easily be brushed up as good as new.

Academy landscapes. A large lot of these have failed to go off, and must be sacrificed. Suit retired manufacturer. Also job lot of portraits (misfits), recommended to families commencing. Pedigrees and coats-of-arms can be made to match.

Portrait of a Lady who has got the Vote.

"Chandu's mother looked upwards with mingled joy and registration in her eyes."—*Bombay Gazette.*

TO MILE. KARSAVINA.

(Suggested by the article in "The Times" of July 18, "If Pavlova had never danced.")

My grandsire chatting with a crony,
Grows lyrical on TAGLIOMI,
On FANNY ELMSLER, CERITO,
And other stars of long ago.
Of late our journalistic Jove a
Laudation printed on PAVLOVA,
And many johnnies have been mashed
On the resilient LYDIA KYASHUT.
Others, again, extol *con brio*
The dame whose name begins with PREO,
Or in effusive accents laud
Their ISADORA or their MAUD,
While many of us, very many,
Are loyal to the only GENÉE.
Comparisons, we know, are odious
And tend to make life unmelodious,
But *Punch* declares he's never seen a
More fascinating ballerina
Than the enchanting KARSAVINA.

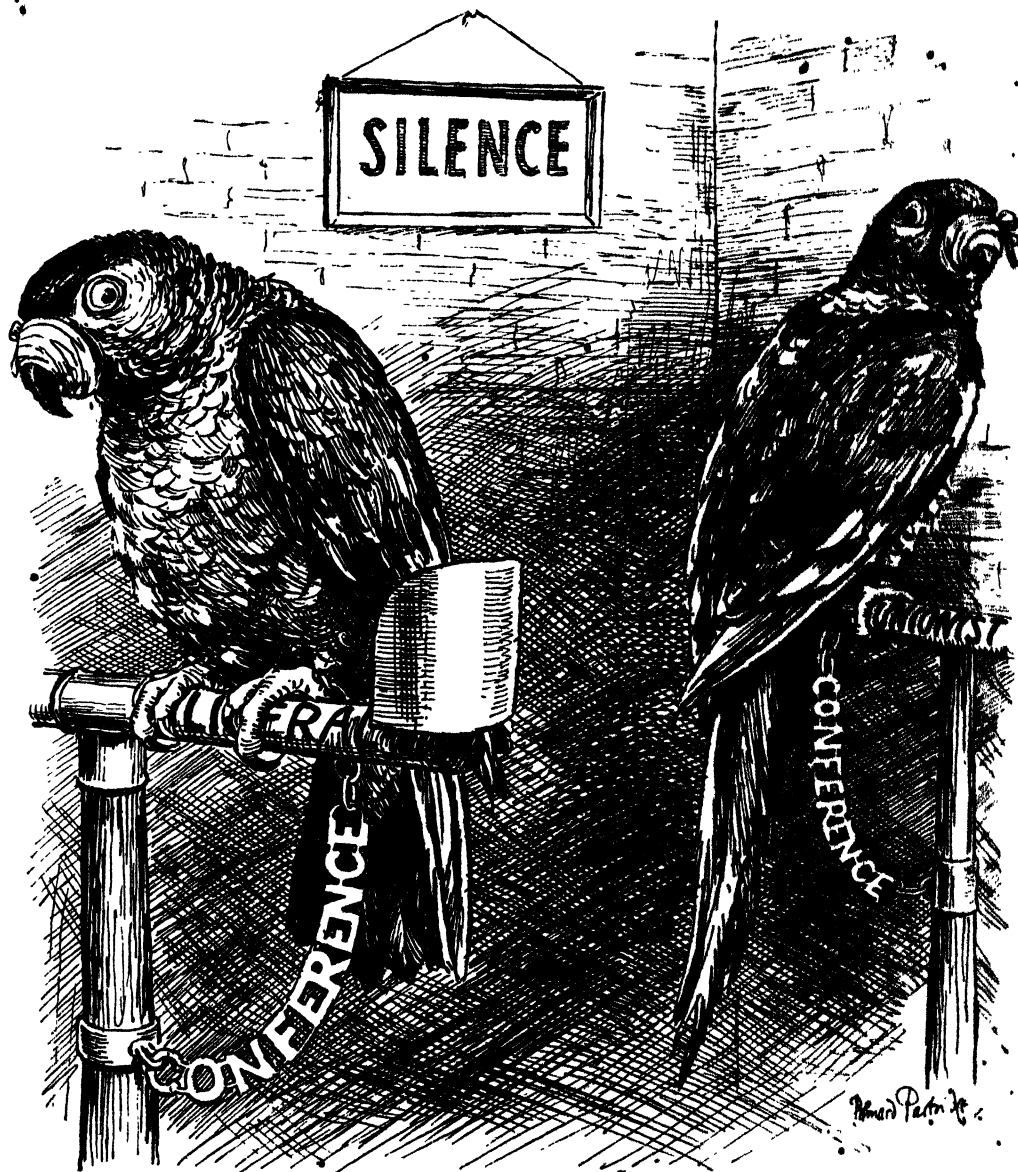
"She wore a wreath of white heather and orange blossom, and carried a full shower bouquet, composed of white orchids, lilies-of-the-valley, orange blossom, and white heather, caught up with bridegroom's parents."

Surrey Mirror.

Rather showy.

The Oxford Manner.

"He took Liberal Humaniores at Greats."
Wolverhampton Express.



THE HORRORS OF PEACE.

(Showing the restraining effect which the Conference has produced upon ordinary Party politics.)

THE FIGHTING POLITICIAN. "WE CAN'T BITE ONE ANOTHER, AND WE CAN'T SCREAM; AND IT'S GOING TO BE LIKE THIS ALL THE HOLIDAYS. MIGHT AS WELL BE A PAIR OF LOVE-BIRDS!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 18. In Gallery assigned to use of Foreign Diplomats sit five young Japanese, emissaries of an ancient Empire which, after sleeping through centuries, has wakened to enjoy the cold bath of Western civilisation. They desire to learn everything that is to be known. Just now are bent on mastering secrets of the Mother of Parliaments who overlooks and guides the destinies of considerable portion of the globe. Accordingly here they are, observant, alert, and (to begin with) interested.

In anticipation of debate on Territorial Forces, opened by that warrior bold, Lord Portsmouth, House rather fuller than usual. But army must stand aside while Diseases of Animals (No. 2) Bill goes through Committee. This the measure noted a fortnight ago in hands of SAYE and SELE. Nominally still in his charge. But CARRINGTON and DERBY on Front Benches on either side of the Table have, after the manner of Melancholy, marked it for their own. Whilst reputed parent sits silent on back bench, the Bulls in swift succession swoop down and peck at his hapless progeny.

Lord Chairman of Committees, BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, takes the Chair, *vice* ONSLOW, gone a-bathing in Continental resorts. Supreme achievement for LORD CHAIRMAN, highest mark of heaven-born capacity for the post, is to rattle through amendments in briefest space of time. In the Commons amendments are sometimes debated. Necessary, therefore, that they should be submitted in articulate form. In the Lords such prejudice is in most cases unknown. As an aeroplane attempts to circle measured course in minimum of time, so an ordinary Bill in charge of private Member is rushed through Committee in fewest moments possible. ONSLOW had long innings. BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH admits he did pretty well. Now they should hear and see something.

What the Japs in the Gallery, audibly, indrawing their breath in excitement of moment, saw and heard was after this manner:

DERBY rises from front Opposition bench and makes inaudible remark. LORD CHAIRMAN, as if touched by secret spring, rises and utters the following incantation. "Clause-1-Page-1-line-5-after-accept-insert-as-in-this-Act-pro-

vided-the-question-I-have-to-put-is-that-the-words-be-here-inserted-those-of-that-opinion-say-content-the-contrary-not-content-I-think-the-contents-have-it."

From other side of table up gets CARRINGTON, emulative of the inaudibility of the Earl of DERBY. Effect on LORD CHAIRMAN equally prompt. Drawn up to full height he remarks, "Page-1-line-8-leave-out-place-and-insert-port-the-question-I-have-to-put-is-that-the-words-proposed-to-be-left-out-stand-part-of-the-question-those-that-



"That warrior bold Lord Portsmouth."

are-of-that-opinion-say-content-the-contrary-not-content-I-think-the-contents-have-it."

At this formula there is, by exception, some slight stir among noble Lords. Fancy they catch in shibboleth of LORD CHAIRMAN something that sounds like "insert port." That way of putting it is certainly unusual. It may be hospitably meant, but is a little abrupt. Besides, it's rather early in the afternoon for that sort of thing. Moreover than which there are neither decanters nor glasses on the table. Evidently a misapprehension.

None about new clause inserted at instance of CARRINGTON providing that

"In this Act the expression horse includes ass and mule." That finished Lord DERBY. Hitherto, with the author of the Bill in the background saying nothing, ready to seize anything, he had run neck and neck with belted earl opposite. But, you know, when it comes to affirming in Act of Parliament that a horse is an ass, and vice a mule, the limit is passed.

So DERBY gives in; Bill through Committee, and the five Japanese feel their way out into the open air in hopelessly dazed condition.

Business done. - Diseases of Animals (No. 2) Bill through Committee.

House of Commons, Tuesday. - House up at three o'clock this morning. Even then enthusiasts in public service thought it unduly early. Might as well sit another hour or so. Pushed patriotic objection to point of division.

This sadly mismanaged rare opportunity of illustrating fitness of things ignored. In division list circulated to-day names given of 49 voting in favour of BLANKIN'S motion for adjournment. House is set forth in tabular form the solitary "No" - J. A. JACKSON. It is added "Tellers for the No Mr. REMNANT and Viscount DALRYMPLE."

Of course JACKSON should have been one of the Tellers, and REMNANT sole representative of Opposition. However, came to same thing in end. There being only one remnant found in "No" lobby SPEAKER declares "the Ayos" had it and so home to bed.

Business done. - Supply closed.

Thursday. - Revolt of Scottish Members. They demand head of SECRETARY OF STATE, whether on charger or not immaterial so that they get it. DEWAN opened attack alleging that condition of affairs consequent on administration of Scotch Office has brought about what might have been regarded as arithmetically impossible. In South Uist parish rates amount to 23s. 4d. in the 20s. 0d.! What hurt Scotch Members even more than this parochial puzzle was the fact that they could not get at the SECRETARY OF STATE in flesh and blood. Being a Peer he is seated in what we call "another place."

Effect upon ALFRED'S CLOTHES heartbreaking. Something of the wail of the pibroch in his voice as he cried aloud, "What I want to know is where is the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND?"

"Order! Order!" interrupted the

inexorable CHAIRMAN. "That has nothing to do with this vote."

"Cannot we," pleaded ALPHEUS in voice that would have moved the sympathies of any but CHAIRMAN OF WAYS AND MEANS—"cannot we ask somebody why the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND is not in the House of Commons?"

A practical-minded Scot suggested that it was because he was in the House of Lords; ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS sat down to ponder over the matter put in that way.

This made opening for TULLIBARDINE, late of the Black Watch, one of the forlorn hope of Scotch Unionists in present House. Nuts for him to find Radical pack of brither Scots in full cry after a Secretary of State. Pounding away on the same track TULLIBARDINE paused a moment to remark, "The mental photograph the people of Scotland will retain of the SECRETARY OF SCOTLAND will be in close juxtaposition to the nine of diamonds."

This observation throw a gloom over the company. Evidently meant something. Possibly, even probably, it was a joke. Anyhow, had effect of paralysing the proceedings, Committee gratefully making for Division Lobby.

Walking through, the MEMBER FOR SARK, from whom no secrets are hid, explained that the nine of diamonds was the card upon which, according to tradition, the Master of STAIR wrote the order for the massacre of Glencoe. Thenceforth, to this day, the card is known as the curse of Scotland. If TULLIBARDINE had, plump and plain, alluded to PENTLAND by that name, he would have been called to order. As it was he shot his dart, and while CHAIRMAN was wondering what it might portend he had safely resumed his seat, assured that by-and-by, upon due inquiry and reflection, the arrow would rankle in the wound.

As SARK says, that's the worst of these Scotchmen. Even when they make a joke they go about it in such business-like fashion that no one suspects their purpose until it is irretrievably effected.

Business done. Appropriation Bill read Second time.



"Nuts for Tullibardine."

(The Marquis of Tullibardine.)



"The Secretary for Scotland in close juxtaposition to the nine of diamonds."

(Lord Pentland strolling in Glencoe with the fateful card.)

LINKS WITH A PAST.

THE instances appearing in *The Times* and *The Westminster Gazette* of living people who form interesting "links with the past" (writes a correspondent whose word we never have any reason not to doubt) can be added to from my own experience. For I am myself a link, and do not care to be missing from this symposium.

I am a Welshman (with profound apologies). A few days ago I stood on the famous golf links at Aberllynstyd-fairfechan. I was in the land of my fathers, and on this very spot stood one of the most illustrious of the Ap Jenkinses in A.D. 842.

I held a club in my hand. So did my dear old ancestor, the great Ap Jenkins, in A.D. 842.

I swung the club above my shoulder; and though this, be it remembered, happened in the year A.D. 1910, a very similar action on the part of old Ap might have been observed by you had you chanced to be passing the place in A.D. 842.

With the club I felled a man—a fair-haired, blue-eyed Saxon, who was going round in front of me. My famous ancestor did much the same thing with his club, in A.D. 842. The question of accident and design does not affect the remarkable coincidence.

The Saxon seized a small lump of flint and hurled it at me; just as in the brave old days to which I have already referred the Saxon throw a small lump of flint at my respected forefather.

And it would be a very difficult thing to prove that it was not the same piece of flint that was used on both occasions.

But here the parallel is broken, for the Saxon of old missed my forbear in A.D. 842.

Athletics.

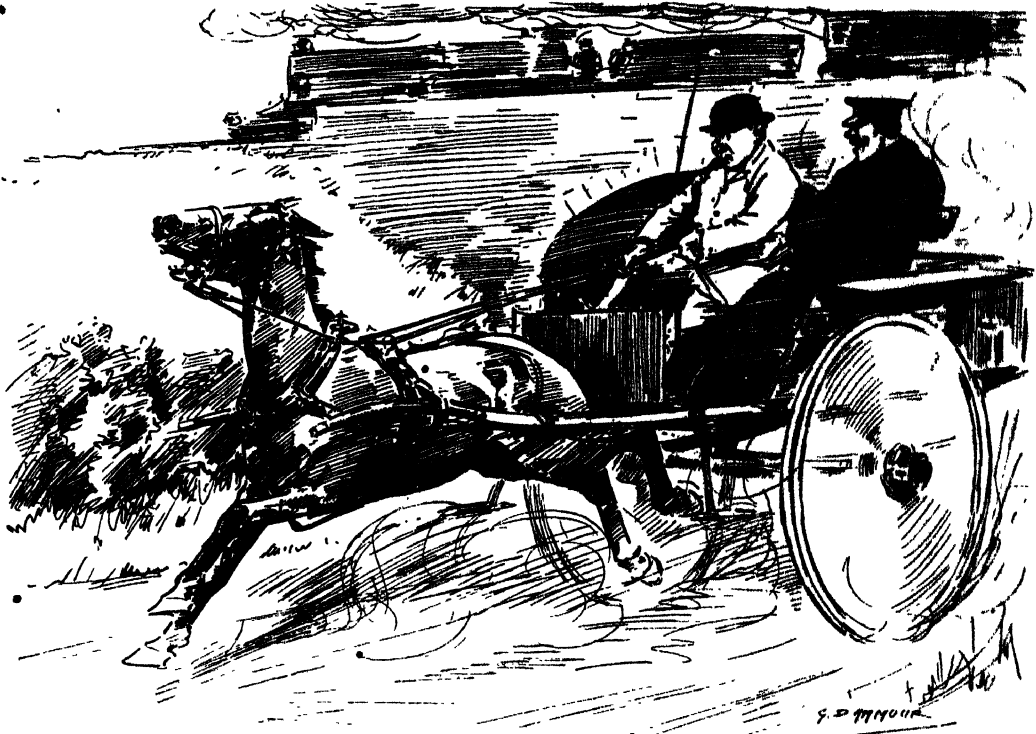
New Long Jump Record.

"Of a sudden the Hogue's captain, who at the time was on the bridge, jumped with a warning shout to the engine room."

Irish Independent.

"The want of sufficient moisture is in a large measure due to the apparent shortage of straw."

—*Aberdeen Daily Journal.*
There must be a lot of straw going about in London.



THE PETROL HABIT.

New Chauffeur (to Conductor who has met him at the station). "CAN'T STOP HER! WHY SHOULD YOU? SHE'S BARELY DOING TWENTY FIVE AN HOUR, SO FAR"

THE BALANCE OF FATE.

WHEN the Arcadian pondered a journey,
When he made plans for a primitive jaunt,
First--the Olympic opinion to learn--he
Sought some oracular haunt;
Straight he 'd propound 'mid the vapour and smoke his
Queries on Thrace, or the bathing where Phocis
Fronted the sea;
Then would the Oracle answer, and pocket his fee!
I, when my head whirls with holiday notions
(Ever it does when July's on the run),
When I must choose between ozonos and oceans,
Alpenstock, golf club and gun,
When I've to settle, for worse or for better,
Where I'm to go when I shake off the fetter--
Westmoreland's lakes
Or Interlaken, to Ilkley or sulphurous Aix--
I, I repeat, when these fancies approach me,
Fain for a Pythian utterance too,
Keen on oracular guidance to coach me,
Turn, oh my Pass Book, to you;
Shall I, recalling extravagant seanos,
Rollick around Continental casinos,
Or shall I stray
Cheesily to Bournemouth or Buxton or Birehington Bay?

Shall it be salmon and grouse or the Channel
(Windy, the dock at a deuce of a slope),
Hanging in heavy and sea-sodden flannel,
Hard on some oddly-named rope?
Shall it be tramping on Alp, or in Arden,
Rooms up the river (with boat and with garden),
Healthfully brown,
Or must I, pallid and penniless, stay on in Town?
So, ere I order the style of my going,
So, ere my final arrangements are planned,
I must bow down in the house of the knowing
God of the Cash that's in hand.
Deep in his temple of calf-skin he's lurking,
Weaving the web of my Destiny's working,
Grave and sedate,
Holding the balance--the crude, credit Balance of Fate!

A Conference Chorus.

For advanced Radicals.

We want the report of the Eight,
And WE WON'T WAIT!

"The long, smooth zzz-pp of the tyre gliding over the highway in
rue music to the trained ear of the Motorist."--*Adapted in "The Sketch."*
The wretched pedestrian has to content himself with the
monotonous jji-qq of his pew boots on the pavement.

OUR INTELLIGENT TABLE-TALK.

SCENE—*Dinner.*

He. Taxis are wonderful things, aren't they? Only twenty minutes ago I was dressing in the Temple, and here I am in time.

She. Yes, indeed: wonderful.

He. They have completely revolutionised London life. Three or four years ago, before they came in, I should have had to leave at a quarter-past six at least.

She. By the way, when did they come in?

He. What a funny thing! I was asking that question only to-day.

She. How remarkable! But how often that happens—that the same subject crops up on the same day. Almost uncanny, isn't it? But what was the answer you got?

He. It was at lunch. A lot of men were there. No one seemed to know exactly, but we decided it was either in 1907 or 8.

She. Not earlier? I should have thought it was earlier. I remember going home from the theatre in a motor cab over so long ago.

He. Ah, yes, that was one of those first ones—electric cabs. They had to take them off because they couldn't climb FitzJohn's Avenue.

She. It is steep, isn't it? But how delightful at the top. We all went up to see the comet.

He. Rather a fraud, wasn't it? I wonder where it is now. No one seems to be able to give one any exact information: Did you have a good view?

She. No, not very. But it was thrilling to get even that.

He. You should have had some of this fish, it's jolly good. I like fish done with mushrooms.

She. Yes. But I'm not hungry this evening.

He. Aren't you? I'm sorry. I'm always hungry in other people's houses.

She. How delightful! I wish I was. Tell me, have you a motor?

He. Have I! Great heavens, no. No such luck. I get a ride now and Have you one?

She. Yes, we have one.

He. What is it?

She. A Deinhard.

He. Yes, I know them. I have a friend who has one. Pretty useful, aren't they?

She. Ours is all right, I think.

He. Do you ever drive?

She. Oh, no.

He. I think you ought. I think driving is half the fun. Lots of women drive now. You'd soon learn.

She. My father would never let me, I'm sure.

He. That's right. I'm glad you're taking some of that. Now you'll feel better. There's nothing like eating to pull one together. Much better than drinking. About taxis, the difficulty is to learn them. I mean just what

He. Have you seen *Priscilla Runs Away*?

She. Yes. It's very amusing, isn't it?

He. Fearfully good.

She. Did you read the novel?

He. No, I didn't. But I read *The Caravaners* by the same author.

She. Oh, yes, I read that.

He. Ripping, wasn't it?

She. Fearfully amusing, I thought.

[*And so on through the gamut.*]

THE NEXT XI.

By ODO RAGGETT.

TWENTY-NINE members of the Academic Committee have now been elected (including the famous author Mr. HALDANE), and how to bring up the total to the required forty is the problem of these gentlemen. How, indeed?—for in electing the necessary eleven they will be rejecting the eleven thousand and eleven, and perhaps more, England being at this moment a feverishly literary island, overrun with Immortals, or the next thing to them.

But why fix on forty? It is merely a derivative notion, drawn from our lively neighbours. Why not fifty-two, or one Immortal for every week in the year?

Or sixty, or seventy, or eighty? There is an Eighty Club. However, if forty is the prescribed limit, let us think about the missing eleven alphabetically.

A. Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN is in, or we should have suggested him. ALGERNON ASHTON? This man of letters has, like his illustrious *confrère*, the Laureate, the merit of doubling the A.

B. There are five B's, but not the greatest of them all—Mr. BARRIE. Haven't they heard of him? He wrote *The Little Minister* and *Peter Pan*. He's really quite good. Not such a good writer as Mr. HALDANE, of course, but quite good. And Mr. BIERRELL is almost as witty and alluring a writer as the great War Minister too.

C. G. K. C. can never have been overlooked before.

D. Sir CONAN? Surely Sir CONAN is worthy.



"HALLO, AUNT! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR YOU, YOU KNOW, BUT SINCE YOU'RE HERE WHAT'S YOUR POISON?"

they can do. One so often arrives too early where one never used to, just because one doesn't know their speed.

She. Yes, that is so, isn't it?

He. And then, of course, there's the risk of a block.

She. Yes, of course.

He. I suppose you've seen the Russian dancers?

She. Oh, yes. We've been to them all, I think.

He. Which do you like best?

She. Well, it's very irregular, I know, but I like the Coliseum ones the best.

He. Do you really? That's very strange. Every one seems to rave only about the Palace lot. I haven't seen the others. I prefer a play.

She. Of course; so do I. But I love good dancing too.

E. What about ESTABROOK, the pen-maker? These johnnies would be nowhere without pens.

F. "Mr. FROHMANN represents"—Literature.

G. JOHN GALSWORTHY? He, too, is as much of an author as Mr. HALDANE, anyway. We vote for GALSWORTHY.

H. Has not a shy, restrained hand been enquiring lately into the genius of SHAKESPEARE? Our own vote would be for Mr. W. H. HUDSON; but they've probably never heard of him.

I. Since CHESTERTON goes in under C, HALL CAINE may be allotted this modest initial.

J. HENRY ARTHUR, we sympathise with you.

K. Just think of forgetting the marvellous youth who lived to middle age. Not a hint of Kipling in the list.

L. No doubt here. The friend of princes and ally of kings! WILLIAM LE QUEUX. Oh, he's great!

M. Viscount MIDLETON was not wholly despicable as a War Minister.

N. There is no doubt about N. Ask the Man of Kent. The Rev. Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL was simply born for the place.

O. We have rather a weakness—not wholly dry-eyed—for the name of OLIVER ONIONS.

P. Impossible to improve on the present P.

Q. We must stretch a point here and go for the initial. Rise, Sir ARTHUR THOMAS QUILLER-ROUCH!

R. Something must be done to balance the Trans-Atlantic vagueness and shrinking delicacy of Mr. HENRY JAMES. So let's have TEDDY.

S. G. B. S.? To think of his wilful woeful exclusion! If not in the first twenty-nine, how can he consent to be added? And C. K. S. of *The Sphere*, the modern Cato and guardian of all the Muses. You can't overlook C. K. S., even if you try. But if you're wise you won't try.

T. TUPPER's dead. That's awkward.

U. What about UPWARD? He ought to have got to the top by now.

V. This is a walk over for H. A. VACHELL.

W. Inquire at The Pines, Putney, where wonder at omission must have been renaresing hourly. WATTS-DUNTON? ran the old question. Let "One of the Forty" be the glad reply.

X. This is very delicate ground.

Y. You—or me?

Z. (See X.)

Seen in a shop window:

COSTUMES CLEANED

SEVERAL TIMES WEEKLY.

Venez et vous revendrez, as a well-known restaurant says.



LEWIS
BANKER

THE DAY OF THE SHORT MAN.

THE RESORT.

THE action was alleged to concern itself with the supply of coal to various public institutions, but consisted for the most part of arguments between counsel as to what was material and what was not. When counsel really get to work, it is surprising what a lot of things there are which must and must not be gone into, and what a lot of reasons there are why one must not or must go into them. The jury and other court loafers could, of course, go to sleep, but the judge had to keep awake and rule on each matter as it arose. Keeping awake after lunch is a very unhealthy and irritating process.

"There is the order of the Bushbury Corporation," said counsel for the plaintiff.

"That," said the judge, "we can leave."

"There is the order of the Bilbrooke Schools," said counsel for the defendant.

"With that, too," said the judge, "we are not concerned."

"There is the Goddall Urban District Electricity Department," said counsel for the plaintiff.

"Into that also," said the judge, "we need not enquire."

"There is the Chifnal Lunatic Asylum," said counsel for the defendant.

The judge moved in his seat. "Yes," he said, "I suppose we shall have to go into that."

"Les Anglais protestent contre les femmes sandwiches."—*Matin*.

Any sex for us, as long as there's not too much mustard.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Pique's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. FRANK T. BULLEN's latest book, *Told in the Dog Watches* (SMITH, ELDER), is a miscellaneous collection of essays and yarns, of which some idea can be gathered from a few of the titles: "The Bengal Pilot Service," "On Robinson Crusoe," "The Making of a Merchant Service Officer," "My Cats," "The Last Haunt of Shanghaiing," "The Tightest Place I ever was in," "On Unknown Seas." The subjects which these suggest will, I am sure, be sufficiently alluring to readers who know Mr. BULLEN's touch. To those who do not one may say that he has in an exceptional degree that gift of spinning yarns which is supposed to be the possession of all sailormen, but so seldom stands, as his can, the test of pen and ink. The essays in this volume are all, of course, the fruit of actual experience, and I take it that the yarns are too. Certainly they are almost too strange, some of them—and notably "The Pentathlon Affair"—to make plausible fiction. Others of them appear to be pure invention—and that of the best—until one is pulled up by some little parenthetical suggestion that the author is writing of people he has met. A good many readers prefer made-up stories to true ones, because true stories frequently tail off into a stodgy sort of conclusion. There is nothing of that kind about Mr. BULLEN's.

ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE has called her book by a quaint and enigmatical title, *Things That No One Tells* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). If I understand them rightly, the eleven *Things* that make up the volume are just those slight and intimate experiences, absurd or tender, which it needs some moment of unusual confidence to draw from their subject. I almost feel, indeed, after hearing them, as though Miss MAYNE had unkindly betrayed for my benefit eleven most interesting secrets. Not but that "unkindly" is the last adjective to be applied with propriety to her style of doing so. On the contrary, the delicate sympathy of the book is its greatest charm; it is all told in an undertone, a gentle whisper, between smiles and pauses. I shall not tell you what the *Things* are, because that you will enjoy ever so much more from Miss MAYNE herself. Most of them are concerned, naturally, with the emotions—a romance that came to nothing, a personal problem that was never wholly solved, and the like—the little secret memories of every life; and one is a short ghost-tale that for quiet horror is worthy of any of the acknowledged masters in this kind. Taken together, these *Things That No One Tells* form a collection of such unusual quality as to make me very glad that Miss MAYNE has given the lie to her own label, and told them.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE put *The Duke's Price* at six shillings. Sir W. S. GILBERT once assessed the commodity at two a penny, but *Stephana Brennan*, because prices are higher in America and millionaires' daughters cannot reckon in halfpence, was prepared to pay a few million dollars. By this outlay and a ceremony or two she expected to buy outright the body and soul of *M. le duc de Longtour*. If this was bad finance, the duke was equally wrong in supposing that in exchange for his title he was going to get the heart as well as the hand of the beautiful lady in the big hat, whose picture appears on the cover. Fortunately there are always the authors, who will see that their puppets don't get married unless it is good for them. DEMETRA and KENNETH BROWN do not leave their commercial couple at the church door to adjust accounts for themselves. They arrange an engaging programme of problematic events and introduce them to a lot of very bright and unscrupulous worldlings, who do their best to procure a separation, but only achieve a closer and less sordid union. There is also in this book a good deal of

valuable information about hearts; which may be read with advantage by others than dukes and duchesses. One matter of complaint only I found, and that was the slipshod American spelling. Every moment I expected to be told that what is always overlooked in these matrimonial negotiations is the simple element of *hw*.

I suppose *The Royal Americans* (CONSTABLE) is a novel, but in reading it I seemed less to be getting along with a moving story than to be stopping, overseas, in the society of a New England family, very much alive, if



TOUR FRIEND, "AND WHAT IS THIS?"
FARMER: "NOO DUBBY, WI' BATHROOM AN' WASH-BASIN FOR 'T' NEXT MOVE
'T' SANITARY AUTHORITIES."

to no particular purpose, in the troublous years round 1756. It will be some time before I forget *Colonel Yelverton*, quixotic widower and stout Tory; his pretty daughter *Catherine*, born to be loved by a better than *Francis the Quaker*, who bound her by a secret engagement but had not the pluck to go through with the risks and responsibilities of marriage; *Charlotte*, adopted daughter of the Colonel and suspect of the local scandal-mongers; and *Bassy Dunbar*, sound, if mistaken, hero. It will not be long, however, before I forget what became of them all, and I shall never be quite clear whether they occurred in my own life, or in history, or in the novel that MARY HALLOCK FOOTE wrote. By that you must judge the book. It is no crisp narrative directed to any dramatic climax. It is just a slice out of life, wherein you are often at a loss to understand the motives, and never from first to last know which of the events that are happening are going to be the decisive ones. For myself I found the leisurely reading of it a cool, refreshing draught. If it was a little long, this is not the season to be complaining of the length of draughts, provided they be good draughts.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Coronation Proclamation refers to the members of the House of Lords as "Our right trusty Counsellors." An advanced Liberal informs us that the correct pronunciation of these words is "Our right rusty Counsellors."

"The proposal to admit women to the Wesleyan representative session," says the Rev. DINDALE YOUNG, "is unscriptural, uneclesiastical, unmethodical, unseemly, and untimely." Are we right, then, in understanding that the Rev. Mr. YOUNG does not favour the project?

The opinion in schoolboy circles is that the proposal of *The Lancet* to the effect that the summer holidays should be extended to three months is good as far as it goes, and should be accepted as a temporary instalment of justice.

We are glad to hear that a Contemporary Art Society has been formed to purchase the works of living artists for our public galleries. As a young lady points out, it is almost incredible that there should not be a Louis Wain at the National Gallery.

Moreover, the recent sale at CHRISTIE'S proves that it is not only the very Old Masters who prove a good investment. The Alexander Young Masters also fetched sensational prices.

Meanwhile it is good to reflect that TURNER now is also among the angels. Anyhow, he has got a whole wing to himself at the Tate.

The bogus baron, EDWARD VON WESTERNHAGEN, who was found guilty of bigamy and fraud, has written to the HOME SECRETARY asking to be allowed to appeal on the ground that his trial was treated humorously in court. Our joking judges are awaiting the HOME SECRETARY'S decision with some anxiety.

Upon the occasion of his visit to Belfast the Chairman of the Junior Institute of Engineers said, we are told, "that at the present time the eyes of the world were upon Messrs. HARLAND AND WOLFF because they were doing something which had never been done before. They were constructing the two largest vessels that had ever been built." Our memory may be at fault, but we thought that this *had* been done before.

"Carry on!" says *The Observer*, "is the sailor's watchword." Jack's capacity for carrying on is no doubt respon-

a foreign visitor remarked that he had no idea that our Army had advanced so far in aeronautics.

By the way, the statement that, at the Bournemouth Aviation Meeting, British aeroplanes and motors secured only £50 out of a total of over £8,000 prize money, is not correct. They also succeeded in carrying off easily £100 in competitions open only to British aeroplanes and motors. Here the foreigners were nowhere.

Still this talk of decadence! The Recorder at the Old Bailey expressed grave doubts last week as to the truth nowadays of the old saying, "Honour among thieves." We did think that our criminals, at any rate, were not deteriorating.

Among other news of importance last week came the startling information that the men who clean the flues of the Popular dust destructor are to be paid half-a-crown a day each as "dirty money." For ourselves we prefer the old-fashioned expression, "filthy lucre."

"Every Rotary Engine will be guaranteed to run continuously for 100 hours without a stoppage, and each customer will be invited to see his engine so tested on the bench."—Advt. in "Flight."

You should take a packet of sandwiches with you.

"Why, may we ask, was Polyphemus?—surely not one still, a college student."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

We cannot pretend to understand this question, but we do know that Polyphemus never took a degree of any kind.

"The Mayor asked the Press to notice that the Council would be glad that if any person saw any damage being committed to the seats on the recreation ground, they would report the same."—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

This is the chance of a lifetime for the boy with the new knife.



Tetotal Traveller (unconscious of the railway notice in front of him). "WHAT ON EARTH ARE ALL THESE FOOLS LAUGHING AT, I WONDER?"

sible for the widespread belief that he has a wife in every port.

At the British Medical Congress it was pointed out that, in view of the dwindling birth-rate, the conservation of existing lives was more important than ever, and that more attention ought to be paid to such babies as are born. It is thought that, as a result of this hint, arrangements may be made for every new arrival to be greeted formally by the Mayor of the district in state, who will express the wish that it finds the arrangements for its reception quite satisfactory.

Hearing that our 97th Regiment is known as "The Sky Blues" (to distinguish them from the ordinary Blues)

A TRUCE TO TRUCES!

[Views of the Fighting Member, on either side of the House, who is about to take a sporting holiday after being for a long time condemned to inertia.]

Let us go hence: this thing has got to cease.
We cannot bear no, not another day,
The intolerably piping times of peace
Wherein our savage instincts get no play.
Let us go hence, I say.

Nothing occurs: we simply wait and wait,
Watching the mist that shrouds Olympus' peak,
Where at their love-feast sit the heavenly Eight,
And through the veil, from week to weary week,
Nothing's allowed to leak.

The brooding atmosphere from up above
Infects us with the fatal germ of truce,
Till we've forgotten how to hack and shove
And left our brawn to rot for lack of use.
This is, indeed, the deuce!

Let us go hence and slay: let us have blood.
The hour is ripe to renovate our verve
With moving incidents by moor and flood,
And show the nation how we still preserve
A pretty fighting nerve.

Come let us pull the grouse-bird off the gale
And in his fastness fell the ruddy stag,
Or, greatly daring, on a humbler scale,
Induct the rabbit (should he pause or lag)
Into the gaping bag.

Three happy months of slaughter! So we'll urge
Our backward course refreshed to bear once more
The bloodless tedium till the Eight emerge—
And then we ought to see on this old floor
Some fun worth waiting for! O. S.

MORE LINKS WITH THE PAST.

I.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My father was born on April 1, 1661. He was thus quite a small boy when the Great Fire of London was raging, and I have often heard him tell how it began at Pudding Lane and ended at the Monument, which was (he said) at one time so surrounded by flames that it was feared that at any moment it would fall. I was born when my father was a hundred and sixty-three, in 1804, and I am now one hundred and six. The only drawback to this great age, for I have all my faculties, is the congested state of the cake on my more recent birthdays, few cakes being now made, such is the decadence of the confectioner's art, to accommodate more than fifty or sixty candles at the most. Yours, etc., DEBORAH TRIM.

II.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think you will be interested in hearing that I was born as long ago as 1880, and it was, I remember, on the day when I was twenty that the present HOME SECRETARY was returned as a Conservative for Oldham. Many persons seem wholly to have forgotten this historic event. Yours, etc., MEMOR.

"In the operating room department Dr. Gimlette explained the treatment of fractured bones by means of metal plates screwed into the bones themselves. The King, on inquiring how the holes in the bones were made, was informed by the Inspector-General that they were made by a gimlet."—*The Times*.

Not bad for an impromptu; but wasn't it just a little familiar of the Inspector-General?

TAM HTAB.

MANY years have passed since first I met this individual, and I have been brought into contact with him at fairly regular intervals ever since. I did not always come upon him in the same place, but there was little variety in his habitations. They were always small, and all of them, if one might judge by their fittings, were reserved for a certain ritual of a cleansing character. Tiles, enamel-paint, and handles of polished metal were usually prominent in the scheme of decoration; there were rough white cloths hung against the walls; various detergents were to be found in convenient receptacles, and large lustral implements, apparently destined for the absorption of moisture, were displayed here and there. The individual of whom I have spoken always lay prostrate on the floor in an attitude suggestive both of repose and of humiliation. His garb was simple. For my own part, I think I never saw him dressed otherwise than in white, with his name stamped in bold red letters across his body; but there are amongst my friends some who assure me that they have seen him in red, with a white name impressed upon him. I cannot satisfactorily account for this change. I merely note it, with the suggestion that a faint desire for variety, as a mitigation of the rigours of his imprisonment, may have brought it about. Possibly, however, my friends were mistaken.

There can be no doubt, I think, but that my friend—for in that light I have come to regard him—is a native. His first name, it is true, has a familiar, indeed an almost Caledonian appearance. Those, however, who have studied the customs of the Central African tribes assure me that names like Ben and Bill and Dick are not infrequently used both by chiefs and by the inferior classes of the populace. There, seems, therefore, to be no reason why Tam should not find its place in this system of nomenclature. The construction and the appearance of the name Htab are to my mind conclusive. Its four letters breathe the very spirit of the trackless forests and the dismal swamps of the Dark Continent. There is in its sound the authentic ring of barbarism.

My poor friend is, no doubt, a great sufferer. He lies there as one who offers himself to be trampled upon, and in my thoughtless Anglo-Saxon way I have not scrupled, I regret to say, to take advantage of his mild and submissive attitude. He bears the marks of many feet, yet no word of complaint has ever been heard from him. Indeed, no word of any kind has broken his silence, and I have been led to infer that nature has afflicted him with dumbness, since not even a shower of cold water has availed to make him protest. Yet I have gathered from certain hints, from slight changes of posture and the like, that there was once a time when his name was clear and glorious, and that if things could be other than they are—a difficult but not an impossible hypothesis—if the dealings of man with him could by some chance be reversed, we should understand him better and be moved to a more appreciative pity of his fate. In the meantime I can do nothing except to bring before the public the story of his humility and his wrongs.

"A garden fête is to be given in the grounds of the Old Palace, Richmond, to supplement the proceeds of the 'Country Fair' recently held in aid of 'Our Dumb Friends' League,' at the Botanical gardens, Regent's-park.

'Great Fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas,
And so ad infinitum."

Morning Leader.

This particular form of appeal does not move us.



AU REVOIR.

LORD DAMOCLES (to the Sword). "SORRY TO LEAVE YOU, OLD BLADE. SEE YOU AGAIN AFTER THE HOLIDAYS."



Michel. "I'VE PLAYED FOURTEEN. HOW MANY HAVE YOU?"

Basil. "TWELVE."

Michel. "BUT IS THAT COUNTING ALL THE AIR STROKES?"

PALFREY'S TORTOISE.

PALFREY, the only man in the office who does not play golf, and is not addicted to any form of exercise, except with a paper-cutter, has acquired a tortoise. He has been interviewed as to his reasons for this rash act, and has denied (1) that he wanted it to go country walks with; (2) that he wanted something to love him unselfishly and without any fuss; (3) that he confused it with a mongoose, and thought it would kill rats; (4) that he believed tortoises moult every year, and had a scheme to use its discarded shells, silver-mounted, as wedding-presents. Palfrey explained that he took the tortoise home with him from motives of humanity. It had escaped from a shop, and had been arrested for loitering by a policeman who proposed to send it to the Cat and Dog Home.

"Hardly a suitable place, constable," said Palfrey, mildly. "Don't you think it would feel lonely there?"

"It could share a cell with a tortoise-shell cat," said the constable.

"If I take charge of it and advertise it, will that be all right?"

So Palfrey became possessor of the tortoise at the cost of a shilling to the policeman and an eighteen-penny adver-

tisement, which nobody answered, that if not claimed within six days the animal would be sold to defray expenses.

This is Palfrey's account of the transaction. But I have reason to believe that he bought the tortoise, spot cash, for a shilling, because he had just taken up gardening and had read somewhere that a tortoise is almost indispensable to kill slugs. But he has been no more fortunate than the man who bought a quantity of a much-advertised insect powder and put it down for beetles. They finished what he put down, and came back, with more beetles, for a second helping. The grocer who supplied the powder seemed puzzled for a moment. Then the true explanation occurred to him. "You must have the wrong kind of beetle in your house, Sir. That's how it is." Well, Palfrey has got the wrong kind of tortoise, the kind that lives on lettuces, sharing them amicably with the slugs it should destroy. Having omitted to obtain any warranty with the tortoise, he has no remedy against the previous proprietor. But, as I pointed out to Palfrey, he has not had the tortoise long enough to be certain that it is a vegetarian.

"I have what amounts to proof."

"As how?"

"It doesn't smoke, or drink, is a member of the Pence at Any Price Party, and goes about bare-headed. So it is almost certainly a vegetarian. However, it's really very companionable. It comes down the road to meet me on my way from the station."

"Does it come far to meet you?"

"Not very far in distance. But it's the spirit of the thing that counts. You see it only starts to meet me in the evening just after I leave in the morning. And then it's slightly uphill. Makes itself very useful about the house, too. I put it down on a newspaper in the garden, on Sunday, to prevent the thing from blowing away, and it kept it down for five hours. In fact, it was so absorbed in its work that I didn't like to take the paper away for fear of hurting its feelings."

"What was the paper?"

"The Spectator."

"Have you written to the editor about it yet?"

"No. Should I?"

"Well, perhaps he could hardly use it as a proof of intelligence in tortoises that your one had gone to sleep over The Spectator. What do you give it to eat?"

"Slugs," said Palfrey shortly.

"I thought you said it ate lettuces, instead of slugs."

"That's quite true, but slugs are provided. Its idea evidently is to füll them into a senso of false security by pretending it is one of themselves. But it is taking a long time in getting to business."

"Look here, Palfrey, I don't believe you care twopence about tortoises. Why did you buy this one?"

"Do you like gardening shop?" Palfrey asked.

"Not a bit."

"Well, I don't care for golf shop, and you and Dumbell and Bewster and Carsill talk nothing else at lunch-time five days a week. So I got this tortoise as a counter-irritant, and I mean to tell you every day how many strokes it takes to go round the sundial, and if it keeps a good line from the first tea-rose to the trysting-arbour, and how it got dorny three on the wensel by catching it asleep, after hooking its approach into a rabbit-hole. I'll back my tortoise, at level money, against any three golf bores. What takers?"

A BUSINESS GOUVERNMENT.

[According to *The Manchester Guardian*, the Post Office has been studying American methods of totting for telephone subscribers. Printed "Canvassing notes" have now been issued to some of our postmasters to assist them in this new branch of work.]

FURTHER evidences of Government enterprise will be found in the following:—

Do you know our charming
POSTAL ORDERS?

If not, try one.

Beautifully tinted, with portrait.

Prices to suit all pockets.

Nothing makes a more acceptable birthday present for a friend.

Sold in many styles, including the following well-known kinds:—"The Tanner," "The Bob," "The Quid," etc.

N.B. We specially recommend our "Half-a-thick-un" line, which is suitable for the use of schools.

An Uncle writes:—"Please send three more of your 'Half-a-thick-un' orders. My small nephews like them ever so much better than gifts of books."

Dainty Sample Order sent on receipt of six stamps.

Have you that tired feeling which comes to people who, having sent out a messenger, wait wearily for an answer that seems long in coming?

Lovers hungering for quick replies, business men pacing your office impatient for a prompt answer, why suffer as you do when, by use of our famous
EXPRESS MESSENGERS

you might know what you want to

know at once at a cost of only 3d. a mile?

PIP STREET ELEMENTARY SCHOOL,
LONDON, E.

Large Playground. Drill. Liberal Education. No Fees.

We gain far more Secondary School Scholarships than any private or preparatory school in the district.

High o'er the Union fence leaps Sunny Jim,
Workhouse surroundings are no more for him.

Why grow old when our

"FIVE BOB" OLD AGE PENSIONS

will keep you young and smiling?

No old person should be without one.

Write to-day for address of nearest agent.

'AT THE 18TH.'

I.

("Favete linguis."—*Horace*.)

STILL,

Rippling rill!

Quiet, ye whispering elms!

O'er all Dame Nature's realms

Let silence come.

Hush,

Generous thrush,

Forbear awhile to thrill us!

Hop soft, hilarious gryllus,

And be dumb!

Let every natural mouth be shut—

For Smith (yes, *Smith*) is going to putt.

" * * * * "

II.

("Latret natura."—*Lucretius*.)

Cuw,

Hovering daw!

Gryllus, resume thy note!

And, mavis, give thy throat

Its fullest compass!

Crash,

Quivering ash!

Give tongue, ye startled kine!

Let nature raise, in fine,

A tactful rumpus.

E'en then, let decent ears be shut—

For Smith (yes, *Smith*) has missed his putt!

Two Cuttings from "The Daily Mail";

"The independent Republic of Andorra covers an area of 175 square miles and has about five thousand inhabitants."

"Andorra consists of three valleys hemmed in by mountains. The area is 600 square miles and the population 8,000."

People say life is dull, but it is really full of variety.

Commercial Candour.

"Non-refillable bottle. More than 100 have been invented, unworkable; mine is. Wanted partner with £15,000."—*Advt. in "Birmingham Daily Post."*

"Owner exclusive option, first and only patent meeting no needs, big industry, already fully tested. Invites co-operation."—*Advt. in "The Times."*

MUSICAL NOTES.

BRITISH CONSTITUTIONAL CONCERTS.
DR. WOLFGANG SCHUBERT'S
NEW OPERA.

THE scheme for the forthcoming series of British Constitutional Concerts keeps to much the same lines as in former years. Thus, while Monday is reserved for the compositions of STRAUSS, and Tuesday is earmarked for DEBUSSY, Wednesday will be devoted to the works of STRAUSS and DEBUSSY, while Thursday will be consecrated to those of DEBUSSY and STRAUSS. On Fridays the programme will be of a miscellaneous character, being confined to works by Russian, Mæso-Gothic, Mingrelian, and Bessarabian composers, while the Saturday programme will be shared between representative works of the Young Turkish, Podolian, Neo-Celtic and Bantu schools. The bâton will be wielded, as on former occasions, by M. Joskin Narwhal.

Amongst the new works set down for performance those of the Neo-Celtic school naturally claim especial attention. Mr. Cyril Keltie is to the fore with a new "Wee Free" Fantasia, in which prominence is assigned to a Pibroch for four-and-twenty pipers. Mr. Heinrich Oldbuck's novelties consist of a set of 192 variations on, "Merrily danced the Quaker's Wife," and a tragic scena, entitled "The Buth-chairman's Credo," based on Mr. MEEK's poignant autobiography. The Bantu composers will be well represented by Professor Bantock, who will conduct his new Ethiopian Extravaganza, "Ten Minutes in Tanganyika," and a comic symphonic poem called "Moshosh and Mosilikates."

Several of the successes of the last two seasons will be repeated, so that the public will be in the fortunate position of again hearing such masterpieces as Sparchenpfing's "Carburetta" overture, Mr. Oldbuck's "Clapham Junction" suite, and Mr. G. H. Clutcham's incidental music to "Belle and the Dragon." Room will also be found for Mr. Donald Bovey's monumental "Mammoth" pianoforte concerto, which has never yet been performed in less than 200 minutes, and for Dr. Mordecai Jamrach's concerto for tuba, in which occurs the momentous episode for four baker-loons, an instrument in which Sir EDGAR SPEYER takes a special interest.

Dr. Wolfgang Schubert has written an interesting letter to the *Harmonicon*, about his new miniature operetta, "The Kidnapped Countess." He says:

"There is none of the *terribilità* of Michelangelo in the libretto, and I have not shirked the saucy flippancy of the story, though never overstepping the bounds of perfect propriety. The second Act ends with a *Mariska macabre*, and the duet between the pantry boy and the third footman in the servants' hall takes the form of a compact *résumé* of 69 motives from my previous works. The part of the demented Duke is specially written for an artist named Bartolozzi, who possesses an entirely original type of voice, to which I have given the name of *mezzo-tinto*. Besides thirteen other large solo parts my little operetta contains twenty-seven smaller solo parts, including four dumb waiters, a tweeny-maid, and the village idiot. I may add that I have already finished the first seven Acts, and the remaining five have only to be orchestrated."

SEASIDE FASHIONS.

It is reported that hats will again be conspicuous by their absence at the most fashionable seaside resorts this year, though a few of the most exclusive men will be wearing the colours of the Household Brigade on straw hats. It is thought by those with the least knowledge that only members of the Guards' regiments should sport the well-known colours, but this is an entirely erroneous idea. Personally, we think the most fashionable and gentlemanly attire is a cycling suit of grey cloth, with grey woollen sweater and cloth cap—the latter decorated with a nickel or plated silver badge of one of the more select cycling clubs, such as the Upper Camberwell Polytechnic Rovers—and with this costume a watch-chain with cycling medals is indispensable. A "button" portrait of a lady friend adds a pleasing touch to the left lapel of the coat, or may be worn in front of the cap. Grey stockings and low cycling shoes complete a very smart appearance.

A yachting costume, consisting of white drill or flannel trousers, blue reefer coat and yachting cap, with the badge of any well-known yacht club, will be in favour with many of those desirous of prestige on "the prom." The wearer may not be connected with any of the craft in the offing or at anchor in the bay, but a good impression can be created by suitable sartorial suggestion.

For ladies also the cap of the R.Y.S. is the most effective headgear and goes well with a white Glory Quayle jersey.

Men's socks will be in the brightest colours, "rainbows" being the most likely to predominate, and the shoes—



G. Wallis Mills, 1910.

MORE LETTERS OF A PARLOUR-MAID.

From Annie's correspondence with a friend about her new situation. "I DON'T SUPPOSE I SHALL STAY—THE OLD MAN'S THE LIMIT. HE'S THE FIRST MASTER I EVER HAD WHO OBJECTED TO ME YAWNING WHEN I HAND THE DISHES."

boots are quite out of fashion nowadays—should be of the lightest yellow leather, with large bows on the laces. In colour, the tie worn need not correspond with the socks, and there will be great latitude in the shapes allowed. The most dressy is the "butterfly" bow, with a sailor's-knot end hanging down below, and these are now made in silk, cotton or satin, either plain, flowered or spotted. A pale blue satin ground ornamented with crimson silk flowers is likely to find great favour.

For evening band parades, tweeds or self-coloured cloths are quite the thing, in colours ranging from green to magenta. The one requisite is that the coat must be cut with very tight-fitting waist. Ample skirts, in which the pockets must be placed diagonally, are the "*dernier cri*." The handkerchief is always worn in the left sleeve, and not less than three inches should protrude. The trousers must be turned up to show the socks, and the hat should be set a little to the back of the

head. Woodbines or Tooters should be worn with this costume, as they lend a dashing air to the *ensemble*, though a heavily silver-mounted briar may be used on occasion if preferred.

A Reuter telegram from New York, as printed in the *Manchester Daily Dispatch*:

"The temperature remains in the nineties, with much humidity."

Thus Nature endorses the national characteristic.

"If anything happens on board the *Montrose* after to-day, the news is not likely to reach this country before to-morrow or Thursday."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

Of course, it is only quite a simple thought, but how true and how beautifully expressed!

"Mr. Houseack was not able to come, owing to absence."—*East Anglian Daily News*.
He must try to think of a better reason next time.

WORDS IN SEASON.

[The Editor of *Punch* cannot hold himself responsible for the seasonalness of this article on the actual date of issue.]

A FORECAST.

ALTHOUGH yesterday was another wet and sunless day, holiday-makers have every reason to look forward to more reasonable weather in the near future. The anti-cyclonic depression to which we called attention last week is now veering towards the North-west, accompanied by a barometric disturbance of considerable intensity. This pressure in the ordinary way would spell rain, but when taken into consideration with the local area of the atmospheric bar, and the calorific influence of the Gulf Stream, its significance cannot be neglected. A further point in its favour is the absence of any decided circular impression and the increased volume of the trade winds. Nor must the surcharged density of the Newfoundland fog banks be minimised, though this is largely counteracted by the added voltage. Fortunately the dew-point remains steady.

Summing it up, then, we may say that, as long as the thermometric conditions are unaltered, there is every indication of an improvement in the proscribed area; the only thing to fear now being a pronounced typhonic activity from the North-east. This, however, is unlikely.

REPORTS FROM HOLIDAY RESORTS.

	Dir. Sunshine.	Tem. Rain.	Remarks.
Bournemouth . .	0.7	2.34	Glorious.
Margate	—	1.9	Delightful.
Hastings	0.001	3.0	Lovely.
Brighton	—	8.76	Spiffing.
Eastbourne . . .	0.3	6.19	Top-hole.
Iceland	14.6	—	So-so.

A SONG FOR THE SUMMER.

Is it raining? Never mind—
Think how much the Birdies love it!
See them in their dozens drawn,
Dancing, to the croquet lawn—
Could our little friends have dined
If there'd been no worms above it?

Is it murky? What of that,
If the Owls are fairly perky?
Just imagine you were one—
Wouldn't you *detest* the sun?
I'm pretending I'm a Bat,
And I know I like it murky.

Is it chilly? After all,
We must not forget the Poodle.
If the days were really hot,
Could he wear *one* woolly spot?
Could he even keep his shawl?
No, he'd shave the whole caboodle.

GREAT EVENTS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED ON DULL DAYS.

ARISTOPHANES wrote "The Clouds" on just such a day as this.

JAMES WATT discovered the Steam Engine on a wet day. If it had been a fine day he would have been having tea in the garden, and wouldn't have been allowed near the kettle.

ELIZA COOK composed some of her best poems on damp afternoons when she couldn't get out.

CHARLES MACINTOSH invented the macintosh during a spell of rain. Another period of humidity led in olden times to a similar invention by CATO BALBO AQUASCUTO.

The shades of night were falling fast as through an Alpine village, passed a youth who bore 'mid snow and ice a banner with the strange device, 'Excelsior.' Probably you couldn't do that on a hot summer afternoon.

And lastly, the English Academy of Letters was founded on a wet day. Think of that!

THINGS THAT CAME OUT WITH THE SUN.

Imitation Panamas.

Freckles.

Christmas Numbers.

Channel Swimmers.

Gnats.

Sunshades in the front rows of the Grand Stand.

Do you like any of these? No. Then don't be silly.

WHAT, HOWEVER, WE REALLY THINK.

All together:

"Blank the weather!"

A. A. M.

THE PERSONAL POSTER.

WE understand that considerable stir has been caused among electioneering experts by an incident that occurred in a recent by-election. As reported in the Press an aged citizen of one hundred and four was driven to the polling station in a wagonette decorated with a placard bearing the words: "The oldest voter in England converted to Tariff Reform." There seems to be little doubt that this suggestive device will be much in evidence at the next general election. The idea has been adopted with enthusiasm by the agents of both sides.

Our representative called yesterday evening upon the senior partner of a firm of printers which makes a speciality of this sort of work, and had a chat with him upon the situation. We regret that we are not at liberty to publish his name, and we feel that it would be best not to give any clue whatever as to his identity.

"Yes," he remarked, in answer to a singularly pertinent query on the part of our representative, "the last election was remarkable for the development of the poster. You may take my word for it that in the next the most powerful political weapon in the field will be the vehicular placard—if I may so call it.

"Yes"—our representative had interjected another telling observation—"we are already overwhelmed with orders. Voters are being asked to report any little peculiarity they may possess to head-quarters, and these are being embodied in terse and striking phrases. It begins to look as if almost every conveyance that comes up to the poll will carry a placard, and the effect of this personal touch—if I may call it so—is bound to be enormous." He lifted a large square of cardboard that had been propped up against the desk. "Here is an example," he went on, "from Worcestershire. What do you think of it?"

The placard bore the words, in massive purple characters, "A NATURALISED GERMAN WANTS EIGHT AND WON'T WAIT." The printer began to turn over a pile of boards at his elbow.

"Here is one from Scotland, very striking in its way—THE ONLY NEGRO IN KIRKCALDY VOTES FOR HOME RULE." And here are several others—"THE TALLEST MAN IN KENT MEANS TO HAVE A SMALL HOLDING;" "A RETIRED SMUGGLER CONVERTED TO FREE TRADE;" "A PROFESSIONAL SWORD SWALLOWER DISAPPROVES OF FOOD TAXES;" "A DEAF STONE-BREAKER WELCOMES THE MOTOR TAX;" "DISTINGUISHED AIRMAN SUPPORTS THE NEW LAND TAXES."

"And this?"

"Ah, that comes from Lancashire. I think it would be hardly fair to tell you which party it was ordered by, but you will agree with me that it is bound to have its effect—"THE VILLAGER IDIOT SUPPORTS THE VETO."

As our representative turned to go he stumbled over a placard in the form of sandwich boards.

"Is this one of them?" he asked, turning it over.

"Well, no, not exactly. That is a private order. It does not come from either political party." Our representative read:—

"THE ONLY SELF-RESPECTING MAN LEFT IN THE DIVISION PREFERS TO WALK."

Another Result of the Weather.

In its list of New Books *The Evening Standard* prints *Profitable Fruit-Growing* under the heading "Fiction."



New District Visitor. "CAN YOU TELL ME IF THIS IS—AH—PARADISE AVENUE?"

Rough. "ONEYNUKLE GROVE THIS IS. PARADISE IS THROUGH THE HARCH WHERE YER SEE THEM BLOKES FIGHTIN'!"

THE BOY AND HIS POISE.

[*"Let boys be as still as they like until their mind has got its poise and purpose, and then let them become Roosevelts."*—*Sir Gilbert Parker.*]

I WATCHED him at the stair-head on a tray;
He had not stirred while thirty seconds rolled;
Not this the mere barbarian at play,
Aimlessly bad or ignorantly bold;
He knew the pleasure of the picturesque,
And how to salt the savour of his joys;
Silent he sat, motionless, statuesque,
Getting his poise.

But lo! a touch, a start, a quickening glide,
A clanging, clattering, nerve-destroying din,
An Indian shriek, a swift toboggan slide—
And all the hall a haggis, boy and tin!
Then from the wreck unwounded, grimly bland,
His passion for adventure still uncured,
He rose one boil of resolution and
Purpose matured.

And so he trampled all the dahlias down,
Emptied his airgun in the stable cat,

Upset the blacking on the housemaid's gown,
And left the butter where his sister sat.
And, when once more I heard him mount the stair
And cease upon the landing with no noise,
I knew his purpose, and I did not dare
Wait for his poise.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Now that the holidays are here, *Mr. Punch* begs leave to direct the goodness of his readers to the needs of the children for whom there are no holidays unless they come as a gift from kind hearts. Last summer the Fresh Air Fund gave a day in the country to over two hundred thousand children and a fortnight to four thousand. Ninepence is the very modest cost of a day's holiday, and ten shillings means a whole fortnight. *Mr. Punch* begs that those to whom holidays come as a matter of course will not forget the poor children of our cities, but send some offering to the Hon. Sec. of the Fresh Air Fund, *Mr. ERNEST KESSELL*, 23, St. Bride Street, E.C.



Jane. "I'VE SOMETHING ON ME MIND, 'ARRY, THAT I HARDLY KNOWS HOW TO TELL YER."

'Arry. "ART WIV IT."

Jane. "I'M AFRAID YER WON'T MARRY ME IF I TELLS YER."

'Arry. "ART WIV IT."

Jane. "I'M A SONAMULIST, 'ARRY."

'Arry (after prolonged pause). "NEVER MIND, JANE, IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT. IF THERE AIN'T NO CHAPEL FOR IT, WE'LL BE MARRIED AT A REGISTRY."

HESPERIA!

LAST week we intelligently anticipated some of the questions in the examination which the Great Western Railway is conducting with the idea of testing the competitor's knowledge of the country served by that line. We are fortunate to secure a few more questions from a paper dealing exclusively with the resemblance between Cornwall and Italy, as suggested by the well-known poster of the G. W. R.

1. What proofs can you give in

support of the theory that the Phœnicians did not visit Cornwall in search of tin (as generally supposed), but came with messages of reproach from Dido to Æneas, mistaking the shores of the Duchy for Italy on account of the similarity of shape?

2. Compare the character and history of King MARK of Cornwall with those of MARCUS AURELIUS.

3. What claims have (a) Falmouth to be considered the Venice, (b) Bodmin the Florence, and (c) Truro the Rome of the West Country?

4. Write a short philological treatise on the distinction (if any) between Scilly and Sicily.

5. Contrast (a) The Logan Stone with the Leaning Tower of Pisa, (b) Bishop TRELAUNY with Pope PIUS IX., (c) A Cornish pasty with a Bologna sausage.

7. Translate into Italian "Do 'ee belong to be zizicling?" and give some comparative account of the literary labours of Sir A. T. QUILLER-ROUCH (Fowey) and VIRGIL (Mantua).

ICONOCLASTS.

(Induced by a long study of the snapshots in the weekly illustrated papers.)

YE marksmen with the sliding shutter!
Ye shooters on the paddock's pitch!
Whose task it is to help to butter
The great, the noble and the rich;
How hard you make it for the motley
rhymers

To feel, as he desires, the fulsome throb
Of adulation for a world sublimer,
To be, in fact, a snob!

Oft have I oped with hand unsteady
The papers, where the earth's élite
Are sniped at social functions—ready
To fall and worship at their feet;
To treasure in my heart the actual
snigger

Wherein some Countess happened to
indulge;

To find the portrait of a ducal figure
And dote upon its bulge.

Alas for hopes! were these the faces
Of fairs that took the town by
storm?

The counterfeiters of courtly graces
And peerless beauty—potted warm?
Less like they seemed to Aphrodite's
laughter—

The grins you gave me—than the
tortured mug

Of Mrs. Tompkinson before (not after)
She took that tabloid drug.

Were these, ye gods! a Viscount's poses,
The boots, the attitude, the beam,
Of Capulets with Norman noses,
Of England's upper crust and cream?
Had I been meant to think that fashion's
splendour

Was tinsel after all (when fairly shot)
I might have handed in my faith's
surrender,

But was I? Surely not.

No, I was asked to gaze and tremble,
To laud, to envy, to admire

These seraphs whom you made resemble
Mere imbeciles with clothes on hire;
Can you not touch 'em up next time,
or tone 'em?

Or must I lacerate my trusting heart
With doubts if, after all, the summum
bonum

Consists in being smart? EVOH.



ET TU, BRUTE!

JOHN BULL. "AND THIS FROM YOU—AFTER ALL THAT I AND SHEPHERD'S BUSH HAVE DONE FOR YOU!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 25.

—As a rule attendance slack on Mondays, more especially during earlier hours of sitting. Members dutifully follow enticing example of PRINCE ARTHUR, who stretches his week-end holiday as far as it will safely go. Marked difference in appearance of House to-day. Men flock to it from far and near. PREMIER has promised to make statement on engrossing question of the Conference. At his request three questions put down by as many Members were postponed till to-day. Here they stand on the paper in everybody's hand. There, below Gangway on Ministerial side, sit the inquisitorial Trio, blushing at their personal prominence.

House suffers with impatience stream of preliminary queries, including a Shorter Catechism by permission of SPEAKER administered to PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE with intent to egg him on to action in matter of Law Guarantee business. All eyes fixed on PREMIER as he sits on Treasury Bench toying with sheaf of notes. Fancy he is feeling a little nervous, mood foreign to his habit. Certainly his hand seems to shake as he turns over the folios which doubtless contain text of momentous statement.

Those seated near note that the questions have been cut out and for greater convenience of reply pasted on top of separate sheets of foolscap. No. 45 stands in name of JOSEPH KING; 46 is WEDGWOOD's; 47 bears the honoured name of BYLES OF BRADFORD, still tarrying with us in Commons, while old chums like CAUSTON and WALTER FOSTER have gone to "another place."

Varying slightly in phrase, all demand information as to present state of affairs in the Conference and as to immediate prospect. PREMIER notoriously a hard man to "draw" at Question time. Too heavy a load for one horse; so three are harnessed to do the job.

"That'll fetch him," murmurs WINTERTON under his breath, regarding scene from over the way with intense interest.

Question 44 put and answered. "Mr. KING," cried the SPEAKER.

KING JOSEPH rose with solemnity fitting to occasion. In voice in which surging emotion was hardly suppressed he said, "I beg to ask the PRIME MINISTER Question 45."

With slow action, the reluctance of a man brought to face a grave crisis,



"WHY SHOULD A RADICAL WEAR A WHITE HAT?"

Why not a coronet, for instance, like Comrades Causton and Foster?

(Lord Byles of Bradford.)

up gat the PREMIER; stood by the brass-bound box, bringing his sheaves with him in shape of folios with the portentous questions pasted at top. There followed a pause while he readjusted his papers. But for the



THE AMAGEMENT OF "KING JOSEPH."
(Mr. Joseph King of North Somerset.)

matting on the floor (a faulty conductor of sound) you might have heard a pin drop if one had chance to fall.

"I will," said the PREMIER, "answer the three questions together."

Another pause, less perceptible in length, blood-curdling in intensity of emotion.

"I hope to be able to make a statement on the subject referred to."

Here another pause of greater duration. Something like a suppressed cry of "Ah!" ran along the crowded benches as Members drew themselves together, straining their ears to catch the momentous words.

"—during the course of this week."

Gathering up his precious folios he turned and resumed his seat.

There followed a moment of amazed silence. KING JOSEPH dreamily put his hand to his head with action suggestive of intent to cast down his golden crown around the glassy sea. WEDGWOOD stared about as if looking for some priceless vase, hoary with age of the renowned founder of his family, suitable for smashing. As for BYLES OF BRADFORD he made up his mind that the House of Commons is no longer a place for him. Happily there is another.

Then there broke forth a roar of laughter rising peal on peal.

The House saw the PREMIER's little joke and enjoyed it immensely.

Business done. — Budget Bill brought in and read a first time.

Tuesday. — SPEAKER in mellowest mood. Whether in surcease of pain or pleased anticipation of near holiday who shall say. Urbanity takes form of tender consideration for welfare and personal comfort of Members. RONALD HAY first to evoke the sentiment. Noble Earl, brought up in the Vice-regal court at Calcutta what time GEORGE CURZON represented his sovereign, has acquired something of the grace of manner and charm of speech native to his chief. Seconding an amendment designed to bestow preferential duties upon Empire-grown tea, memories of sojourn on banks of Ganges flooded his ingenuous mind. Proposed to treat House to disquisition on state of political affairs in India.

"Order! order!" said the SPEAKER. "That line of argument will be more suitable to-morrow when the Indian Budget will be considered."

Then, fearing he might have wounded the sensibilities of a still young Member, he added in sweetest tones, "The public lord must not exhaust himself."

Taking the hint, RONALD HAY sat down.

Later, Mr. HINDLE, who distinguished himself at the General Election



THE "EMPIRE-GROWN TEA" GOWN.

Colonel Serly and Mr. Hobhouse. "Oh, yes! Brought up to date and very fashionable, no doubt, but the same impossible features! No, thank you!"
 Mr. Bonar Law (aside to Mr. Alfred Lyttelton.) "These disguises don't seem to work, somehow, Alfred; it's really very disheartening!"

by recapturing Darwen long held by Unionists, drew upon himself a fresh flash of kindly light. Was proposing to deliver lecture illustrating injury that would be inflicted on the cotton industry by institution of Colonial preference. Got through his exordium when SPEAKER again interposed.

"The question before the House," he remarked, "has no reference to the cotton industry, and I must ask the hon. gentleman to come back to tea."

HINDLE's honest face glowed with pleasure. RONALDSHAY, heir to a marquissate, was merely besought not to wear himself out by untimely labour. He, a mere country solicitor, publicly asked out to tea by the First Commoner of the land.

Business done.—Indian Budget expounded by MONTAGU in excellent speech, a model of perspicuity.

Wednesday, August 3.—Adjournment of both Houses for Recess. Meet again with the fogs in November. PREMIER and PRINCE ARTHUR, shaking hands, heartily echo each other's "Au revoir."

"Taking it all in all," says PRINCE ARTHUR, "with special reference to the

latter half, this one of the pleasantest sessions I remember. You did a clever thing (I won't forget it when I take your place) by combining Easter and Whitsun holidays, giving us a decent time for recreation instead of two inconvenient scraps. Then came the Truce, when you and I of our helmets made hives for bees. No longer need for close attendance at Question time or later. Come when you like, go when you please. Why can't we always carry on business in this fashion?"

"Wait and see what November brings forth," said the ever-wary PREMIER.

Business done.—*Exeunt omnes.*

"Apparently the mother-in-law joke is not dead yet. From 'the other side' comes the statement that two well-known managers have received a petition, signed by many members of the gentle sex in Boston, urging them to suppress in futuro all allusions to mother-in-law, on the ground that they are for the most part vulgar and immoral."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

At the risk of prolonging the joke for one more week we protest against this attack on mothers-in-law.

TO "TIDDLES,"

A TOY POM.

["The Ladies Gwendolen and Violet were also present, looking charming as ever, each with her toy Pomeranian under her arm. These fashionable little creatures, from whom they are inseparable, wore bows to harmonise with their mistresses' exquisite toilettes."]

Fashionable Intelligence.]

TIME was, ere love assailed my lot,
 Dogs almost filled a heart to let,
 "They were the friends that failed one not,"

And so on, Tiddles—till we met.

Long have I woo'd your mistress coy,
 Taught her, at last, to call me
 "Tom;"

But you, you are her "Booful Boy,"
 Her "Tweesome Pot," her "Tiddley Pom."

My lips may scarce salute her brow,
 While you her lovely cheeks may lick,
 And she can kiss you—Heaven knows how!

The waste! It makes me simply sick!

Did ever dog so fuss about?
 Each side the door, or round her lap!
 Out, must come in, or in, go out—
 Lor', how I loathe you and your yap!

In that long-planned-for tête-à-tête --
 So tender it might well have been—
 There came your whine, and, cursing fate

And you, I had to let you in;

And hear, with speechless wrath, once more,
 "You'd love my dog if you loved me."

How could the darling so adore
 Your cupboard-loving tyranny?

For you don't love her for herself,
 You compound of conceit and greed,
 Posing beneath the biscuit shelf,
 Living to show-off and to feed.

But I have learnt one master-word
 To free me from your fell annoy:—
 BATH!—then you daren't be seen or heard
 For blissful hours, my Tiddley boy!

You "wait and see!"—some day I hope
 To work that watery spell anew,
 And while you're skulking from the soap,
 I'll win her, and be hanged to you!

Illustration by Music.

From a Church notice:—

"The subject of the Vicar's next address to men will be

MARRIAGE.

Organ selection from *Otello*."



Angler (who is telling his "big fish" story). "WHAT WEIGHT WAS HE? WELL, THEY HADN'T RIGHT WEIGHTS AT THE INN, BUT HE WEIGHED EXACTLY A FLAT-IRON, TWO EGGS, AND A BIT OF SOAP!"

WEATHER CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor of *Punch* cannot hold himself responsible for the seasonableness of this correspondence on the actual date of issue.]

SIR,—May I draw your attention to a holiday-maker's grievance? The Mayor, Corporation and Burgesses of Southpool deliberately and with malice aforethought attracted me to their town by the following devices—(a) Poster inscribed "Come unto these yellow sands," and depicting mixed bathing in the ripest costumes on a yellow beach, in a blue sea, and under a cloudless sky; (b) poster showing aviation meeting—same sky, sands, and sea, only deliciously shaded by the passing of flying machines; (c) a pamphlet stating that the average temperature of Southpool in July and August is 81° in the shade, and that the town is universally known as the British Naples.

When I arrived at this health resort I found that the sands, sea and sky were all grey, instead of yellow and blue, as per sample; that north-eastern winds caused the abandonment of the

flying meet; and that the only amusement in its place was a Free Trade orator suffering from a cold in his head. Nor did I hear a single resident or visitor allude to Southpool as Naples.

I am claiming damages from the Corporation for misrepresentation, and I intend in court to prove special damage as follows:—Three bottles of cough mixture at 2s. 9d.; carriage of fur coat from London, 3s. 6d.

Yours truly, NUDA VERITAS.

SIR,—May I indicate to parents and guardians a cheap amusement for children kept at home this summer? Construct a rain-gauge in the garden. Most gardens contain a useless sun-dial, and a mason will chip out a rain-gauge on it in a few hours. I was cheered and delighted this morning when my six-year-old boy ran into the house and said, "1.25 inch of rain last night, Daddy, and *The Daily Mail* says there's another depression coming—we'll beat the record yet."

Yours truly,

A THOUGHTFUL PARENT.

P.S.—By a slight alteration of the motto on my sun-dial I have made it applicable to a rain-gauge. It now runs:—

"Horas non numero nisi madentes"

(The only hours I record are the dripping ones.)

SIR,—Since it is admitted that electricity has much to do with the weather, may I draw your attention to the following facts? I have carefully noted the places where depressions originate, and I find that they all come from Protectionist countries. Not a single depression is mentioned as originating in Turkey—the only other Free Trade country in Europe. Is it not likely that our present weather is caused by the electrical devices of foreign manufacturers? If a fifty-per-cent. duty were instantly placed on imported macintoshes and umbrellas, it would no longer pay our rivals to create depressions artificially. Then, Sir, we should get back to the good old days when the thermometer always stood at 80° in the shade, and corn at 80s. per quarter.

Yours truly, ANTI-CORBEN.

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK.

WE, the explorers, got on to the mobus at Oxford Circus, not meaning to get off again until we came to Shepherd's Bush. Why should we, if we didn't want to? At that rustic spot there is an exhibition and it is called the Japan-British Exhibition. With the regrettable modern tendency to keep a good thing to oneself, the promoters have tried to hush it up, but the fact has leaked out. There is no deceiving George and myself when we are out for discovery. Thus, when the bus conductor told us that there was no Exhibition and that the whole thing was a piece of idle gossip, we simply didn't believe him. We were not to be put off, not, at any rate, until we got to the Shepherd's Bush entrance.

"Programmes, threepence each," said one native. "No change given here," said another. "Programmes, threepence each," said a third, and "This way out," said another. "Programmes," muttered the chorus, "threepence each." The Japanese are indeed a fluent race.

We paid our shillings and were allowed across the frontier. Here we were accosted by a special messenger, with information of the utmost secrecy and importance. "These programmes," he said, "are to be sold at threepence each." We said

that was as might be, and he came along with us, babbling gaily all the time. If fluent, the Japanese are a people of one idea, and that concerned in the main with programmes. "Perhaps," we said, "we shall find them a little broader-minded and better informed in and," and pressed forward on our pilgrimage.

When George and I are *en route* we like to see things that no one else has seen. So we passed over bridges and under arches, through gardens and groves, determined not to be distracted by the beauty of it all from our search for the out-of-the-way. Our curiosity was duly rewarded. The wall of Japan is made of corrugated iron, which contains a little door about half-way down, entirely unnoticed by the casual tourist. A little persistent pushing on the part of George opened it and revealed to us a magnificent panorama, some thirty feet below us. The discovery, in fact, consisted of an infinite number of

sheds and railways and more sheds and one more railway. We gazed in admiration.

"There must be there," I said, "some twenty trains. How beautiful and how Oriental!"

"How!" re-echoed George. "Real lines, real trains, real sheds, and look! real signals." He seized my arm in his excitement. "And," he shouted, "I do believe that that is a real man!"

We had only an hour to explore the whole country, but we could not tear ourselves away from our discovery. Some of the trains sat still; others moved about. The man produced a real pipe from his pocket and started smoking it, just to show how really real he was. It was indeed an engrossing sight, and we were a little annoyed to be interrupted by our

NOTES ON OUR SEMI-CERULEANS.

(With acknowledgments to "The Observer.")

IN response to several correspondents who have expressed a desire for information on the subject of University life, we make no excuse for publishing the following brief appreciations of several of the most prominent undergraduates at present in residence at Oxford and Cambridge.

Mr. Alexander Blagdon, of Brasenose, is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable specimens of the *mens sana in corpore sano* now pursuing his studies on the banks of the Isis. Before leaving Wivern, he was the best player of spillikins in the school, and in his third term won a quarter blue for that invigorating pastime. In his college regatta he has twice won the

crab-catching competition and carried off the 'Varsity water squash singles last term without losing a single set.

Mr. John George England, is, like Mr. Blagdon, a distinguished *alumnus* of Wivern School. When he left for Christ Church, which he entered in October, 1909, it was prophesied of him by his headmaster, "England will do something thrilling. He will reap fresh lustre for Wivern." And he did. In his first term he jerked a water biscuit from his rooms in Peckwater clean over Canterbury Gate,

striking a messenger on the nose, a thing that never happened before. He was proctorised four times in his first fortnight, and was unanimously elected to the Christ Church Fundits—perhaps the most select wine club at any university—besides gaining his half blue for auction-bridge. Indeed he would have got his full blue this term had not his doctor forbidden him to indulge in so exacting a pastime.

Mr. Boker, an old Wigglesberghian, has also crowded much into his first year of residence. In his freshman's term he read the whole of *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and became a vegetarian for ten days. He also won prizes in a college competition for the loudest socks and the most powerful solo on the banjo. Mr. Boker is of the natural type of player on all instruments, having immense articulation of wrist, great courage, and a capital temperament. But it is only by sheer hard



ANOTHER LONG-FELT WANT.

A SUGGESTION TO THE RAILWAY COMPANIES.

special messenger with the same old message.

"Young man," we said, "this is a wonderful prospect, and only you are vile. O-ya sa-me na-sai," which in Japanese, if properly spelt, means "Good night."

"Programmes, threepence each," he answered defiantly.

"It reminds me," said George, with a far-away look that did not include the messenger,—"it reminds me of nothing so much as the Central London Railway Depot, away in old England."

"Which is what it is," said the special messenger curtly. "Never mind," he added, as we turned away, a little depressed, "these programmes are really threepence each, but to cheer you up I will let you have a packet of half a gross for twelve-and-sixpence."

"You couldn't," I said, cheering up a little—"you couldn't lend us a couple, could you?"



"THE POINT OF VIEW."

Overworked London Clerk (taking short holiday on Sussex Downs). "So you've lived here all your life?"
Countryman. "YAS, SIR, AND FRASHIOUS TIRED OF IT I BE. AH, LUNNON'S THE PLACE; A MAN CAN FEEL ALIVE THERE. WHIV,
I FEEL LIKE AS IF I WAS SHUT UP IN A BOX LIVING HERE."

work that he has become the performer he is. Indeed the Bursar, who has rooms on the same staircase, was obliged to intervene on one occasion when Mr. Boker had practised for five hours on end. He has, however, quite deserted the banjo for the balalaika, for which he has gained his college colours.

Mr. A. J. Tootell is one of the most versatile undergraduates at present in residence. In his first year he proved himself the most accomplished jodeller in Cambridge, and at the May Week balls was by general consent admitted to be the strongest and heftiest two-stepper who took the floor. As a scholar, too, he is a man of mark, having twice in a Divinity paper translated of 'Popaioi' "The Pomaeans," while his hair is redder than that of any of his contemporaries. To crown all, he is the proud possessor of a motoring licence more frequently endorsed than that of any undergraduate automobilist. Indeed he is the only man living who has run down a bath-chair, a hedgehog and a turkey-cock in the same day.

THE OLD TÈMÈRAIRE.

[He jests at cars that never felt a wound.]

We drove among the untrodden ways

Beside the springs of Dove
 A car which there were few to praise
 And none at all to shove.

She bumped upon a mossy stone,
 Half hidden from the eye;
 Fair as a car can spin she spun
 And leapt towards the sky.

We were alone, and few could know
 When we two ceased to cuss;
 Ten miles we hauled her home, and, oh,
 The difference to us!

"The game had only been in progress ten minutes when there was a cloud burst, and the players were literally washed off the field."—*Manchester Evening News.*

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Per cent.
Lancashire ...	19	10	3	6	52.63

* Including one match in which team was washed away.

"B. B. Wilson cannot exactly be called one of Yorkshire's young players, for he has passed his 13th year."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

You see it is already a year since they let him into the Pavilion at half-price. He's getting quite a big boy now.

"At the police court to day C. B. Westmacott, manager of the Oscar Asche Company, was charged at the information of Inspector Shakespeare with having neglected to keep every passage of the Theatre Royal clear of persons standing during the performance of the 'Merchant of Venice.'"—*Sydney Morning Herald.*

What a chance, and simply wasted on them in Australia. Over here we have dozens of magistrates who could do justice to it.

"An application by an assistant master of the Bromley Road Schools for leave of absence in order to attend a special vaccination course in geography was submitted."

Bookerham Journal.

He might start with the Calf of Man.

"Housemaid wanted, steady and respectable (after Bank Holiday)."—*The Daily Telegraph.*
 A very severe test.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A guest invited to one of Mr. E. F. Benson's numerous and delightfully situated country houses may be pardoned for feeling a little like *Alice* on the further side of the *Looking Glass*. He has just been introduced to some one, let us say, as the simplest of good fellows, or even as the most heartrending of bores, but in a page or two his neighbour's characteristics begin to fade, his outlines grow dimmer and mistier, and he finds he was talking all the time to the *White*—I beg your pardon, to Mr. E. F. BENSON himself. In *Daisy's Aunt* (NELSON) there is no falling off in the output of charmingly inconsequent small-talk nor in the idyllic surroundings (if I may use a guide-book phrase), but I have a faint suspicion that the author was feeling a little hard up for a plot. The idea of the story is the same as that of BROWNING's poem, "A Light Woman," only you must reverse the sexes. We are invited to believe that a thoroughly good woman (and just engaged, too) would carry on a violent flirtation with a man about whose past she had learned a secret, in order to save her niece from marrying him. Nothing was eventually gained by the deception, for the truth, of course, was bound to come out if *Daisy* was ever to forgive her aunt, whom she had previously adored. However, if she had been told at once, we should have missed the riparian beauties of *Lady Nottingham's* house at Bray and the badinage at her breakfast table, and that would have been a pity.

There were several little things which I was going to say to Mrs. LOCKHART LANG in the way of gentle criticism of her story, *Bubbles and Troubles* (ALSTON RIVERS), but I have resolved now not to say them. The chief reason for this decision is that I have quite forgotten what the little things were, and can only recall that my final impression was of a book full of charm and gay spirits. If I had any points of difference with the author, they must have been very small points; well, let them go. A writer of Mrs. LANG's sex who is gifted with a touch as light as this and a humour as irresponsible is best taken as you find her. Wit and irony women have often exploited successfully in books; but this happy irrelevancy seems to me to be something new. So I take off my hat to Mrs. LANG and to the delightful *Peter*, and I beg her to give him another show in her next book. I must have some more of *Peter*, and that very quickly.

The theme which PAUL GWYNNE set himself,

In *Nightshade* (CONSTABLE), I fancy,

He lifted from a handy shelf

Of mediæval necromancy;

For if we probe and peer below

The trappings wherewithal it's shackled

We find the thing which, years ago,
GOTTHE and old KIT MARLOWE tackled.

It's quite ingeniously concealed

With science, very learned looking,

But none the less it stands revealed

As unmistakable recocking.

The points I recognised were these:

A modern *Faust* with variations,

Urged by a *Mephistopheles*

With certain mundane limitations.

But, if the skeleton is old,

It's clothed with very living tissues;

The scheme has all that it can hold

Of novel side (and other) issues;

The author gives, to cite a case,

Horrors of up-to-date invention

Which, even if I had the space,

I'd almost feel afraid to mention.



A PROSPECT OF A LONG WAIT.

Hairdresser. "Don't go, Sir! You're next!"

FRED GALE ("The Old Buffer"), and Lord BESSBOROUGH, and Mr. A. F. J. FORD, we get more than mere opinions on the game: we get history too. This book enables one (a little like GOLDSMITH's warrior) to shoulder a thousand bats and show how fights were won.

Fear (STANLEY PAUL) brings off a double event, for it strikes "a new note in fiction," and me with the horrors. In these short stories I am told, by the publishers, that "Miss Nesbit exhibits remarkable powers of imagination and insight into the psychology of the emotions," and I am not inclined to dispute the accuracy of that statement. Nevertheless, when I remember the delightful books which she has written, I admit that this exhibition of her versatility leaves me exceedingly depressed. It is a relief to add that there is one story which strikes an old note and a happy one. In "The Followers" no one, to borrow a picturesque phrase from America, is "scared stiff," and, although two people do jump into a river, they could swim quite nicely, and before even changing their clothes they decided to marry each other. But if you prefer something really grisly and gruesome, I recommend "John Charrington's Wedding."

There can no doubt be too many chats on the cricket field; for the shorter one's innings the longer one's talk. But the *Chats on the Cricket Field* of Mr. W. A. BETTESWORTH (MERRITT AND HATCHER) are not like that. These are interviews between a cricketer who no longer plays (but was very useful to Sussex in the eighties, and, having laid aside the bat, has taken to the pen) and many of the principal amateur and professional cricketers of the past twenty years. There is not an uninteresting or uninforming chat in the book, but one may be pardoned for preferring some of the old talks to the new. To hear TOM EMMETT's voice again is to receive something of a thrill. When we come to Mr. JAMES PYCROFT, and

CHARIVARIA.

* THE President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Portland, Oregon, U.S.A., has offered Germany armed assistance in the event of war with Great Britain. This may be a pretty compliment to Mr. REDMOND, but we have yet to learn how Germany welcomes this new embarrassment. The problem before her is not too easy even without Hibernian assistance.

"A woman," we are told, "who attempted to drown herself in the river at Lyons was brought to the bank by her two dogs, which she had tied to her neck, and which she intended should perish with her." It is not improbable that, as a result of this, many nervous bathers will now adopt the safeguard of wearing a necklace of Poms and Pekinese.

"The fair hair of the Anglo-Saxon," we are told, "is disappearing." But we are not going to worry. It will come into fashion again right enough before long.

The statement that Lord KITCHENER has been appointed Colonel of the 1st County of London Yeomanry caused some alarm among the Peace Party last week. It is all right, though. He has only been made Honorary Colonel.

"Mr. LLOYD GEORGE," says Sir ALEXANDER ACLAND-HOOD, "is valuing everything." We hope this includes a proper appreciation of the Navy.

Owing to a strike of grave-diggers in Paris, soldiers have had to be employed to do their work, and have been grumbling at their unmilitary task. If only the authorities had thought of calling it "Practice in throwing up earth-works!"

Not content with being a great actress, Madame SARAH BERNHARDT has now become a great grandmother.

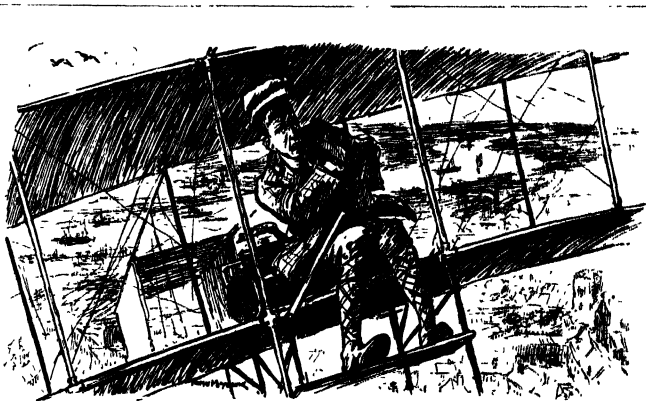
The Stroud Chamber of Commerce has passed a resolution in favour of smaller half-sovereigns. If at the same time they could be made a bit cheaper it would be a popular move.

À propos of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's suggestion that concerts should be given in our prisons, a gentleman writes to *The Daily Mail*, asking, "Why should not prisoners, instead of being amused at the expense of the public, amuse one another? Many of them are probably first-rate actors, and some perhaps musicians." This letter, we hear, has caused considerable offence in stage circles, where it is denied that the paucity of first-rate actors on the boards is due to the fact that so many of them are away in prison.

"A hawker named HENESSEY," we read, "was fined at Bow Street for attempting to throw a constable into one of the fountains in Trafalgar Square." Quite right, too! It would

We should have thought that the birds might easily be taught the duties of hired interrupters of political meetings, and so be put in the way of earning their living.

Fortune does not always favour the brave. The past week has been notable for a series of distressing accidents to daring spirits. A pickpocket in Vienna had to betray himself by screaming when a woman into whose bag he had put his hand suddenly closed it on his fingers. A lady in Paris was indignantly denying the impeachment that she was a shoplifter when a stolen alarm clock went off in her pocket. At Cloonmurry in Ireland a poor hurglar got caught in a chimney, and had to shout for help.



["As the intrepid aviator alighted he was seen to be calmly smoking a cigarette." See the *Papers*, always.]

THIS IS NOT TERROR AT IMMINENT CATASTROPHE. THE AVIATOR, HAVING SUCCESSFULLY GIVEN AN EXHIBITION FLIGHT, HAS JUST DISCOVERED THAT HE WILL BE UNABLE TO FINISH UP WITH THE MUCH-ADMIRED AND OFT-REPEATED CLIMAX, FOR HE HAS LEFT HIS CIGARETTE CASE AT HOME.

be an abominable thing if our policemen, who always look so spruce, were to be treated like that by just anybody into whose head the fancy entered.

The contemporary which, in its account of a recent appeal to the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, stated that British seamen object to being branded at Antwerp, was guilty of a peculiarly obvious misprint.

A horse belonging to a Bangor pork butcher died last week at the age of forty-one. His longevity is supposed to be due to the fact that he was not a pig.

The problem of what to do with two parrots, the property of a female pauper now in an asylum, is sorely exercising the minds of the Maidenhead guardians.

"Our greatest wealth is not in work and warehouses or balances at banks," says Sir W. H. BAILEY; "it lies on the shelves of our libraries." We had no idea that dust was so valuable.

We have much pleasure in recording Mr. Justice SCRUTTON's first judicial joke. He must persevere. A witness in the recent Gellynner Council case stated that he went to London to get some recreation ground by-laws, did nothing, and received £5 for his three days' trip. Mr. Justice SCRUTTON: "I hope you enjoyed your holiday" (*Laughter*).

The Ubiquitous Family.

"R. E. Foster was applauded for a clever bit of fielding in the county, and in taking the return fell over the wickets to the amusement of the spectators." *Worcester Daily Times*.

"Myers, in hitting a lob to leg, gave the umpire, Barlow, a good whack on the arm—a laughable incident." *Worcester Daily Times*.

We should like to hear BARLOW's version of this.

"On board the steamship were a number of missionaries, en route for the West Coast of Africa. In the vessel's cargo were also 20,000 gallons of New England rum, bound for the same destination." *The Daily Telegraph's New York Correspondent*.

This is headed "Bane and Antidote." We regard the order of these words as unfortunate.

GODIVA AND THE DOLLS.

[Under the Australian tariff, dolls are only admitted free if they are wearing no clothes whatever. A mere ribbon renders a doll liable to pay 25 per cent. on her value.]

OFTEN, when I am asked to say
(Touching the Female Right to Vote)
If women hold their own to-day
With heroines out of times remote,
Try as I will, I cannot trace
Among the ladies now alive a
Strict parallel to match the case
Of Coventry's sublime GODIVA.

BOADICEAS and JOANS OF ARC:
I've seen them, gowned in modern guise,
Answer the war-cry, "To the Park!"
Under the street's indifferent eyes;
In tailored garments seen them go,
Or blouses open to the weather,
But never one GODIVA, no,
In the ungarnished "altogether."

That was indeed a noble dame!
Altruist to the finger-tips,
For others' sake she let her shame
Suffer a short but sharp eclipse;
To stop the super-tax decree
That gnawed their vitals like a dragon,
Contrary to her custom she
Rode through the town without a rag on.

Where is the Suffragette, I ask,
Who, with a greater goal to win,
Would undertake so high a task
And sally out in just her skin?
Where is the Suffragist would ride
Up Downing Street (or even toddle)
In the exact costume supplied
To that superb equestrian model?

Such exhibitions might be made
The object of remark, no doubt,
But then they've always said it paid
To have the Movement talked about;
Till they perform this feat and fail,
Let none contend (the old evasion)
That they have tried, without avail,
All modes of peaceable persuasion.

This thought occurs to me because
I hear of puppets who elude
Australia's tricky Tariff-laws
By simply landing in the nude;
Types of the Sex—in wax and bran;
For *poupées*, even in the dim age
Of prime and prehistoric Man,
Were mostly made in Woman's image.

Madam, I won't commend a *coup*
Which Modesty might well deplore;
I merely cite what dolls can do,
I state the bare facts, nothing more;
They show that, if you'd fain defy
A monstrous man-made legislature,
Your fairest hopes would seem to lie
In a return to artless nature.

O. S.

Intelligent Anticipation.

"Geneva, August 1.—It is hoped that the June and July storms have ceased."—*Times*, August 4, 1910.

THE SANGUEDUCT.

I AM an eighteen handicap man at golf, but most erratic. On rare occasions I do a rather decent round. To do a round under ninety I would sacrifice more than anyone would believe.

Yesterday I did the first seventeen holes in eighty-six! I didn't cheat; my luck was uncanny.

The last hole is a three bogey, and the only hazard in it is a small artificial watercourse guarding the green. This hazard is my *bête noire*. I lead a continually growing agitation amongst members of the club for its removal. It is a very difficult carry from the eighteenth tee.

I got a good drive, but there was a head wind. There is a gentle undulation between the tee and the water-course, so until I actually reached the hazard I was ignorant of whether my ball was safe or not.

My opponent and marker was a clergyman.

My ball was in the ditch floating under some abutting earth.

Many could not have analysed their feelings then as I did (aloud), as follows. *N.B.*—After the lapse of time I withdraw nothing.

"Come here. I want to show you something. There—do you see it? That misshapen little lump of what they do the Congo atrocities for? There it is, floating about. (Witches float too, you know—the devil never allows his own to drown.) Yes, that's what they do; excel the horrors of the Inquisition in order to get the india-rubber to make a little swine of a ball like that. That's its origin, Sir, so one cannot be surprised at its behaviour. And I'll tell you something else. It looks white, and so it is—outside. That's just a coating of paint. But do you know what colour it is inside? It's black—black to the core—the colour of sin, and of the miserable race of slaves who were tortured so that it might be manufactured. And what does it do if you put it on the fire? Why, it smells abominably.

"Gone up sixpence in price, too, it has, because of the rubber boom. That's what they call irony. However, we'll leave that. The ball's not important. What I really want to commend to your attention is this ditch—I'll call it what other people call it, so as to make myself understood. This absolutely unnecessary watercourse. Everything in creation, however foul, however pernicious, has some useful function to fulfil; in some way fits into the scheme of the universe—save only this watercourse. I don't know why I say watercourse. 'Sangueduct' is, of course, its proper description. This ditch, I happen to know, was commenced on All Hallows Eve. Colonel Bulleigh, R.E., whose casting vote was responsible for its origin, has won a medal and five sweepstakes on this last green, through his opponent faring as I have done. What does this show, pray? That, like his rival, Colonel Bogey (also of the Sappers), he is in league with the Evil One!

"Boy, will you kindly break my clubs into small pieces and put the pieces one by one into this pretty drain which I have just been describing? They're good company for the ball, and fit occupants for the place.

"No, leave the ball there. I shall not complete the round to get a rotten 92. I shan't play golf any more.

"Now come home and have tea, Mr. Saintsbury. What are you staring at?"

Commercial Naïveté.

"—'s New Large Hat-box, large enough to be used as an empty box when the Tray and the Cage are taken out."



MENACE.

[China's ambitious activities in Tibet, which have been allowed in great measure to neutralise the effects of the British expedition to Lhasa (1904), are rendering it necessary for the Indian Government to concentrate troops on the North-east frontier.]



Coward (to lady who has taken refuge in ditch). "Didn't I assure you that a cow is only dangerous when it has lost its calf?"
Sher. "That's why I was frightened. I couldn't see a calf anywhere."

RUFUS' STONE.

[“That the spot where an event so memorable might not hereafter be forgotten this stone was set up by John Lord Delaware, who had seen the tree growing in this place.” Anno 1745.]

Inscription on Rufus' Stone, New Forest.]

THERE 's a word left out, there 's a word left out,
 There 's a word left out, there are possibly two;
 That something 's omitted admits no doubt;
 It 's as plain to me as it is to you.
 Whatever it is it 's enough to vex
 The turbulent soul of RUFUS Rex.

A dirty old woman stood close by,
 And a dirty old man stood close to her;
 They looked at me with a friendly eye,
 And the hag advanced and addressed me: “Sir” —
 In short, she hinted at RUFUS' ghost,
 And offered me cards for the halfpenny post.

The man had a bundle of clumsy sticks;
 He showed me three and he showed me four:
 “I 'm a fair old dealer,” he said. “No tricks;
 I made 'em myself, though I 'm only pore.”
 And the end of the eloquent words, he spoke
 Was an offer to sell a stick of oak.

I waved them away, and thus began—
 They were far from clean and as far from neat—
 “Lord D. was not a grammatical man,
 For the sense of his words is incomplete.
 There 's a *valde defendus hiatus* here” —
 But the hag said “Cards” and the lout said “Beer.”

They were far from neat and as far from clean,
 So I left them alone and thought about
 The growing tree which the Lord had seen
 When he wrote the words and he left one out.
 “The word is ‘happened,’” I cried. “Why seek a
 More plausible word? It 's that. Eureka!”

But still it 's queer that a man should write
 A faulty sentence on lasting stone,
 To be read as long as the sun gives light
 By thousands, and not by himself alone —
 A fact of which, I presume, Lord DELAWARE,
 When he wrote the inscription, was perfectly well aware.
 T.H.

“The Vicar of St. Anne's and his wife were at a garden party, presented with a piano by the members of the congregation of the Parish Church, in celebration of their silver rose bowl from the Sunday School teachers. — *Manchester Courier*. In reprinting the above *Punch* says: ‘The next thing to celebrate is the piano. In fact, once get started, and you can go on like this for ever.’ Obviously the omission of a line from the paragraph, relating to their silver wedding, has not escaped upon Mr. *Punch*. — *Manchester Courier*.

Better and better!

Describing the Autumn Manœuvres in the East of Scotland, a Glasgow paper states that

“A steam launch from the *Thetis* called at Leith for provisions, and this fact is taken by some to indicate that Edinburgh and Leith have fallen into the hands of the enemy.”

We understand that Edinburgh and Leith take the sanguine view that the launch may have called for provisions at Leith because the crew of the *Thetis* wanted something to eat.

Sammy.

SAMMY—as we all called LINLEY SAMBOURNE, and as we all thought of him, and always shall think of him to the end—SAMMY has left us. He had not been to the Table for some weeks, and not, since last autumn had he been his old bright twinkling self; yet, though we knew early that he was very ill, and latterly that it was unlikely he would ever be at work among us again, we had not with any thoroughness foreseen our loss. But now we know. SAMMY is dead, and the Table can never be the same again.

He was both our greatest pride and our greatest pleasure. His genius as an artist—his delicacy and his strength, his fantasy and his realism, the solidity of his work and its aerial grace—that, of course, was our pride. But to this he added as a cartoonist and weekly adviser the pictorial vision in its most highly developed form, seeing in pictures where most of us saw only in words or ideas, and knowing instantly not only what could be done, but—more important perhaps—what could not be done. And to this he added an astounding memory of the public events of his own lifetime, with no little knowledge of universal history and a vast store of out-of-the-way information, all of which was exact. It was these qualifications that made him, beyond his mastery of his medium, our pride. Others of us could remember that TENNIEL, say, had once used a certain fable in a cartoon, but it was SAMMY who would remark, "If you turn to March, 1863, you will find it." Others might fancy that they knew what, say, a German forage cap was like; it was SAMMY who, with a few strokes of his pencil, set it down accurately for the guidance of the junior cartoonist. For he was the kindest of helpers: the fruit of years of the closest observation was at the disposal of any who asked him.

These, then, were our pride—this treasury of fact, this vivid fancy, this creative eye, this generosity of mind. And our pleasure! Ah, that is not so easy to describe; impossible indeed with a hand that does not tremble a little. The SAMMY of our delight was inimitable, unique, a creature of drollery and mischief, shrewd yet naive, good talker, good listener, and most admirable laughter. Never again will the leg of TOBY, M.P., be pulled as only SAMMY could pull it; never again shall we hear the story of the Gnome King told in perfection. And SAMMY was our delight no less because he was also something of a butt. Next to making a joke himself, which he always signalled by an upward wave of his hand, he enjoyed a joke against himself. Age could not wither nor custom stale the body of myth which had gathered about him during his nine-and-thirty years at the Table; and every time any of these

legends were re-told—that one describing his adventures in Paris, for example, when the staff of the paper went over together in 1889; or that of his boasted friendship with an imaginary warrior, "General Stores,"—every time these ancient fables were re-told, always with new apocryphal garnish, SAMMY was the most delighted listener. In the grip of laughter his eyes danced, glistened and disappeared.

Best of his own jokes were his curious malapropisms, whether consciously artificial or unconsciously blurted, no one quite knows. But that they were genuine we shall all of us continue to hope. "It was so still you could have picked up a pin," is an excellent example; and again, "He hadn't a rag to stand upon;" and again, of a burden under which some public personage was suffering, "It's a White Elephant round the man's neck"—surely the finest compound image of embarrassment ever imagined!

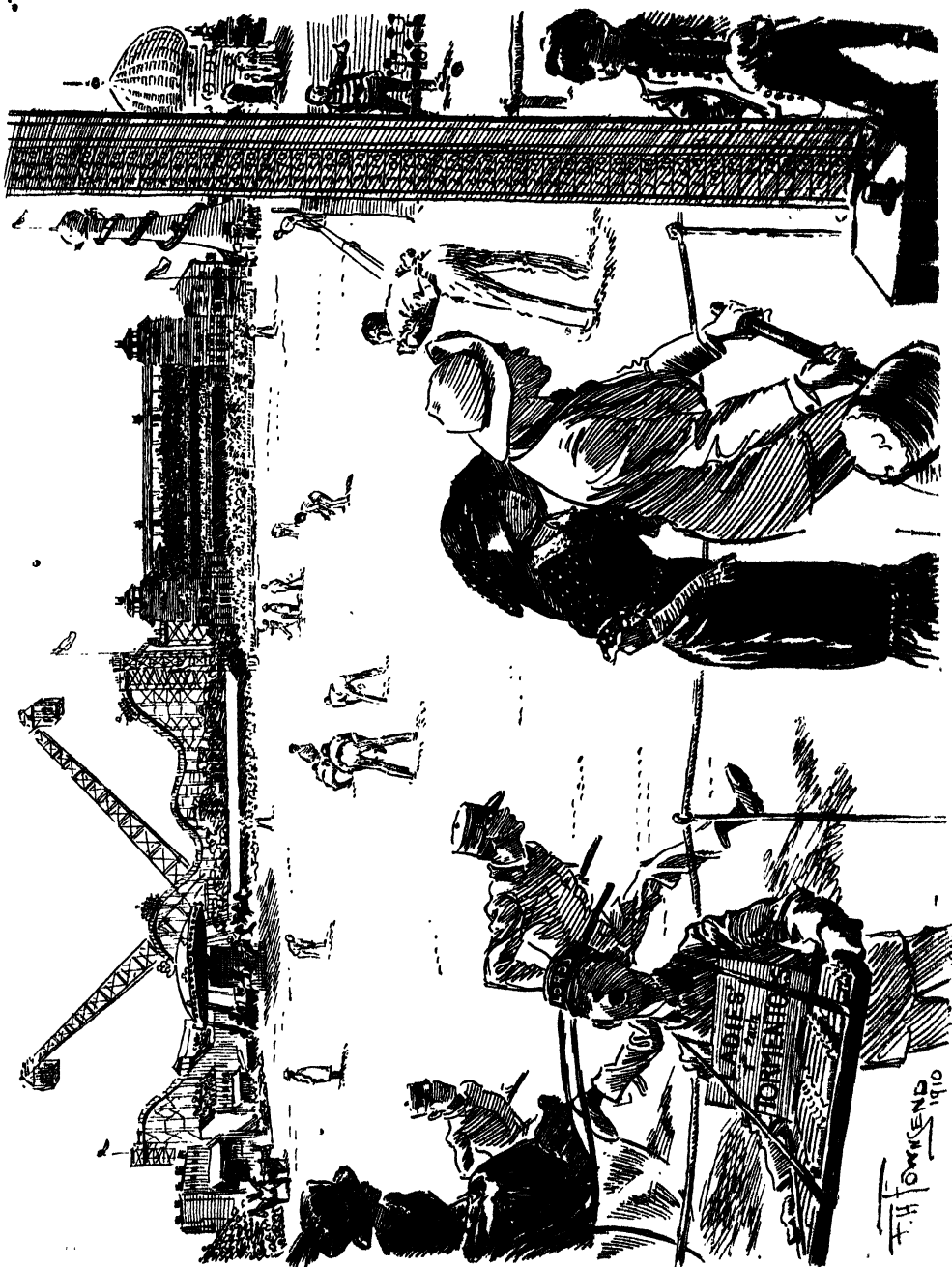
None of the photographs do SAMMY justice, for they omit animation. His expression was capable of extreme vivacity and his eyes were quick and bright. In repose his face latterly was worn and tired; but once you got him interested—and in good health he had always been as quickly interested as a child: in fact, to a great extent he was a child, and it is absurd to write of his age as sixty-five—once you got him interested, he was, almost to the end, instantly gay and spirited once more. Nor do the portraits bring out a curious likeness to Sir WALTER SCOTT which had been increasing in late years. Not only was the conformation of his head akin, but at his place next the Editor, at the top of the Table, with



LINLEY SAMBOURNE AT THE ROUND TABLE.

a window at his side and back, the light, on summer Wednesdays, before the blinds were drawn, used to touch his silvered hair with a radiance such as more than one painting of SCOTT exhibits.

But SAMMY is dead. Never again will any of us receive any of his cheery little notes addressed in two inks, red and black, often with a design around the stamp and usually containing some diverting drawing within, the fruit of his lavish invention; never again will he inquire of TOBY, M.P., with a twinkle, how the pineapples are doing under the Hythe glass; never again will he recount his triumphs on the grouse moors or in the coverts; never again will he dash off a little sketch on the back of his menu. All of us have one or more of these treasures, done with a freedom and openness and *brío* that make quite clear what poor PHIL MAY meant when he once said, "Everything I know I learnt from SAMMY." Never again, in short, will the Table be what it was. SAMMY is dead, and, while Art has lost a noble, sincere and devoted servant, we have lost our merriest friend.



AIDS TO THE POPULARITY OF CRICKET.

[“An innovation—so far as county matches are concerned—in the shape of a land will be found at Lord’s during the Middlesex and Essex match.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]
 WHY NOT DEVELOP THIS IDEA, AND TURN LORD’S INTO A PLACE WHERE ALL CAN SPEND A REALLY HAPPY DAY?

HOUSE - KEEPING.

I. *The Declaration.*

BILL and I share a flat. Bill arranges the flowers and I arrange the meals. There is, of course, Mrs. Cripps, but she does what she is told.

This all started a week ago. On the Monday I ordered chops; on Tuesday, steak; on Wednesday, a leg of lamb; on Thursday, the same, cold; on Friday, a round of beef; on Saturday, the same, cold; on Sunday, the same, colder still. It now became necessary to order another Monday's dinner.

"Bill, my dear fellow," I said, "I have done all the thinking for a week. Suppose you thought of something for a change."

Mrs. Cripps gathered round, waiting greedily for orders. Bill pondered silently and long.

"Why not a couple of chops," he said at last, trying to look inspired, "or a steak?"

"We have had them already," I said, severely.

"I know we eat a lot," he answered, "but do you think we eat them quite all? There may be some more in London, somewhere."

Food is not a matter to jest about. I said so.

"I can think of nothing else that we have not had," he said, sadly. "After all, there is only mutton or beef, whether you call it chop or steak or lamb or *à la maitre d'hôtel*. Let's leave the declaration to dummy. Let Mrs. Cripps make trumps."

"Mrs. Cripps," said I, "we leave it. The declaration is up to you. What are you going to make it?"

Mrs. Cripps is a brilliant woman. "What about a nice little chicken?" she said. Then she departed, and Bill sighed heavily, as a man who had been through a severe mental strain. He had been thinking of no trumps.

"Suppose," said he, "only suppose she had said: 'We'll go without!'"

II. *Economy.*

After all, Bill did not stay in to welcome the chicken. The orders had been given at breakfast (how one meal leads to another!), but some time during the day Bill was telephoned for to feed with the Watsons. I found him dressing when I returned.

"Sorry, old man," he said, "but I thought I had better go."

"Keep your sorrow for yourself," I answered. "If you suppose that by getting out of the flat you are going to get out of paying for your half of the chicken, you show that you don't understand the elements of house-keeping."

There was a little silence after that. Bill began to wonder if it was too late to put the Watsons off. Then he brightened a little. "After all," he said, "I can have my half grilled for breakfast to-morrow morning."

"I shouldn't count too much on that," said I; "I cannot guarantee anything, when I am left by myself."

Bill made some private arrangement with Mrs. Cripps, and started out. "Hope you have a good dinner," I said. "Tell the Watsons I am sorry I couldn't come."

"But they never asked you," said Bill.

"Tell them that is why I couldn't come. And don't forget to keep the interests of the larder before your mind. If you can come by anything solid for the store-room, do so. Anyhow, drop a hint to the Watsons in future to ask both or neither of us. To ask one, does not help the poultry bill and will only lead to unpleasantness at breakfast."

III. *The Information Bureau.*

When Bill returned, he was very pleased about something. "Don't say you have come away with half a chicken, to make matters square for breakfast?" I said hopefully. He shook his head.

"The Watsons are very mean about that sort of thing. But I have collected a lot of knowledge off Mrs. Watson. You were wrong about the beef and mutton, there are other things."

"It was you who said there weren't," I retorted. "I always knew there were chickens."

"There are veal, rabbits, hares, partridges, ducks, oysters, pork, haricot . . ."

"Haricots may not be shot out of the season," I corrected.

"To say nothing of fish: turbot, cod, sole, filets of sole, sole *à la portugaise*, sole *à la française*, sole . . ."

"Enough," said I. "What shall we have for dinner to-night?"

"Fish is hardly nourishing enough," said Bill.

"Haricots," I said, "might be anything. They invite fraud."

"Partridges and oysters are out of season," said Bill. "What about rabbits?"

"Can't abide them," said I. "What about veal?"

Bill couldn't abide that, so I called for Mrs. Cripps. "*Re Dinner*," I said to her. "We have given the matter our most careful consideration, and have decided that it would be a good idea to try a couple of chops for a change."

Repenting in Haste.

"Later in the day the bridegroom left for Cornwall."—*Brockley News*.

THE OPTIMIST.

Let others ply the scurril dart,

To every virtue blind,

Mine is the nobler, gentler part

To glorify mankind.

Unstirred by spite, unmoved by qualms,

I live laborious days

In laddling out my precious balms

Of superfatted praise.

In strident tones I love to greet

Each multi-millionaire;

I see kind hearts in Curzon Street,

Pure souls in Belgrave Square.

The simple homes of new-made lords

With ecstacy I paint,

And every actress on the boards

I welcome as a saint.

I cheer the rare secluded soul

With gross unwelcome lauds;

With equal fervour I extol

The worthies and the frauds.

And no self-advertising ass

Who deals in brag and bluff

Is too preposterously crass

To miss my weekly puff.

'Tis so with letters as with life:

Good authors may go free

Of Bludyei's lacerating knife;

They cannot 'scape from me.

But whether they be great or small,

Or superman or sub,

I lavish butter on them all

From my exhaustless tub.

Nor is it solely on the quick

That I my praises shed,

In liberal measure, slab and thuck,

I heap them on the dead;

Till heroes of the spacious days

Of great ERIZA's reign

Assume the bright and winning ways

Of WINSTON and HALL Caine.

The paladin of high romance,

The martyr and the sage,

Join in a never-ending dance

Across my chatty page;

And queens and beauties, who of yore

Made empires clash and fall,

I bring in human guise before

The modern servants' hall.

What matter if some squeamish folk

A rare resentment feel,

If jaundiced critics growl and croak

Of mercenary zeal;

No irony, however fierce,

Can mortify my pride;

No spear is sharp enough to pierce

The thickness of my hide.

"Michael Gamble and Arthur Wager, two Islington young men, were fined at Clerkenwell for playing pitch and toss."—*Daily News*.

Too easy for us. Readers are requested to make their own comment.

A T. P.-CAL REVIEW.

A REFORMER'S REMINISCENCES.*

It has ever been one of the regrets of my life that I never met Joshua Tackaberry, and my regret is all the more poignant because I missed my opportunity by so little. He was to open an agricultural show in Brixville, and I, then a raw lad from Athlone, had been deputed to report his speech; but, owing to some misunderstanding, I missed my train and only arrived just after he had left. Fate never throw us together again in later life, but I continued an ardent admirer of the man to the day of his death. It is, therefore, with pleasure that I pen these few words of appreciation of this pioneer agriculturist.

I.

And first let me show the condition into which turnip culture had fallen when he began his work.

[Here follows a half-column abstract from the work under review.]

Thus, then, was the morass out of which he set himself to drag rural England.

II.

His method of initiating this far-reaching scheme is indicative of the whole man. I cannot do better than quote his own words.

[Which the critic does to the extent of three-quarters of a column.]

III.

It goes without saying that this great movement was not without its enemies. The squires were up in arms at once, and by bribes, threats and petty tyrannies endeavoured to thwart it. It is instructive to read Tackaberry's description of his first reception in Market Plumboro', and one gets some idea of the depths to which the squirearchy stooped. He says:

[About three hundred words.]

IV.

Such, then, were the enemies with whom he had to contend. Being essentially a fighter, Tackaberry willingly accepted the challenge. In a letter to a life-long friend, Josiah Baggs, he writes:

[Here follows a letter of two columns.]

V.

But the struggle was not of long duration. Backed as he was by the vast majority of turnip-growers, he quickly disposed of his loud-mouthed

* *The Story of My Life*. By Joshua Tackaberry.



Barmaid. "We've had the place re-decorated throughout. Doesn't it all look smart? I don't think any one could suggest any improvement. Can you?"
Traveler. "How about loose chintz covers for the buns for the summer months?"

but empty-headed opponents, and by way of showing the change in public opinion which ensued I append an extract from *The Market Plumboro' Gazette* of October last describing his reception there a month before his death.

[Thus, being the last quotation, is regulated by the space at disposal.]

VI.

I have been able to give only a glimpse here and there of this absorbing book. I recommend it to those of my readers who want to study this movement. With all our author's conclusions you will not perhaps agree, but that it will "give you furiously to think" I do not doubt.—T. P.

More Commercial Candour.

I.

In a bootmaker's window at Glasgow:

"Nothing like leather."

II.

In a cycle manufacturer's at Glasgow:

"On £12 6 bicycle is a complete knock-out."

III.

"The management have spared no pains or expense to make this hotel in all respects unapproachable."—*Advt. in "Bombay Gazette."*

"The long arm of British law reached its goal shortly after nine this morning."—*Daily Mail*.

This is not quite cricket. The Football Association ought to look into it.



Mrs. Haysford. "THERE NOW, THEODORE, THOSE ARE TWO VERY GOOD EXAMPLES OF THE FASHIONABLE DRESSES I SAW AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN JULY."

THE TASKMISTRESS.

Is there no hope in eloquence or tears,
No use in pleading that I want to slack it?
Amanda, must I be condemned,
Here in a plot with lilac hemmed,
To chase the wild irrevocable spheres?
What if I say I have not brought a racquet?

Can you not realise that human bliss
May sometimes course in unathletic channels?
I tell you it would bore the hard
To hurl away his motley shard;
At any rate, he could not play like this,
And does not mean to wear your brother's flannels.

If ever in its proud and palmy prime
This hand had known the way to serve or volley,
To redirect the rubber pill
According to my prayer and will,
Instead of upwards to the blue sublime,
I might have joined the corybantic folly.

But as it is, my dear, you know I can't.
Oft have you heard some maiden's muttered "Mercies!"
When (smiting as a Briton should)
I smacked the pellet o'er a wood
Oropotted on the nose a spinster aunt.
Besides my wrist is strained with writing verses.

Can you not cull a four without my aid?
Look at the eager boys that wait in batches:
They pine to exercise their thews
And tear about until they ooze;
Myself I feel I want some lemonade,
And would you kindly pass that box of matches?

Your house is made of old and mellow bricks,
And "all that message" which the same is built on
Is full of comely flowers and trees;
If pleasaunces are meant to please,
Why should I jump about like SEYMOUR HICKS?
Remember ANDREW MARVELL—also MILTON.

This is a garden worthy of the gods,
Or heroes after death, beyond the dumb pyre,
Who roam oblivious of their strife;
But if the ROOSEVELT scheme of life
Must prick us even here with tyrant prods,
Give me a basket chair, and I will umpire. EVOE.

"King Haakon of Norway celebrates this morning the 38th anniversary of his birth, his Majesty having been born on August 3rd, 1872. The second son of the present King of Denmark, he accepted the Crown of Norway in November, 1905, and married in 1906 Princess Maud, daughter of King Edward VII."—*Nottingham Evening Post*.

See what it is to be a King. Ordinary people couldn't cover anything like so much ground.



"THE HOLIDAY CAT."

P.C. PUNCH. "POOR DEVIL! THE FUSS THEY MADE OF IT!—AND NOW OFF THEY GO AND FORGET ALL ABOUT IT TILL OCTOBER."

• TWO IS COMPANY—

I HAD asked my old friend Coysegame to stay with me at Frambridge for the week-end, and I could see from his face when he arrived that something unpleasant must have happened to him recently. But, as he said nothing at the time, I naturally asked no questions. However, after dinner, as we were smoking on the lawn, he told me the whole story:—

"I really can't remember when I've had a more trying journey," said Coysegame. "If I'd only travelled third-class, as I'd intended, I should have been comfortable enough. But, though I'd taken a third-class ticket, I found there was only one smoking compartment in my part of the train and all the corner seats in that were occupied. So I decided to go first-class and pay the difference at the other end. There was another man in the first-class carriage I got into, but he was absorbed in *The Spectator*, and was a quiet, reserved-looking person who did not seem at all likely to be conversational. Which suited me exactly, for I hate having to talk in a train. He sat in the further corner, and I took the seat by the window next to the platform. We were just about to start, when the seat opposite mine was taken by a new-comer who struck me unfavourably from the first. He was big and uncouth, with rugged, battered features, narrow, deep-set eyes,

and a shock of grizzled hair, he wore a rather seedy blue serge suit, a tweed cap of a violent pattern, and a green-and-yellow tie, and above his boots there was a liberal display of purple socks. A vacuous youth was seeing him off with scarcely disguised relief, as he gave mysteriously impressive instructions in a slightly Trans-Atlantic accent. 'Then you go and see that party and get the business fixed up right away,' he said, 'mind, don't you tell him anything. But be straight.' He held on to the vacuous youth's reluctant hand as the train moved out, repeating, 'That's all you have to do—he straight!' Then he produced a cigar of unpromising exterior, and asked me if I could oblige him with a match. I did, though in a manner which I hoped would make it quite clear that this was to be the beginning and the end of our intercourse. But after a minute or so he asked me for another match. 'Funny thing,' he remarked, 'but I've lit my cigar wrong end. That don't matter,' he added, as he reversed it and lighted up once more, 'I shan't notice it after a puff or two. I gave up smoking lil' time ago—burri've come back to it again. I like a good cigar. A bad cigar—well, a bad cigar is rotten!' I agreed with him, though I had reason to think that his taste in brands was less fastidious than he implied. 'Sent a box to a fren' o' mine the other day,' he continued; 'he wrote me he'd never smoked anything like 'em in all his life. That's what he tole me.' I could quite believe it, but I did not say so. The cause of his unreserve was fairly obvious by this time, and I shielded myself behind my evening paper from any further advances. Or rather I thought I had—till he looked round the corner of it and inquired how I liked our noo-



A STUDY IN BRITISH TASTE.

A HASTY NOTE OF THE FASHIONS AT MARGATE, AUGUST, 1910.

KING? The least sensitive rhinoceros would have been rebuffed by the curtness with which I answered the query, but it had no effect on him. He merely pushed a six-penny magazine under my journal and told me that the cover was a portrait of His Majesty, and I could read all about him inside. I said I had seen it—which was only a surface truth—and he lumbered across to the other man and offered the magazine to him. The other man thanked him politely but distantly, and explained that he was already reading something else. My hope was that this would serve as a conversational opening between them and that I should be left in peace. But the battered-looking person appeared to decide on reflection that I was the more sympathetic and responsive of the two, so he returned to me. 'Bought it at bookstall coming 'long,' he explained muzzily, 'I don't know why I gorrit. I'm goin' Chelmechester on visit—jus' for week-end. Mind you, I'm not one for week-end visits as gen'ral rule, prefer stay in town and have good time. But my fren' sisted on my comin' down. Goin' meet me on pla'form and drive me over to Witsea. That's where he lives, Witsea. Thorough gerrilman, he is—s'licitor.' I tried to fix my attention on my paper, but I could not help wondering whether the thorough gentleman might not regret before long that he had been so pressing. 'Seuse me,' he began again, 'but d'you know any place Chelmechester where I can get shave?' I told him that I did not. 'Goin' meet young lady this evenin', he went on, 'ver' pretty young lady, too, so I'm boun' smarren myself up a bit, haven't I?' My sympathies were all with the young lady, but I remained silent—which was more than he did. 'These things you

see me in now a'n' much,' he informed me, 'burr I've got good clothes if I like to purr on. I'm a gerrilman—very near millionaire. This is my name.' And he brought out a dingy envelope and tried to force it on me. 'If you was to read what's in that letter,' he remarked, 'it'd upset you—no, it'd upset me—but never min', you can read it if you want to!' My disclaimer of all curiosity on the subject seemed for the first time to give him a faint impression that, after all, I was not the bosom friend he had supposed me, and for a moment he sat and scowled at me with dark suspicion. But either he came to the conclusion that this was mere fancy on his part, or decided to make one more effort to conquer my affection. 'I'm rough,' he said, 'burr I'm good sort. C'nadian I am. Wherever I go, everybody likes me. Everybody loves me!' I could have told him of at least one exception to this general rule, but I refrained. I was determined not to give

him the least encouragement. The quiet man in the other corner went on reading *The Spectator*, but I could see that I had his sympathy. From time to time we exchanged glances expressive of our mutual disgust and indignation that a semi-intoxicated ruffian like this should have been allowed to disturb our first-class exclusiveness.

It was not till we arrived at Colford and I heard the cry, 'All tickets ready, please!' that I recollected that, strictly speaking, I was not a first-class passenger. I happened to drop my ticket in taking it out of my pocket, and unluckily it caught the univer-

sally beloved one's eye. 'I dunno if you're 'ware of it,' he said, 'but this is fir'st class compar'men' and you've on'y go' thir'st class ticket. I'm 'fraid you'll gerrin trouble over this—dreadful trouble!' And he wagged his beastly head solemnly at me. I took no notice whatever. 'Don't you worry,' he went on, 'I'm man o' the worl'; jes' you leave it 'tirely to me—I'll see you through!' Just then the official opened the door, and before I could say a word that unspeakable brute began pleading for mercy for me! 'C'lector, I 'peal to you as man to man, don't be too hard on this gerrilman for first offence. 'Peances against him, but no intention 'fraud cummuny. Ole fren o' mine—dear ole fren—known him from boy! Don' purrin prison for mere indishresh'n. I'm gerrilman; there's 'nother fren o' mine goin' meet me Chelmchester—s'licitor he is, and he'll tell you this gerrilman's all ri'—do anything for me he would.'

If the official hadn't chanced to be a sensible man the advocacy of that drunken ass might have done for me!

Fortunately, he not only accepted my explanation and gave me a receipt for the excess fare, but persuaded my champion that he would get to Chelmchester all the sooner if he took a carriage nearer the engine.

But I hadn't seen the last of him, even then. When we reached Chelmchester he appeared at the window. 'I tole you I'd see you through, and I done it,' he said. 'I'm not sort man desert a pal in trouble. But don' you do it any more, for my sake. 'Member this, laddie, honesty's bes' policy in long run. I mus' go now—from o' mine, s'licitor, looking for me on pla'form. Burr' I'll shake hands 'fore I go.' I had to shake hands before I could get rid of the fellow. I was gratified but not surprised to find that, when I last saw him, he was still vainly searching for his solicitor.

What the reserved man thought of me I can only guess. He got into another compartment at Colford, and his

reply to my 'Good afternoon' was distinctly chilly. Even if I hadn't taken a return ticket," concluded Coysegame, "I should certainly go back third-class on Monday." F.A.

Polygamy in the West.

"For to-morrow's official ceremony invitations have been issued to 200 of the leading residents of the district, who with their wives will number, it is expected, nearly 500, which is the full capacity of the hall."—*Exeter Express and Echo*.

"The critics of a hy-gone day who carped at a Whistler nocturne from the viewpoint of an inch or so, were, surely, justly met by the answer that a picture was meant to be seen rather than smelt; and the musical analogy holds equally well."

Times.

Apparently Plymouth is not the only place where you can see the sound.

From *The Daily Telegraph's* "Greats" List, July 30:

"A. E. Grotant, J. Alexander (Queen's) and D. R. Brandt (Balliol).

The Examiners had very little hope of A. E. GROTANT'S chances from the first. He has now gone for a walking tour with A. N. Other.

"A letter was received from the Mayor (Mr. W. Emden) regretting that he had been called away on important business, and expressing the hope that the people of Dover would decorate their houses for the occasion."—*Dorset Express and East Kent News*.

When the Mayor's away his nest is gay.

"In Tarrant's first over, A. P. Day, aided by a few smites, obtained 23 out of 40 in less than half an hour."—*Daily Chronicle*.

Lucky he had his bat with him.



Sententious Gentleman (regarding Japanese). "THERE GO THE FUTURE RULERS OF THE WORLD!"

Yorkshire Porter. "NAY, THEY 'VE SUMMAT TO LEARN FIRST. THEY DIDN'T KNOW THEY 'D GOT TO CHANGE AT LOW MOOR FOR BRADFORD."

A THEORY OF TAILS.

THE Zoo was suffocating in the rays of the afternoon sun. I paused for a moment to watch a monkey with a pathetic face absent-mindedly, almost sadly, clutch the tail of a sleeping relative above. The sleeping relative awoke on the floor very talkative and thrilled, but the originator of the pleasantry was out of reach and with the face of one on the verge of tears.

"Wot a pity they 'ave tails," said a voice beside me. He was a little scrubby man with a soiled collar, a straw hat, and a faded frock coat.

I paid no attention.

He looked about him rapidly, then came closer, and in a hoarse whisper:

"I say, guv'nor, d' you know wot I calls it? Why, it's a tragedy."

"Ah," I returned vaguely.

"Yus, a tragedy, becorse why? We 'ave no tails nor our parents neither—ain't that so?"

I endeavoured to convey that I was prepared to swear that my father, once a K.C., had never within my knowledge mentioned the fact in my hearing.

He assumed the attitude of a modest man caught in the right. "There y' are," he said.

There was a pause. A series of shrill screams in a distant part of the room suggested another stroke of humour on even more ambitious lines.

The little scrubby man smiled knowingly.

"There y' are again—tryin' to sit on their tails and 'ide their feelin's."

I was a little perplexed.

"Talk of the Fall," he snorted with considerable scorn. "When we lost our tails we became deceitful. And why? Becorse we 'ad nothin' to give us away. They know it; look at 'em. They 'd give anythin' to get rid of 'em. It's like carrying a truth-gauge on your waistkit."

He came closer and stared triumphantly up into my face. He was in a glow with eloquence. He tapped me playfully on the chest.

"Imagine it—your thoughts, 'opes, most sacred feelin's at the mercy of a cruel gloatin' world just becorse you 'ave a tail. For instance, you're proposin' to the parents of your young lady. Why, your tail would be between your legs trying to get out o' sight. An' what's the effect on *their* tails? Curlin' like 'oops. They 'd know you 'aven't a brass farthin' at once."

"You have no reason to suppose—" I began hotly.

"No 'arm meant, mister," he interposed, soothingly. "Then think of 'avin' to attend funerals and sicklike. No matter 'ow gloomy your countenance, wot if your tail was waggin' like a rip-rap through pure light-heartedness?"

I admitted the prospect was worthy of thought.

"Or in business, 'ow could you name a price with any confidence if your tail was on the floor and 'ad all the air of a wrong 'un?"

The sun had sunk at last. Shadows crept over the room. In the corner opposite a silent baboon stood statuesque against the evening sky.

"Of corse I'm not denyin' there would be advantages. I'm no dorg-in-the-manger. I'm willin' to come out and share and share alike, be it argyment pr anythin'. You 'll be sayin' wot satisfaction to the orator to 'ear the thump of approv'in' tails; or the actor in the scene where the heroine carats her 'elpless babe into the racin' mill-stream—why, it would be easy to jump in after a glance at the droopin' tails in the stalls."

I nodded thoughtfully.

"I must be goin' 'ome now," he remarked, after a



First Worn-out Horse. "WELL, MATE, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE LATEST EXPORT REGULATIONS?"

Second Worn-out Horse. "I SHOULD BE BETTER PLEASED IF THEY DID A BIT MORE REGULATING SOME YEARS BEFORE WE COME TO THE EXPORT STAGE."

pause. "I knew by the looks of you I 'd got to deal with a shrewd 'un, man of the world, clear-headed, far-seein' gentleman."

For a moment I wished that he had worn a tail that might have betrayed something of his purpose, which seemed to me rather obscure. Then I dropped him out of my mind and began to wonder how late it was. But my watch had gone.

A BAN ON BEGGARS

[In one part of Central Africa the coin in common use is a cruciform ingot of copper ore over ten inches long.]

FAR over the sea I've determined to range
To a region in Africa, where
I've recently learned that the common small change
Is rather a bulky affair.
For there an infallible cure can be found
For needy acquaintances; one
Can face them with ease when a "couple of pound"
Weights something approaching a ton.

An indigent public in search of a loan
I'll welcome with silvery speech,
I'll assume a responsive and generous tone
Until they are safely in reach;
And then like a bludgeon designed for the fray
I'll handle the coin that they crave,
And what they imagined would render them gay
Shall hustle them into the grave.

THE PUNISHMENT THAT FITTED THE CRIME.

It may as well be explained at the beginning as at the end that it was only a dream; you would have guessed it anyhow.

One morning, after a criminally reckless supper, the Leading Actor found himself in a police court, and in the dock. How he came there he did not know, but what concerned him most at the time was the distressing fact that he was clothed only in his pyjamas. All at once he became aware that the magistrate was addressing him.

"You are charged," he was saying, "with an offence under the Publicity Act, 1910. One of the provisions of that Act, I may remind you, makes it a misdemeanour for any man, woman, or child resident in the United Kingdom to be interviewed for the Press more frequently than once a month; and in prescribing the appropriate penalty the Act directs that such incidents as photographs, *bons-mots*, and domestic touches shall be held to constitute an aggravation of the offence. Now it has been proved against you that you have caused or allowed interviews with yourself to appear in no fewer than five different papers during the past week. In one of these, which I single out as providing the most flagrant breach of the Act, you are shown pictorially in various attitudes and occupations—in your study, in your garden, in your motor-car, and so forth. I have no doubt in my own mind that this is precisely the kind of abuse at which the Act was intended to strike, and I am therefore resolved to make an example of your case and to inflict the maximum penalty the law allows. Seven days' cinematograph. Take him away."

He was led from the dock by a couple of vicious policemen, but instead of being conducted to the cells, as he had expected, he was pushed with much unnecessary violence into the street. Once outside the court, he did not stay to speculate upon the meaning of his apparent liberty, but rushed towards his home, pursued all the way by a jeering crowd that found infinite satisfaction and food for wit in the composition of his limited attire.

And above the shouting of the mob he could hear, as he ran, a curious buzzing noise, bringing back vague recollections which he could not track to their source.

How he finally arrived home and got through the business of the day, he could not afterwards remember. But he was conscious that whatever he did and wherever he went there

was still that elusive buzzing, and occasionally a blinding light that filled him with a nameless terror. In the evening the two vicious policemen called for him again and intimated that he must accompany them. This time the entire town seemed to have turned out to witness his humiliating progress through the streets; and still that buzzing noise, and again that blinding light . . .

He found himself seated in the centre of a large and crowded place of entertainment, evidently a music-hall. A couple of comic acrobats were just finishing their turn, and then the lights suddenly went out and a cinematograph performance began. But in place of the customary pictures of winter sports in Switzerland or racing motor-boats there appeared on the screen a crowd gathered expectantly outside a sombre-looking building. Presently the doors of the building opened, and two dark-coated figures were seen gripping a miserable, flimsily-clad—Great Heavens, it was himself! A sweat of agony broke over him as he saw the scene of the morning enacted again—the panic flight, the scanty garb, the jeering mob. But worse followed. Upon the screen was thrown the legend, "Scenes from the Home Life of an Actor," and there he saw himself playing the leading part in a succession of intimately domestic episodes. In one he was quarrelling with his wife, in another he was having his hair waved, in a third he was being fitted with a pair of corsets. . . . And then he remembered and understood the sentence that the magistrate had passed upon him, and with a further shock he realised that it still had six days to run. He stood up and blasphemed. Instantly lights were flashed from all parts of the house, and upon his wild gesticulations was turned the lens of a huge cinematographic camera. He sought to cover up his face, but rough hands . . .

He awoke to find that a light was actually being flashed in his eyes. Fresh from his terror, and believing his dream to have been real, he cried out, "Don't take me again! I'll give you anything, but don't take me again!"

"I ain't come to take yer," replied a hoarse voice; "I've come to take yer vallybles. Where j'er keep 'em?"

"Then you're not the cinematograph man?—Thank Heaven! Take what you like." And from sheer relief he fainted.

A few days later the Leading Actor delivered his presidential address at the annual meeting of the Stage Improvement Association. He chose as his theme, "The Evils of Publicity,"

and afterwards gave interviews on the subject to three newspaper representatives."

VERSE AND PURSE.

(Suggested by a recent correspondence in "The Westminster Gazette.")

UGHT poets coming up to town
To start on life with half-a-crown,
Or should they, for their spirits' health,
Be adequately backed by wealth?
GOETHE, we know, the view upheld
That never poet yet excelled!
Unless, at least in early years,
He had to "eat his bread with tears."
But GOETHE, so I understand,
Lived on the fatness of the land.
WILL SHAKESPEARE was a man of means
Who ran to bacon with his beans.
Lord BYRON had a competence
And SHELLEY never lacked for pence,
While in these later days we see
Bards well endowed with £ s. d.
Thus TENNYSON, who took a poeage,
Was never forced to travel steerage,
Nor does the accomplished Mr. COUTTS
Subsist on casual cru-ts and roots.
The moral of the case is clear:
If you 've five thousand pounds a year
You may without compunction choose
To cultivate the tuneful Muse.
But if your annual income shows
A lesser figure, stick to prose.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

FIRST large edition exhausted; second in the press.

*Board of Education Report on
Continuation Schools.*

A capital book for the boys.

*Department of Agriculture. Notices
of Foot and Mouth Disease (Yorkshire).*

An ideal volume for a summer
in the pure country air.

*Report of Evidence taken before the
Sea Erosion Commission.*

A charming book to read, by the Silver
Sea. Your bookseller will gladly get it
for you.

*New Regulations (Locomotives) issued
by the Board of Trade.*

When your little boy next talks
of the "puff-puff," give him the above
delightful work, and it will make you
happy to share his joy.

"Hong Kong (Reuter).—A message received here from Coloman states that General Insimo, of the pirates with whom the Portuguese at Macao have been having trouble, has been captured there."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

It may be recalled that General Insimo led the Zulus on the celebrated occasion when they took Umbrage.

A PRIVATE NOTE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I wonder if you have ever guessed the real reason of the *matinée* hat, or if, like the rest of your silly sex, you think we wear them from vanity, or just to spite you. A glance at the *Society* columns of a daily paper might give you the clue, but to save you trouble I will put you on the right track, though please remember this is just between you and me and *The Morning Post*.

Has it never occurred to you that there is a connection between the growth of *matinée* hat-brims and the matrimonial alliances of actresses with the aristocracy? Can you not sympathise with depressed débutantes and their mammas, when their eligibles are snapped up by footlight ladies? Do you wonder that we formed a league for our protection, the object of which was effectually to blanket the stage and draw man's attention, willy nilly, to ourselves? That is why *matinée* hats are always huge, even when passing fashion ordains tiny toques for out-of-doors, and why, at evening performances, coiffures are dressed with plumes, bows and aigrettes, not worn at home.

In spite of bitter and offensive opposition our League has carried on its noble work with a persistence deservedly crowned with success, for, though there have been one or two set-backs, it is a well-known fact that actresses have taken to marrying actors again, while there has lately been a notable increase in *Society* weddings.

Yours sincerely,

BROAD BRIMMER.

SOME NEW DANCES.

As a result of the recent conference of dancing-masters' delegates held in London, a number of new and characteristic dances have been composed by prominent musicians to meet the special requirements of the moment. Amongst these, special attention is claimed by the following:—

The North Polka.—This charming dance, which is peculiarly adapted to the rigours of the British climate, is dedicated to Admiral PEARY. Price, with patent igloo complete, 4s.

The Russian Two-Steppe.—This graceful dance, redolent of the charm of the Don Cossacks, is sure to be exceedingly popular in view of the *furor* created by the Muscovite ballerine at the Hippodrome and other theatres. Price, with balalaika, samovar, and two bottles of the finest vodka, £3 3s.

The Barn Storm Dance.—This fantastic and exhilarating measure, which

recalls the *Tempête*, so popular in the days of our grandparents, is admirably adapted for theatrical fancy balls.

The Angel Cake Walk.—This exquisite piece, written by the famous composer, Mons. Cake Walkley, and dedicated by him to Mlle. PAVLOVA, is probably the most palatable supper dance in existence.

The Danse Macabre.—This extraordinarily hygienic dance, written by the Bulgarian *prima donna*, Madame Milka Sauer-Massollette, is specially recommended to all dyspeptic dancers.

"The Rev. F. H. Gillingham . . . made his 50 in an hour and 35 minutes with a fine square-jog hit off Woolley, and at the same time sent up the 100."

Those muscular Christians!



The Owner. "HURRY UP, OLD CHAP; WE MUST HAVE THAT DINING ABOARD!"
The Guest (who wishes he were safely back in Upper Tooting). "GIVE IT A CHANCE, IT'LL COME ABOARD OF ITSELF SOON."

More Injustice to Ireland.

"Compensation for malicious injuries by county court judges at the last two quarter sessions in Ireland amounted to £4,217."

Pelt Mall Gazette

Surely this is going too far. Better merely make jokes, as in England.

"Handsome sable and white Collie Dog, with beautiful long fine head, good ears, eyes, level mouth, lovely full over distemper."

Sudworth Herald

We fancy this kind of collie. It sounds like a cutlet.

From an American magazine:—

"They were discussing Theodore Roosevelt—three typical Englishmen, beef-red as to visage and pink as to pate, as they ate their mutton with great wedges of 'bubble-and-squawk' and drank their port wine in the comfortable dining-room of the ——— Club."

A very vivid and life-like picture.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Intimate Society Letters of the Eighteenth Century (STANLEY PAUL) are, appropriately enough, considering their parentage and the country whence the majority of them are dated, something in the way of a literary haggis. They provide some fine confused feeding. The Editor, the Duke of ARGYLL, is so intimately familiar with the personality of his forbears that he forgets the hapless Southron is not equally endowed with knowledge. Reading the letters of successive Dukes, with here and there a Marquis of LORNE and a whole clan of CAMPBELLS, one is not always certain who is writing or being written of. This little grumble uttered, there remains nothing but praise and thankfulness for the peep into the past opened up by these two portly volumes. They form an invaluable adjunct to the history of the social life of the eighteenth century. In August, 1773, we have Miss BURGOINE writing from Kensington Palace telling how "Mrs. L. has been rob'd." She was

going home between one and two in the morning when two highwaymen stopped her coach at Kensington Gore, presented pistols at the head of footman and coachman, and cleared out the pockets of their mistress. "She was so excessively frightened that she has never dared to come back again at night and has had a Bed constantly at L^d Spencer's." Also, "It is too true that Miss P. lost in one night £500 and the next £1,500, and paid it all the next day." On a night in August, 1779, "An Express arrived at the Admiralty with

an account that the combined fleet of France and Spain had blocked up Plymouth Harbour." In February, 1803, Lord JOHN CAMPBELL, making the grand tour, was presented to FIRST CONSUL "in his palace of the Thuilleries." Writing to his father, he gives a vivid picture of the great man. These are plums picked at random. The reader will find plenty more on the tree.

In *The Other Side* (NELSON) Mr. HORACE VACHELL has attempted the difficult and unremunerative task of giving the adventures of a soul that returns to a dead body. Of the psychic value of his treatment of this problem I am not competent to speak from personal experience. But I am competent to guess that the effort of dealing with it has exhausted too much of Mr. VACHELL's virtue and that the ordinary human part of the story has suffered from the strain. Certainly, though a good enough story in itself, it shows a curious lack of distinction both in language and observation. For the most part the phraseology is fluently commonplace, and only arrests attention by the strangeness of its occasional lapses from probability. Here is an example of the obvious manner: "The sun had sunk beneath the horizon, but the glow still lingered. Spring,

with tender fingers, touched the buds upon the trees. A million tiny blades of grass were piercing the tumid earth awakened after the long, rejuvenating sleep of winter. In every living thing the sap was flowing." And here is an example of something more actively disquieting: "David's genius, if beguiled from higher to lower things, would build upon shifting sand instead of solid rock . . . David, in short, was afloat upon a high tide, with every stitch of canvas set to a spanking breeze", or, again: "We behold him, like the weed on Lothe's wharf, 'rotting at ease' on the Tom Tiddler's ground of a facile success." Nobody could possibly mistake this for literature; and the treatment, however admirable, of a psychic problem which no fellow can understand hardly compensates for such defects in those matters of art that are within the comprehension of a reader of average intelligence. All the same, the sincerity of Mr. VACHELL's purpose makes one a little ashamed of criticising details of manner. Apart from its speculative features, the book has inspiring qualities, and makes for a healthy discontent with cheap or vicious standards of social taste.



UNFORGOTTEN SPORTS.

SPLITTING THE INFINITIVE.

day-break in a dressing-gown, her views on matrimony also were, to say the least of it, original -- and altogether one feels that she must have been more than a bit of a worry to the Vicar. I shall not repeat for you *Judith's* subsequent career in detail (I am not sure that I should quite like to do so); it is enough to say that those who can overcome their distaste for certain incidents in it will be rewarded by others that are told with quite astonishing mastery and skill. For mature, E. H. YOUNG has clearly the pen of an enthusiast; it might be said of his story that in it every prospect pleases, and only *Judith* is peculiar. I have, indeed, the feeling about her that she is just one of those characters whom, in a book, one is supposed to find original, stimulating, and attractive, but who would be, in real life, detestable. My sympathies in the case of *Judith* v. the Social Conventions have unfortunately been roused for what the author clearly meant me to consider the wrong side. But that doesn't make the author's work any less clever.

A Record Flight.

"Round and round he circled, increasing his altitude as he went up."—*Yorkshire Post*.

If, as I shrewdly suspect, *A Corn of Wheat* (HEINEMANN) is a first novel, I beg to tender my congratulations to E. H. YOUNG upon a literary *début* of very considerable promise. I do this the more sincerely because, for the story itself, apart from the telling of it, I must confess to a whole-hearted dislike. *Judith*, the heroine, was the unmarried sister of the Vicar of Mornington, with whom she lived. She was a lady of vigorous, open-air habits, which involved sleeping on the lawn at night and wandering over the fields at

CHARIVARIA.

The Post declares that the forthcoming visit of the German Crown Prince to Pekin and Tokio will convince China and Japan what an important and unselfish friend Germany is for them. But surely they knew that already. Orientals are so intelligent.

The Durham Corporation have decided to ask Lord LONDONDERRY to accept the mayoralty next year. As it will be Coronation year his lordship will possibly be knighted.

The statement that more care would be taken in future in the selection of persons appointed as justices has already received gratifying confirmation. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was last week made a J.P. for Carnarvonshire.

Now that Lord KITCHENER has taken up golf, the Government hope that nothing further will be heard of the silly complaint that he is without an occupation. (See, however, *Mr. Punch's* views in the current cartoon.)

Official figures show that lunacy increased less last year than in any year since 1901. According to a Tory comment, it looks as if Tariff Reform is bound to come.

Fame! Dr. JOHNSON's statue in the Strand has now been unveiled. "Who's that?" asked a passer-by. "JOHNSON," came the answer. "Seems to have lost colour since he beat JEFFRIES!"

Dr. BONE has requested the directors of *The Burlington Magazine* to remove his name from its Consultative Committee in consequence of the attitude of that periodical to the "Leonardo" bust. The Doctor is said to be of the opinion that the name of the Committee in future ought to be Insultative rather than Consultative.

We are now doing our best here to uplift our criminals. In France it is otherwise. A French soldier who committed a murder has been publicly degraded.

The sale of two old German battleships to Turkey has now been completed. This suggests that there ought to be a new classification of fighting ships—first-class, second-class, and second-hand.

The ignorance of some persons passes all belief. Mr. ALBERT PINCH, who, a



Mabel (who has recently had a difference with her nurse). "AND PLEASE, BLESS MUMMY AND DADDY. AND PLEASE BLESS NANNY—BUT NOT MUCH!"

coroner's jury decided, had been murdered, arrived home last week, and declared that he knew nothing whatever about his death; others, he added, might have been present at it, but he was not there at the time.

Many unflattering things have been said about the huge crowds which watch other people playing football. It is good, therefore, to think that in our newest sport—that of aviation—the spectators share its risks. There is always the chance of a flying man falling on them.

What is the truth about the Terri-

torials? The most contradictory reports are flying about in regard to the recent training. Some declare that the food was uneatable, while others, on their return home, stated that they were fed up.

Eye Art.

"A teacher should be able to 'roll' his eyes. Not only should he keep his eyes continually 'rolling' over the class, but their movement should indicate his emotions. When giving a pathetic, sorrowful narrative his eyes should be sorrowful; an exciting, warlike narrative should be given with bright, eager eyes; and always the children should be able to detect in the teacher's eyes the voice of a friend—gay, of a father."—*The Teachers' Aid*.

A PATRIOT'S PROTEST FROM THE MOORS.

[The *Evening Standard* calls attention to the "large number of fine Scottish moors which have been secured by Americans," citing the names of Mr. CADWALADER, Mr. O. W. OGDEN, Mr. WHITERIDGE, and Mr. PERCY CHUBB, all of New York.]

A Young Hen Grouse Speaks :—

Was it for this amid the sodden heather
That I survived these months of so-called weather,
That in the end I might remark "*Touche!*"
To bloated billionaires from U.S.A.?

Was it for this my mother—saintly hen—
Reared me, the bonniest of a brood of ten,
That I might meet his pellets unprepared—
Mr. CADWALADER's, the New York laird?

Was it for this that I have never erred
From the behaviour of a well-bred bird,
Just to be spitted on the golden fork
Of Mr. WHITERIDGE (same address—New York)?

Was it for this our oldest tribal cock
Helped me to wrinkles from his hoary stock,
That I might perish on a peaty hag
To swell the bulge of Mr. OGDEN's bag?

Was it for this that, as a full-sized grouse,
I marked the rising of the Lower House,
That I should undergo the grievous snub
Of being grassed by Mr. PERCY CHUBB?

Was it for this that he, my true Scots lover,
Begged me to take the necessary cover,
That I might be betrayed—ye braes and banks!—
By Gordon sotters in the pay of Yanks?

My country! thus you train the child you bore
To be a credit to its native moor,
Then put it up to alien bids and collar
Your fancy price for blood—each drop, a dollar.

If you proposed to cut my young life short,
Gladly would I consent to give you sport;
But shall I face the butts to bring bawbees
Into the yawning pouch of absentees?

None but a Scot should down me on the ling,
Or else an Englishman—the next best thing;
But, if by foreign hands I'm asked to fall,
Frankly, I'd sooner not be killed at all! O. S.

"The Bishop of St. Albans has nominated to the Trustees of the Felsted Charity for appointment to the Vicarage of Matching, vacant by the death of the Rev. T. C. Spurgin on his appointment to a district secretaryship of the Additional Curates Society, the Rev. J. B. Brinkworth."—*Essex Daily Chronicle*.

It looked at first as if his appointment to a district secretaryship of the Additional Curates Society had produced a fatal shock of excitement in Mr. SPURGIN's system, but we are glad to learn that the reverend gentleman has survived and flourishes exceedingly.

"In the course of cross-examination witnesses said he knew Mrs. Heimendahl 15 years ago. . . He had seen the letter which Mrs. Heimendahl had written to the defendant. . . Neither was he aware that Mrs. Heimendahl had taken Dorothy Jones into her service. . . I have received from Mrs. Heimendahl a very surprising letter."—From an article in "*The Liverpool Evening Express*."

We don't believe there's no such person.

THE START.

SCENE—A Railway Station. Two four-wheeled cabs have arrived and disgorged Him and Her, a Nurse, a French Mademoiselle, four children, ranging from three years up to ten, and a Pekinese dog. There are ten pieces of luggage and innumerable small parcels.

She. We're in plenty of time, after all.

He. You mustn't blame yourself for that. If I hadn't—

She. I know, I know. When they put you into *Who's Who* they'll say, "Recreation: Not missing trains." Now just you get in behind that dear old fat lady and take the tickets. I'll see to the luggage, and— (*A panic.*) Where are the children?

He. I told Nurse and Mademoiselle to take them on to the platform and wait under the clock.

[He joins the queue at the booking office, while she proceeds to tackle the luggage porters.]

She (*emerging on the platform*). There's the clock, but there isn't a child within a mile of it. (*To a porter*) Have you seen four children anywhere, porter?

Porter (*in a hurry*). The station's full of 'em, Mum; you can take your pick.

She. Brute! I wonder where they've got to.

[She rushes to and fro.]

He (*emerging with the tickets, to a porter*). What platform does the 11.10 start from?

Porter. No. 4, Sir.

He (*to himself*). There's no one under the clock. They must have gone to the train. I shall find 'em there.

[He proceeds to the train, and after a prolonged search fails to find a trace of them.]

He (*to a porter*). Hi, porter, is there another clock in this station?

Porter. Well, Sir, there's two, one at the end there—

He (*frantically*). That's it, then. They're sure to be there.

[He rushes off to the clock at the end. Just before this She had arrived there and found the whole family waiting in a condition of gloomy patience—all, that is to say, except Mademoiselle.]

She. Oh, there you are at last. Why did you come here, Sarah?

The Nurse. Mr. Bromley told me to take and wait under the clock, and as this clock's the biggest one I made sure he must have meant us to come here.

She. Well, never mind about that. Where's Mademoiselle?

The Eldest Girl. She's gone to the bookstall to try and get a French book.

She. She can find her own way to the train, then. Come along.

[They all proceed to Platform No. 4, but by a different route from that which He is taking from that platform; consequently he misses them and arrives under the clock in a state of distracted fury.]

He. Not here? Then where the deuce— Hi, porter, have you seen a party of nurses with a child—I mean a party of children with a nurse waiting here?

Porter. Well, there was a party about half an hour ago, two on 'em so to speak cross-eyed and wearin' green 'ats.

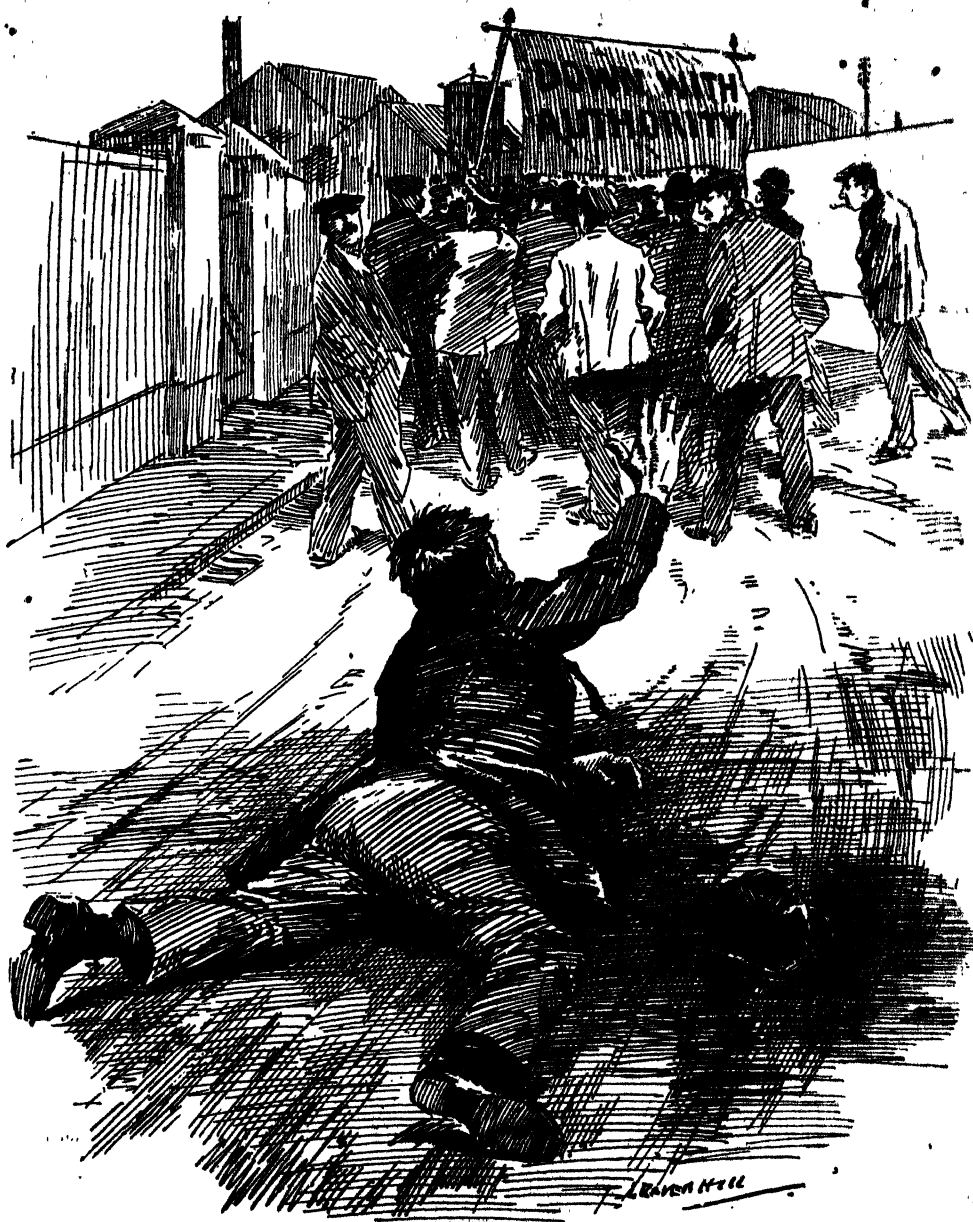
He. Cross-eyed be —! No, that's not the lot. They'll have gone to the other clock.

[He runs off thither, and on the way sees Mademoiselle at the bookstall.]

He. Ah, Mademoiselle, avez-vous vu les enfants?

Mlle. Non, Monsieur, depuis que je suis ici, je n'ai vu ni les enfants ni Madame.

He (*running on*). Allez vite au train. Numero 4. Prenez votre place. (*He arrives under the smaller clock.*) Not a sign



ON THEIR OWN.

TRADE UNION OFFICIAL. "STEADY ON THERE, WAIT FOR YOUR LEADER! WHEN I GAVE YOU THAT BANNER I DIDN'T MEAN DOWN WITH MY AUTHORITY!"

[There seems to be a growing fashion for workmen to go out on strike at a moment's notice without consulting their Trade Unions, and in contempt of contracts made on their behalf by these Societies.]



"THE LITTLE MORE, AND HOW MUCH IT IS!"

"PLAY UP! PLAY UP FOR THE BIG PRIZES! TEN, TEN, NINE—TWENTY-NINE POINTS. 'ARD LINES, SIR. IF YOU'D GOT THIRTY YOU'D HAVE WON A GOLD WATCH. M'RIA, GIVE THE GENTLEMAN A BAG O' NUTS."

of them, and the time 's getting on. Perhaps they 're in the waiting-room. (*Rushes off to inspect it.*) No, not there. We shall miss — — (*His eldest girl pulls him by the sleeve.*) Why, where on earth do you spring from?

The E.G. Mummy sent me here with a porter to find you, Daddy, and bring you, and if I didn't find you I was to come straight back.

He. Straight back to where?

The E.G. To the train, Daddy. We've got such a nice carriage.

(*She leads him to platform No. 4, where he finds the whole family, including Mademoiselle, comfortably installed in a compartment. He is squeezed in, purple and speechless, just before the train moves off.*)

She. You nearly missed it that time, dear. What have you been doing?

He. Just admiring the scenery, you know; chatting to the station-master about rose-growing —

Nurse (in a panic). Where's the basket?

She. Now you don't mean to say you've left the basket with the milk and the Thermos flask?

He (putting his head out of window and shouting as the train moves on). Porter, there's a basket somewhere—milk in it—send it on to address on label—here's a shilling. (*Throws a shilling out to the last porter.*) He'll never find it.

The Youngest Girl. It's here, Daddy, under the seat. Sarah put it there.

Commercial Solitude.

"Visitors are requested not to pick the flowers, or walk on the borders."—Notice at a Hotel in North Wales.

THE MERRY MONARCH.

Oh, why does Eaton all her banners don so?
To feast the roving eyes of King ALFONSO.

Why was it that the sun last Wednesday shone so?
It loved the polo feats of King ALFONSO.

What spectacle delights the footman John so?
The riding-breeches worn by King ALFONSO.

What is it fascinates the Eatonian *bonne* so?
It is the winning ways of King ALFONSO.

What puffs the plumage of the ducal swans so?
The notice they receive from King ALFONSO.

Why are the KAISER's courtiers jumped upon so?
He's sick with jealousy of King ALFONSO.

Why does the British Press keep on and on so?
It cannot have enough of King ALFONSO.

An Indian Prodigal.

"A BOY MEETING. (!A BOY MEETING.)

To the Editor.—Sir,—Will any among your numerous readers help a good man, Pandit Baradakanta Siromoni of Gulkia, Dacca, by giving him information, if possible, about his second son, Banish Nath Pathak, who has been missing since the 20th ult.

The boy is a scrubbed black one, aged about 13 with a small, scarred flat face and a squint in his eyes, keeping his head (rather flat, with hisute hair) a little bent on one side, about 2 cubits and a half in height. B. Banerjee, Gulkia. —*The Amrita Bazar Patrika.*

THE TELEPIANO.

VIEWS OF LEADING PIANISTS.

EXPERIMENTS with the new Lepel system of wireless telegraphy, by which the transmission of the melody of the National Anthem from Slough to Brussels and Paris has been successfully carried out, are described in detail in *The Daily Mail*.

We are in a position to state that further developments of the wireless octave have been triumphantly carried out by the great firm of Blüthstein. The opinions of some of the leading Kings of the Keyboard on the new "telepiano" will be read with interest.

Mr. MARK BAMBERGER, who was interviewed by our representative on his arrival in London from a protracted tour extending from Sikkim to Tierra del Fuego, expressed himself as an uncompromising opponent of the new system. "As an exemplification of the influence of applied science on art," observed Mr. BAMBERGER, "the new invention is not without interest. But if it were extensively employed by pianists the results would be disastrous. Travel enriches the intellect and develops sympathy. Home-keeping artists are apt to become insular, and even parochial, and the exclusive use of the telepiano would undoubtedly tend to root the *virtuoso* in one spot and promote a sedentary and immobile existence. Why should he go to Buenos Ayres or the Klondyke, he will argue, when all that is necessary is for him to sit comfortably at home and discourse wireless music to expectant auditors at the uttermost end of the earth? I, for one, could never bear to exchange the life of the travelling *virtuoso*, so richly fraught with adventure and emotion, for this lothargic and humdrum existence. A map is not only a better man, but an infinitely more exhilarating performer, for having experienced a typhoon in the China seas, witnessed a war dance of Amazons in Dahomey, grappled single-handed with a gang of Nihilists in Nijni-Novgorod, or crossed the Grand Sahara on the ship of the desert. Besides, it is not enough for an audience to listen to the tones of a piano. Unless the artist is present before them, the performance loses more than half its virtue. Capillary attraction, gesture, play of facial expression, costume—all are eliminated by the telepiano." Mrs. BAMBERGER, who during the interview sat at the feet of her illustrious husband on a richly decorated Japanese footstool, cordially endorsed his views.

M. PADEREWSKI, on the other hand, professes himself a warm supporter of the telepiano. He writes from Schloss

Manru, Poland, to say that it has solved a problem which for long has greatly exercised his mind—how to give pleasure to the world without incurring the risk of being mobbed and almost torn to pieces by his fanatical admirers. "At my last recital at Chicago," writes M. PADEREWSKI, "several tufts were forcibly removed from my *chevelure*, the little finger of my right hand was dislocated, and my best butterfly tie torn from my neck. This beneficent invention will henceforth enable me to continue my pianistic career without danger to life, limb and beauty."

M. PACHMANN is even more bitterly opposed to long distance wireless piano-playing than Mr. BAMBERGER. "To expect people to listen to a pianist without seeing his face is the most preposterous notion that ever emanated from a lunatic asylum. It is like an omelette without eggs. But what can you expect from a firm with the name of Blüthstein? You cannot get blood from a stone."

Finally, Madame SOPHIE MENTER objects to the new system because every auditor has to put on a hearing cap, the effect of which is most unbecoming.

MULL.

TELL me not of Grecian isles
And a charm that's olden,
Brooding on the turquoise blue
That the Argo's oar-banks knew,
Where a sun-steeped ease beguiles,
Far away, and golden!

There's a Western isle I know,
Where the last land merges
In the grey and outer seas,
Southward from the Hebrides,
And through old sea-caverns go
Old Atlantic dirges!

Grey it is, and very still
In the August weather;
Grey the basking seals that flock
On their jagged lift of rock;
Starkly heaves a waste of hill
Grey, untouched of heather!

Grey streams go by cliff and hag,
Black their pools and quiet;
There the great grey sea-trout rise
Somewhat shortly at your flies
(If you want to make a bag,
Worm's their favourite diet).

That's the place where I would be,
Where the winds blow purely;
For I hear, by Fancy blest,
All the Fairies of the West
Sound their silver pipes for me—
"Horns of Elfdand" surely!

CAIRO—LONDON AIRSHIP.

THE following extracts taken from *The Daily Letter* show the rapid progress this magnificent airship is making. In each case the paragraph emanates "From our Special Correspondent":—

Desert (near Cairo), Oct. 27, 1910.
The airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to make a flight from Cairo to London, where it will be housed in *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, is rapidly approaching completion, and it is hoped that the vessel will reach London in time for Guy Fawkes Day.

Desert (near Cairo), Dec. 17, 1910.
The airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to fly to London, where it will be housed in *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, made an excellent trial trip to-day. The expedition was slightly marred by the motor exploding and badly injuring two men.

It is hoped that the airship will reach *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats on Christmas Day.

Desert (near Cairo), Dec. 26, 1910.
Everything is in readiness for the flight of the airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII." from Cairo to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, and it is expected that the vessel will reach *The Daily Letter* garage on New Year's Day.

The Daily Letter garage, which was specially erected at an enormous expense by the proprietors of *The Daily Letter*, is being decorated in anticipation.

Desert (near Cairo), Jan. 16, 1911.
The airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to fly to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, made a splendid trial trip of thirty-eight yards yesterday. Unfortunately, however, in descending her propeller was smashed. It is expected now that she will not reach *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats until the end of the month.

Desert (near Cairo), Feb. 9, 1911.
The airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to fly from Cairo to London, where it will be housed in the garage specially erected on Wanstead Flats at enormous expense by the proprietors of *The Daily Letter*, remained in the air for over ten minutes to-day. It is confidently expected that she will arrive at *The Daily Letter* garage by St. Valentine's Day.

Desert (near Cairo), March 1, 1911.
The airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to fly to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, did a circular trip to-day, being in the air for nearly nineteen minutes.

The engineers are enthusiastic over

this performance, and they hope to reach *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats before quarter-day.

The Daily Letter has spared no expense in equipping its magnificent garage, and thousands of people visit it every day.

Desert (near Cairo), Mch. 31, 1911.

The "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to fly to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, met with an unfortunate accident to-day, which may delay her flight to *The Daily Letter* garage.

From causes which are at present unknown, her envelope burst just as she was settling down after a magnificent flight of two hundred yards.

As soon as the repairs are effected, however, the airship will fly to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats.

Desert (near Cairo), May 26, 1911.

The airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to fly from Cairo to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, was to-day assaulted by a man named Smith.

It has transpired that Smith has erected stands on Wanstead Flats every other week since the beginning of November, and has dismantled them in each case on the following week.

These stands commanded a view of the magnificent garage erected on Wanstead Flats by the proprietors of *The Daily Letter*.

Later.

The injuries sustained by the "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," which is to fly to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats, are not so serious as at first anticipated. The airship is now confidently expected to reach *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats by Derby Day.

Desert (near Cairo), Aug. 17, 1911.

It is possible that the flight of the airship "Demmit-Bayloud XII.," to *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats may be delayed, as during a trial trip to-day the engine fell through the deck and was smashed to pieces on the ground below.

However, the engineers are fully confident of reaching *The Daily Letter* garage on Wanstead Flats during September.

Extract from advertising columns of "Cairo Telegraph," dated Jan. 1, 1912.

To Aviators. For sale, a large number of airship fittings in excellent condition and thoroughly seasoned. A bargain, only to be seen to be appreciated. Would take white mice in a cage in exchange.

Extract from advertising columns of "The Daily Letter," dated Jan. 10, 1912.

To be let or sold. Splendid building



Photographer (who, for the first plate, has taken a great deal of trouble to get his sitter to relax the "unnaturally stern expression which men assume under the ordeal, and now prepares for a second exposure). "I SHALL LEAVE THE EXPRESSION TO YOU THIS TIME, SIR."

on Wanstead Flats, suitable for motor garage, skating rink, electric theatre, etc. No reasonable offer refused.

More Records Broken.

"Champel had a slight mishap, but got everything right during the night, and at 8.30 in the morning had a trial flight, and in the afternoon covered over 32 miles in 57 secs."

Standard.

"His best partners were Bowley and Arnold, the latter helping him to put on 101 in eight minutes for the fifth wicket." *Daily Telegraph.*

"A woman who lived on the charity of neighbours in the Belleville quarter of Paris, died suddenly from heart disease. When the authorities came to bury her at the public expense they found £2,800 hidden in her mattress." *Weekly Dispatch.*

Accept this statement with reservation. There is a mistake somewhere; but how it came about we cannot see. It is not as if mattresses was French for mattress, as it ought to be.

Commercial Candour.

1. "TROUSERS FOR NOTHING!
LAST TWO WEEKS."

Clothier's notice in "The Stockton and District Monthly Advertiser."

2. "OUR BOOTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."
A Middlesboro' Bootmaker.

"For instance, what gives pleasure and physical exercise to the rower? It is the resistance between the sculls and the water created in the brain."—*From a pamphlet on Physical Training.*

Skulls, dear friend, not sculls.

A LORD OF LANGUAGE.

I HAVE had in my head for some days the words "Scale and drop," and I cannot get them out. "Scale and drop." What do they convey to you, reader? Nothing? Ah, that merely shows that you are not a military expert. If you were, you would realise at once that an offensive operation was going forward—assault and battery in the making.

But I will tell you. I live in the country, in a district that was recently the theatre of war. Mimic war, it is true, but earnest and serious, if rather self-conscious, war, none the less. Regiments marched up and down our hill, not only by day, but by night. Tired men in khaki, with the skin half off their faces and wholly off their noses, rested under our trees, consuming endless cigarettes and much chocolate, and leaving the wrappers of both behind. Yeomanry galloped over all the surrounding fields, except where notices said "Out of bounds." Now and then we were asked for water, not only for men but for beasts. In short, we knew something of what war meant.

And then at last, after days of silent manœuvres, came a battle with blank cartridges, so close that our house became a centre of headache. It was in the midst of this engagement that I walked out into the garden and stood in the doorway leading to the orchard to watch the fray. In fact we all did: old and young, the whole household. Now this orchard is surrounded by a wall which in places may be four feet high, but for the most part is three feet high; so insignificant that last week a cow in the next meadow placed her head against it, pushed a sufficient gap through it, and was found consuming our fruit trees. I had since then ceased to think of it as a wall at all: merely a symbol of ownership, privacy. Judge, then, of my amazement, and indeed pride, when, all the blank cartridges having been expended, the commander issued to his men the stentorian order, "Scale and drop!"

While we were still glowing at the employment of such noble words, the whole troop, a few of them with a half glance of confusion towards us, ran simultaneously to the wall and—got over it. I knew they would. I knew that scaling was as impossible as dropping. It was a case of lifting the legs one after the other; but the life-blood of the army—not less the Territorials than the Regulars—is precision, not only of deed but word, and "getting over walls" is unknown there. Quite right, too; and I applauded the officer for his fidelity both to the spirit and

the letter. His command remains in my mind an example of sublimity.

HOW A GREAT AUTHOR WORKS.

"In wild surroundings man can but realise himself to be a trivial part of the great whole, while in the more formal environment of a garden he is free to deal with questions which arise from artistic creation."—*Daily Paper*.

I VOWED (intrepid youth!) to go
Where Nature's wildest blooms
arrayed
A soil which had not felt the hoe
Nor scraped acquaintance with the
spade.
There I determined I would dwell;
The Muse and I, with none to stop us,
Would hold communion for a spell
And perpetrate a *magnum opus*.

But mid the wondrous wildness came
The thought that man is very slight.
The world would go on just the same
Were I a maggot or a mite.
My work would mingle with the dust,
And what renown I gathered from it
Would be distinctly less robust
Than was the tail of Halley's comet.

Such candid self-communion brought
All hope of working to an end;
So I returned forthwith, and sought
A sympathetic lady friend,
Within whose trim-kept garden I
Told how, to morbid thoughts a
martyr,
I'd found the source of music dry
And Pegasus a rank non-starter.

And, just as she seemed like to melt
In tears at my unhappy state,
With thrills of ecstasy I felt
The artist's longing to create.
That garden struck a chord in me;
A flood of melody came rushing,
As when one deals the rubber tree
The blow that sets its sap a-gushing.

Of travelling I've had enough,
It tends to baulk the poet's aim;
The sight of Nature in the rough
Makes man's affairs seem very tame.
But put me where the pansy grows,
And kindred blossoms even neater,
And, gazing on their ordered rows,
At once I mould my thoughts in
metre.

"A mile out of Shrivnal a jicked escort met the women, making a gallant show of blue and red and gold, the sunshine flashing on the regimental colours, on sword-sabbards and steel shoulder chains, on serried rows of medals lying on gallant breasts."—*Daily Mirror* "Serial."

They always do wear full-dress uniform and carry colours on the North-West Frontier of India. But why wasn't the band playing?

THE SEAMY SIDE OF HEROISM.

A CRISIS is suddenly come upon me. I sit in my office in Lincoln's Inn Fields, looking out from my window upon it and wondering whether I am going out to avert public disaster, or am going to sit quietly within, pretending that I have not noticed anything.

When I set myself to dream of heroic opportunities, I had my eye on Fires, Drownings, Riots, Wrecked Expresses or Fainting Aristocrats. My offer to Providence was that it should arrange a *mise-en-scène* including one of the above catastrophes and not omitting a large and appreciative crowd of on-lookers. There was to be a first-rate disaster imminent, cowardice and panic rampant, and nothing wanted but a man to come along and do the manly thing. I was to be that man. I was to arrive, godlike, at the psychological moment, save everybody and everything from the worst, and then attempt a modest retirement, which, I trusted, would be prevented by the crowd, frenzied with admiration. Publicity and due reward, possibly even cash, should be forced upon me then and there, and a short, depreciatory speech extracted from my unwilling lips. Though I made known my preference for a fire in a theatre, with myself clambering on to the stage and thence directing the safe exit of a panic-stricken mob, I left the actual choice of catastrophes to Providence, and this is the best it can do.

For nearly an hour a private carriage has stood by the curb, opposite the door next to my own. There is no one inside; there is no one on the box. No one shows any sign of ownership, interim possession or desire to control. You say this is impossible. Why? Cannot the coachman have had a parcel to deliver on the top floor, and quite unintentionally have fallen down four flights of stairs? May it not be that... Anyhow, there is the phenomenon. A policeman has looked at it, stroked the horse's head, wondered what (if anything) he ought to do, and gone his ways. An errand-boy on a box-tricycle has enquired leisurely into the matter. He has looked carefully inside and on the box of the carriage. He has started to ride away and has returned to look underneath. Finding nothing there, he has scratched his head. He has scratched the horse's head and looked up at the neighbouring windows. With a little more head-scratching, he too has gone his ways.

That was nearly half-an-hour ago, and there the thing is, still unclaimed. Yet you do not believe. I, who am now watching it happen in the most



Nurse. "WHAT'S THAT DIRTY MARK ON YOUR LEG, MASTER FRANK?"
Nurse. "WELL, GO AT ONCE AND WASH IT OFF."

Frank. "HAROLD KICKED ME."
Frank. "WHY? IT WASN'T ME WHAT DID IT!"

natural way in the world, begin to lose patience, and so does the horse. After a short prelude of restlessness, the ill-used creature has decided that it will wait no longer. An hour was just permissible; more it is unreasonable to expect of an active horse. He moves off at a slow walk. In a minute he will be trotting into Kingsway; in three, galloping driverless down Oxford Street. He is only just starting, has in fact stopped for a moment of his own accord. Before he goes on again, I can easily secure him and lead him back, awkwardly and unheroically, to his proper place. I shall endeavour to leave him and he will start off again. So I shall have to stay there and hold him until some owner does appear. If any crowd gathers, it will only be to ridicule a corpulent but eminently respectable old gentleman with a bald head, holding an apparently amused horse inefficiently. When the owner comes, will he shower praise and reward upon me? Not he. At the best he will give me twopence to get myself a drink. At the worst he will ask me what the something I am doing with his horse, and will accuse me of theft on an original and ambitious scale.

The horse, I tell you, has paused in its progress, showing that its movement was originally intended as a practical protest, expected to bring the

driver quickly about his business. But the driver not appearing, and the horse having tasted the pleasure of independent motion, the longer and fatal journey is now contemplated. In a word, the pause is ended and the horse is walking off to do his worst. Ah, well! I suppose there is nothing for it. I shall have to go.

Really, Providence, don't you know the difference between a Hero and a Busybody?

TERMINOLOGICAL EXACTITUDE.

John Rogers, Esq., to Arthur Robson, Esq., M.A.

DEAR ARTHUR,—I am on the point of engaging a secretary, and amongst those who have applied to me for the post is one Mr. Alfred Thompson. He informs me that he was recently a pupil at your school, and refers me to you for his character. I should be very grateful for any information you could give me as to his conduct when he was under your supervision.

My kind regards to yourself and your wife. Believe me, yours sincerely,
JOHN ROGERS.

Arthur Robson, Esq., M.A., to John Rogers, Esq.

MY DEAR JOHN,—Alfred Thompson

was a pupil of mine for some time, and I found his conduct generally good.

Yours in haste, ARTHUR ROBSON.

John Rogers, Esq., to Arthur Robson, Esq., M.A.

DEAR ARTHUR. Thank you very much for your letter. I am sorry to trouble you again, but I am afraid that I do not quite appreciate what you mean by "generally." Would you mind enlightening me a little further? Yours sincerely, JOHN ROGERS.

Arthur Robson, Esq., M.A., to John Rogers, Esq. (Post Card).

By "generally" I mean "not particularly."—A. R.

"During 1909 the Mint made 1,138,480 more shillings than in 1908."—*Daily Express*. This is the kind of paragraph that turns hair grey quicker than any of the advertised things.

"Had they remained in the water, no doubt it would have been a triple fatality," said the coroner at Blackpool yesterday afternoon.—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

SOLON!

The reluctance of certain Territories to march in the rain has been duly noted in Berlin. It would be just like the Germans to bring off the invasion on a wet day.



PROBLEMS OF WAR.

Excited Recruit (on outpost duty for the first time). "YON MAN SAYS I'M CAPTURED, SIR. COULD HE CAPTURE ME, SIR? THERE WAS ONLY ONE OF HIM, AN' ONE OF ME!"

ERGOPHOBIA.

It was not that I wished to go away,
To leave my tasks undone, and wander free;
My noble spirit chafed at the delay,
For work (whatever my detractors say)
Is meat and drink to me.

The joys of idleness allured me not;
Indeed, I felt considerable pain
At being torn, uprooted from the spot
Where I might work, and give full vent to what
I wildly call my brain.

I did but seek the somewhat flagging power
Of that tremendous engine to restore,
I said, I will be idle for an hour,
Give it, in fact, a kind of thorough scour,
That I may work the more.

It was in that fine hope that I took wing,
For that I laid my well-loved labours by;
And, faring forth, I grew the sunniest thing;
I was a figure of incarnate Spring;
None bonnier than I.

Where'er I moved I carolled like a lark;
On lake, on links, the music of my mirth

Became the theme of general remark;
Yet ever, tho' I strove to keep it dark
From men of lighter worth,

In mind I sought that fuller time ahead
When I should leave ignoble rest behind
And tackle that dear work for which I bled
(Being, I fancy I've already said,
Blest with that sort of mind).

So the days passed. And so the glad dawn broke
That haled me to the labour of my Art.
With joy I came; with joy resumed the yoke;
And up till now I haven't done a stroke—
I cannot even start.

My Muse, once supple, labours as a wain
That deeply creaks in unaccustomed ruts
(A pretty figure!); struggles are in vain;
And, as for what I madly call my brain,
It doesn't work for nuts.

Nay, worse. My old-time zeal has run to rust;
And work—a fact that fills me with dismay—
That very work, for which I felt such lust,
Makes me recoil with shuddering disgust;
I want to go away. DUM-DUM.



THE IDLER MALGRÉ LUI.

LORD KITCHENER. "THINK I SHALL EVER BE ANY GOOD AT THIS?"
PUNCH. "HOPE YOU WON'T HAVE THE TIME, SIR."

[Lord Kitchener has recently been taking lessons in golf at Archerfield.]



MARGATE AGAIN!

"ENGLAND HAS A LARGE MARITIME POPULATION, OF WHOM SHE IS JUSTLY PROUD."

AN UNCONVENTIONAL PICNIC.

MONKS DORMING, as my sister Lavinia and I often say, has been simply a different place since Mrs. Rippentrop came to live at Sunny Bank. She keeps us all alive—such an energetic person, and so full of animal spirits and new ideas for social enjoyment! So we were quite excited when she called to ask us to join a picnic party she was getting up on some plan she had seen in a daily paper and was carrying out with additions of her own. "You really *must* come, dear Miss Priscilla; it won't be complete without you and Miss Miniver," she said, in that pretty way of hers. And, having no other engagement, we were of course only too delighted to accept. All we were *told* was that we were to send in such provisions as we liked to contribute, the evening before, and meet on the appointed day at Sunny Bank to receive further instructions.

When we arrived, the first thing we all had to do was to dress ourselves up in various articles that we found provided for us, exactly as if it was Charades. Colonel Potter looked extremely quaint in a pink bath-gown and a grey slouch hat with a blue woollen feather; as did Mr. Dillwater, our new Curate, in Indian shawls and a lilac sunbonnet—but both seemed just a *teeny* bit put out when we learnt that the picnic was to take place in Balmyside Woods, and that we were to drive there just as we were. Indeed, if they had not both been such devoted admirers of Mrs. Rippentrop, I almost doubt whether they would have consented to come at all. But she had thoughtfully

engaged the station omnibus from the "Falcon," so we were comparatively unobserved.

We got out at the nearest gate to the wood, where Mrs. Rippentrop made us all put on half-masks of black paper before we went any further. Then we proceeded on our way, and hadn't got far when we were challenged by Mr. Wibberley, Miss Ingpen (who wrote a detective story for our Parish Magazine, which the Rector said was remarkably clever, but unsuitable), and Imogen Turk, with her small brother Bobbie. They had gone on in advance, and were supposed to be Scouts guarding the food, and, before we could pass, we each had to make up a plausible tale, and, if we escaped being recognised, the Scouts lost a point. Colonel Potter's story was brief, and not very plausible; Lavinia and I couldn't think of any story at all; Mr. Stodgeleigh (who is writing an important book on the History and Antiquities of Monks Dorming) told a very good tale indeed, though he took rather a long time over it. However, though we were so capitally disguised, we were all recognised; so we should never have got to the picnic at all if Mrs. Rippentrop hadn't persuaded them to let us pass, in spite of the rules. When we reached the picnic ground another surprise was in store for us. This was Mrs. Rippentrop's own idea. The Scouts had been directed to hide the comestibles away in secret places, and we had to hunt them all out before the meal could be begun. To assist us in this Mr. Wibberley gave us a cryptograph, with rows of little dancing men, which he had imitated from a story of CONAN DOYLE'S, and we all

puzzled over it for quite half-an-hour before we were compelled to give it up. As it was already past two, the Scouts were permitted by Mrs. Rippentrop to give us hints as to the most likely spots. I must say the concealment had been most ingeniously contrived.

For instance, Lavinia's meat patties and my own jam puffs were so completely hidden under layers of bracken that dear old Mrs. Thudichum only discovered them by noticing the state her boots were in. And, although we observed a cork with a tiny flag floating in a dear little mossy pool, we had no idea, till we were told, that it marked the spot where Colonel Potter's contribution—a lobster salad—had been submerged in a tin fish-can. The water kept the lobster beautifully cool, but unfortunately some rotifers and other pond-dwellers had gained admittance through the holes in the top of the tin, so we thought it more prudent, on the whole, *not* to partake of the lobster salad.

We then had a great search for a couple of cold chickens which Mr. Dillwater said should be somewhere about, and Mr. Wibberley advised us to try the bank of a charming rivulet close by—and sure enough, there were the chickens! They would have been welcomed, as we were getting really hungry by this time, but some animal—Mr. Stodgeleigh thought a water-rat—had evidently found them before us, so we went without them, which I fancy was rather a disappointment to poor Mr. Dillwater. In compassion for our feelings Imogen Turk then informed us where she had concealed a cold tongue. We should certainly never have found it out for ourselves, as the dear child had dropped it into a hollow tree, from which, though we tried for at least twenty minutes, it proved impossible to extract it. And the currant and raspberry tart—well, I must say that whoever secreted it in the undergrowth was ill-advised in putting it so near an ant's nest. Indeed, matters had reached such a pitch that I really thought it wiser, after coming upon Mrs. Thudichum's calves-foot jelly in the midst of a bed of rushes, to refrain from mentioning that, when I first saw it, a large speckly frog was seated panting on the top. Luckily, there had not been time to think of a really clever hiding-place for the ham, and we found some bread and a jam-pot full of butter down a rabbit-hole, and not so very sandy considering, so with these and the jelly (which I did not touch myself) we managed to satisfy our appetites. There was not much to drink, because we only exhumed one bottle of claret and another of milk, poor little Bobbie being unable to remember where he had buried the others—or the tumblers. Still, paper funnels make quite passable substitutes for drinking-glasses, and after all, as Mrs. Rippentrop brightly observed, half the fun of a picnic consists in these little *contretemps*.

It was perhaps a pity that Miss Ingpen did not recollect until we had all done that there was a large pigeon pie perched in the fork of a tree directly over our heads. She

is a great reader, and it seems she borrowed the notion of hiding an article in the most conspicuous place from a tale of EDGAR ALLAN POE's. Nothing could have been more successful, but Mr. Stodgeleigh, for so great a philosopher as he is, all but lost his temper over it.

The bus was to have met us at five o'clock, but we were considerably behind our time, and as it had to go back to the station for the 6.15, we returned on foot. Colonel Potter was a little peevish at having to walk through the village in his disguise, and Mr. Dillwater openly dreaded lest he should encounter his Rector—which I regret to say he did. But there are never many persons about in Monks Dorming, and those we did meet made but few comments on our costumes. Altogether, as I said to dear little Mrs. Rippentrop, we were indebted to her for a most successful and delightful expedition. Still, somehow or other, she has not seen quite so much as she used to of either

Colonel Potter, Mr. Stodgeleigh, or Mr. Dillwater. Indeed, I cannot find that either of them has been near Sunny Bank for the last fortnight. F. A.



Sic. "AND YOU'D GO THROUGH ANYTHING FOR ME, CUTHBERT!"

He (appealing to Heaven). "I SWEAR!"

INSURANCE FOR CRICKETERS.

The Daily Chronicle having announced the completion of its scheme for the insurance of footballers, *Mr. Punch* begs to state that he also has made arrangements of a somewhat similar nature for the insurance of cricketers. *The Chronicle's* project insures against accident, fatal or otherwise. Cricketers, however, are less liable to death than dishonour, and to injured limbs than to injured feelings. *Mr. Punch's* efforts are therefore directed to compensation for spiritual rather than bodily hurt.

A premium of £5 entitles the cricketer who makes a pair of spectacles to an expression of surprise and sympathy from Mr. LAURANCE WOODHOUSE in *The Daily Mail*.

A premium of £10 entitles the cricketer who has been

given out unjustly l. b. w. to his portrait in *The Sketch*, entitled "Another Distinguished Victim of Bad Umpiring."

A premium of £7 10s. entitles the cricketer who is out for hitting the ball twice to facetious but gratifying mention in *The Daily Telegraph* by Major PHILIP TREVOR.

A premium of £5 entitles the cricketer who figures as a "did not bat" to a bottle of Mr. WARNER'S hair-restorer.

A premium of £10 entitles the cricketer who misses an easy catch (sitter) to commiserative sympathy of an apparently authentic nature from at least three spectators, strangers to each other, each of whom will remember a similar chance being dropped by an illustrious performer.

A premium of £3 entitles the cricketer who breaks his Achilles tendon to a paragraph by Sir HOME GORDON in *The Tatler*, comparing him favourably with Mr. C. B. FRY.

A premium of £8 entitles the cricketer who is bowled first ball each innings to a pound of HINSEY'S toffee for life.



"AS OTHERS SEE US."

First Dog (hired for the season). "THAT'S THE FIFTEENTH TIME RUNNING HE'S MIS-
Second Dog. "NONE TOO SAFE EITHER; LET'S CHUCK IT."

A OUTRANCE!

["Dear Sir,—On behalf of my Committee, I beg to inform you that it is proposed to hold a Lawn Tennis Match at Queen's Club, West Kensington, 'Authors versus Publishers,' and shall be glad to know if you care to play!"—*From a letter received.*]

"CARE"? What a feeble inadequate word it is!
Care, do you say, to take part in the match?
 Why, I should count it the worst of absurdities
 If I should fail to come up to the scratch.
 When you afford me, by blessed fatality,
 Chances for which I've continued to pine,
 Can you imagine, in sober reality,
 I shall be donkey enough to decline?

This is the happy occasion to dissipate
 Sorrows that shadowed my life in the past;
 This the delectable time, I anticipate,
 When I shall crush the oppressor—at last!
 Insolent publisher, now I shall trouble you!
 Would you return me my epic unread?
 Wait till I get you at Kensington (W.),
 Wait till I bring off a smash at your head!

How I shall laugh at your feeble endeavour to
 Cope with my service's wonderful flight!
 (Rogue as you are, you will have to be clever to
 Rob me of this, my American right).
 How my cross-volley will humble your vanity!
 How the spectators will mock at you, Sir,
 As I remark, with delicious urbanity,
 "Ah, the net system is what you prefer!"

"Why do I reckon" (I hear your satirical
 Query) "that we are unequally matched?
 What if these verses be merely a lyrical
 Counting of chickens before they are hatched?"
 Nay, the position is far from disquieting;
 Plain is the fare that an author can get,
 Publishers revel in opulent dieting—
 You will be done at the end of a set!

So, in a scornfully challenging attitude,
 Waving a racquet, behold me advance;
 It would be simply the rankest ingratitude
 Not to employ so consummate a chance!
 Now I must stifle my eager elation to
 Answer the person who said "if you care"
 "Sir, I accept your polite invitation to
 Play at West Kensington. *I shall be there!*"

"OLD COINS FOUND AT BURNISLAND."—Some old Scottish coins were hardly decipherable, but yesterday a French coin in good preservation was picked up, having the name and effigy of Louis XIII. on the one side, and the fleur de lys and the date 1638 on the other.—*Stratford.*
 We advise the finder to alter the date before he offers it for sale to any but a very sanguine numismatist.

"WANTED immediately, in Scotland, Rabbits; married, without family, 30 to 40; English; Church of England."—*Country Life.*
 More ecclesiastical rancour; for of course Scotch rabbits are Presbyterians.

"Keats on the flight that failed.
 "And then upon the grass I sat and moan,
 Like one who once had wings."—*Hyperion.*

A TUBE PROPOSAL.

I HAD been expecting the proposal for weeks, so often had he been on the verge and so often had I tactfully piloted him back to safe ground again, but when he ran me to earth, so to speak, in the Tube, and led me staggering down the train to the dim and deserted far end, I set my teeth grimly for I knew I was in for it. He is quite a nice boy and the juvenile lead of our Amateur Dramatic Society; but, though my heart may not be another's, it is certainly not his.

He began at once, fixing his passionate eyes on mine, and speaking in a voice of emotional entreaty. I was heartily sorry for him, for the Tube is an awful place to propose in; the roar and rattle drowned his best points, and I only caught a few words here and there, such as—"Katharine" (he was too moved to call me "Kitty"), "carry you by storm," "wife," "win you in the end." Then he came to a full stop and, seizing my hand, he faltered—"Will you—oh, do say you will!"

"I wish I could," I sighed, giving his hand a sisterly little squeeze before I withdrew mine, "but it's impossible." As I spoke the noise and clatter were worse than ever, and, to my horror and annoyance, I saw, from the sudden rapture in his face, that he had misunderstood me, and, probably only catching my first words, had mistaken "I wish" for "I will."

His joy was so frank that for the first moment I simply hadn't the heart to deceive him; the next, the train slowed up at our station, and we were obliged to perform a combined cake-walk down the oscillating compartment. I had no opportunity to correct his illusion on the platform or in the crowded lift, and I waited till we got outside, when he at once began gaily—"You don't know how horribly nervous I felt before I asked, but I feel I can face any music now I am sure of you."

"I'm dreadfully sorry," I said bravely, "but there's been a mistake. You thought I said 'Yes' in the Tube, didn't you?" He nodded and looked down quickly and apprehensively in my face. "Well, as a matter of fact, I said 'No,'" I answered as gently as I could. He turned very pale and did not speak for a few moments. Then he demanded in a hard voice—

"Why not? Are you engaged?"
"I shook my head and averted my eyes."
"Then why won't you?"
"Because I don't want to," I blurted out, feeling truth was best. There was a long pause.

"Oh, very well," he said quietly, "then I shall ask Cynthia Platt."

I own I was a little shocked at this; not piqued, but a little shocked. However, I exclaimed heartily, "That's very sensible of you. She's heaps better than I am."

"Well," he replied in a meditative voice, "of course she's taller and she's good-looking. But she's a bit too strong; she's got such a magnificent physique, you know."

"Why, surely that's all the better," I said.

"Oh, no," he replied. "You're a much more suitable size for me to chase round with a whip."

I gasped, and he smiled a little sadly at my expression.

"Oh, you needn't look alarmed," he said; "I shouldn't have actually touched you with it; my idea was just to rattle you along and crack it behind you."

"Well," I said, "if that's your idea of domestic happiness I consider it's an insult for you to have asked me to marry you."

He pulled up short and stared at me. "I never asked you to marry me," he exclaimed.

"What!" I cried. "Not just now in the Tube?"

"Never," he said emphatically. "I told you they had cast me for *Petruchio* in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and I asked you to be Katharine, my wife in the play, don't you know."

I didn't speak; I couldn't; it was all I could do to choke back my tears of mortification, and we walked in a horrible embarrassed silence till I reached my gate. Then I glanced up and saw that his face wore a mingled expression of nervousness, amusement, and pity.

"I'm awfully sorry," he stammered, "but that beastly Tube makes such a row, no wonder—"

"Yes, doesn't it," I said quickly; "my mistake was almost excusable. And in any case," I added over my shoulder as I went in, "you won't forget I said 'No,' will you?"

From the Spanish paper *Blanco y Negro*.

Don't kill the birds! the bittie birds
y hat sing about the door,
soon as the joyous spring has come
and chilling orthorns are o'er."

The author does not seem quite to appreciate the spell of Autumn.

"WAIFS AND STRAYS."

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill left for the Continent on Wednesday.—*Oxford Times*.

We have seen many a happier heading than this.

UNEXPECTED ATHLETES.

ENCOURAGED by the stimulating example of Lord KITCHENER, several other eminent public men have decided to enter the athletic arena.

LORD FISHER, O.M., played his first game of golf at Sheringham on Friday last. The results were decidedly promising, though the gallant admiral occasionally gave vent to such marine exclamations as "Avast there!" on missing the globe. At the eighth hole, where he took a full swing, with his Dreadnought driver, Lord FISHER hit the roof of the Lifeboat Station such a prodigious ponk that the ball flew off into the North Sea and was never seen again. At the tenth, Lord FISHER ran down a 6 in. putt in fine style, and at the thirteenth he cleverly aliced his drive into the tee-box, a thing which has never been done before. JOHNNY WALKER, who coached the illustrious neophyte, expressed keen satisfaction with his pupil's progress. "Man," he exclaimed on one occasion, "yon's the biggest divot I ever saw."

LORD ROSEBURY's unexpected appearance at the Highland Games at Strathpeffer has been quite the event of the week in Scotland. His lordship entered for several events, and carried off the veterans' 100 yards' handicap from the 30-yard mark in the fine time of 24 seconds. Lord ROSEBURY was also honourably mentioned in the egg and spoon race.

The announcement that Sir OLIVER LODGE would take part in a game of water polo in the Edgbaston Baths attracted a large and influential crowd to that fashionable resort on Saturday afternoon. The illustrious *savant*, who was tastefully clad in plum-coloured satinette, presented a truly noble appearance on plunging into the bath, and was the life and soul of the game. Playing centre wing forward with extraordinary gusto, Sir OLIVER again and again foiled the attack of the opposing scrimmagers. One magnificent run along the bottom of the bath aroused such enthusiasm that Mr. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT, though fully dressed in the height of the fashion, leapt into the liquid and was with difficulty rescued from a watery grave. Mr. HAROLD BROGIE was reduced to tears of ecstacy, and Mr. BRAM STOKER, who was reporting the match for *P. A. P.*, broke into peans of delight. As he put it in one happy phrase, "Since the days of Roncesvalles there has never been such an OLIVER as ours." At the close the aquatic hero was carried home shoulder high, preceded by the drum and fife band of the Edgbaston Telegraphic Scouts.



THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

Gipsy (offering clothes'-props). "ELP A POOR WOMAN, LIDY. EIGHTPENCE EACH, OR YOU CAN TAKE THE TWO FOR A SHILLIN'."

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

THE great Australian liner with the eminent Paragraph on board was already overdue as I stood waiting. Many well-known Pars were on the quay to meet their confrère.

The GLADSTONE twenty-six bites nautical story was standing next to an iron-haired anecdote about DISRAELI's first speech, while two distinguished Pars who had, I found, both seen the light years ago in *P.U.P.*, stood and recalled old times. They had not met for years. The one about LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's resignation had gone out to South Africa at the time of the appointment of his son, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, to be Under-Secretary to the Colonies, and had returned when he went to the Board of Trade. The other, about BOYLE ROOPE's rat that was nipped in the bud, had only just concluded a tour of Japan and the Far East. At this moment the great ship hove in sight, and in a few minutes, amidst

loud cheers, the venerable Par came ashore. I succeeded in getting a few words.

"You have been round the world?" I asked.

"Completely," answered the genial old anecdote. "I have appeared in 550 newspapers, magazines and reviews. When I came out in *The Honolulu Weekly Whisper* the paper went out of print. I leave again to-morrow by the thin paper edition of *Glad Bits*, en route for Chicago and the Far West, where I have a round of engagements booked. You mustn't keep me any longer. Pip! Pip!"

"Pip! Pip!" I responded; "see you in *Glad Bits* to-morrow!"

"I recall a remarkable incident in that innings very early on. A ball—bowled, if my memory serves, by Mr. F. S. Jackson—beat Mr. Spooner, and struck his leg stump so hard that it travelled to the boundary—yet the bats were undisturbed."—*Old Ebor* in *The Yorks Evening Post*.

Frankly, we don't believe this. We can't help feeling that one ball, at any rate, must have fallen.

AN IDLE QUERY.

If to his lyre the ancient minstrel trolled
Of doughtier deeds than modern eyes behold;
If 'rattered halls with braver songs were stirred
Than any sounding strains which now are heard;
One idly wonders if the long-ago
Knew nobler deeds than over we may know;
Or if in those dim years that bred our sires
Were finer bards—or only finer lyres!

"The most significant feature of the analysis was that out of 87 overs sent down by the seven bowlers tried, only six failed to yield at least one wicket."—*Bristol Evening Times and Echo*.

It appears that Gloucester were playing eighty-one men to Worcestershire's eleven.

"Lost, from carriage in Harry Street, July 27, small invisible Green Leather Bag." *Irish Times*. This should take some finding.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Of the many novelists who can write with a semblance of extreme accuracy about a period which they never saw, most, I think, make the mistake of importing a far too modern conception of romantic sentiment into the hearts of their heroes and heroines. Mr. FORD MADOX HUEFFER has no use for this sort of thing: he feels, I suppose, that a time of artificial graces and studied manners exercised a constricting influence over the emotions of the people who lived in it. Thus, if you expect to find in the two principal figures of *The Portrait* (METHUEN), who flourished in the early part of the eighteenth century, a Victorian attitude of mind, you will be grievously disappointed. For myself I was more than pleased. Squire Bettesworth, of Winterbourne, Wilts, took a rash bet (amounting to £20,000) with

Sir Francis Dashwood, the Duke of Norfolk, and other gentlemen, that he would "find, fetch, horse, and marry" the lady who had sat for the picture known as 'Celia in her arbour,' and *The Portrait* explains how he did it, and how, incidentally, his pride was rather humbled in the process. The minuteness with which the author has described his interiors (in the painter's, not the psychologist's, sense of the word) is truly wonderful, and the ladies and gentlemen who strut in his pages are the most agreeable of marionettes. Especially do I like Mr. Roland Bettesworth, the hero's brother, and his method of enforcing a duel with Sir Francis Dashwood: "And you have about you, perhaps upon your handkerchief, or upon your stockings, or I know not where, of perfume of orange or of ambergris, or perhaps it is no perfume at all. But with perfume or the lack of perfume you have very much offended my nostrils. And this, sure, is quarrel enough for any gallant man." Like the Earl of Pembroke, who was present, I cordially agree.

Eric Marshall fell in love with a girl whom he had heard playing the violin in an orchard. She was unfortunately dumb, not through any vocal defect, but because her deceased mother had refused to talk for many years, and had been appropriately punished by the birth of a speechless daughter. The probability of this seems to me a little dubious; but no matter. *Kilmeny* used to meet *Eric* in the orchard pretty often; till, one evening, a former suitor, being naturally irritated at the affair, came behind *Eric* with his little hatchet, and proposed to end things abruptly. *Kilmeny*, however, saw his approach, and, recovering what her mother had lost, spoke and warned her favoured lover.

So they married—and I resist the temptation to wonder whether *Eric* ever thought wistfully about the silent past. The novel, of which this is the plot, is called *Kilmeny of the Orchard* (PITMAN). Although this kind of thing may make, indeed frequently has made, an acceptable short story, the allowance is rather small for a complete six-shilling volume. The author, L. M. MONTGOMERY, seems to have said, "Hang it all, they want another novel by me, so, as this is all there is in the house at present, it will just have to go round!" I am a little sorry for this, since earlier work by the same hand was evidently of better quality. *Kilmeny of the Orchard*, even enriched by four quite charming illustrations in colour, strikes me as not altogether fair value for the price.

I want to express such an opinion of *The Brassbounder* (Duckworth) as will induce you to put on your hat and run out and buy it at once. You may say that you do

not care for the sea or for them that go down to it in ships, or that you so well know and love these things in the life that any description of them in a book must seem second-rate and dull. Believe me, in either case you are entirely wrong. The most abandoned seaman and the most determined landlubber cannot fail to find delight in these sketches. Every change of the wind, every point of the compass, every phase of life on the deep when sailors still sailed and did not steam, is shown with the breadth and the buoyancy and the unsparing simplicity of a man who must have once done his business on the great waters.

—Such is the air of

humanity about his crew, his mate and his Old Man, such the atmosphere of reality about the stress and humour of their choppy career, that one is forced to believe Mr. DAVID W. BONE, when he professes once to have been an apprentice, a "brassbounder," on a three thousand ton barque. I have my doubts whether his volume is the log of an actual voyage, polished up to readable form, or an effort of fiction shorn down to a seamanlike ruggedness; I am clear that his observation is perfect, his expression masterly and his resulting whole utterly charming. There are illustrations by the author—careful, suggestive pictures; but, as they lack some of the spontaneity of the written sketches, I confine myself to saying only that these are very good indeed.

"Mr. Willows . . . passed over Chippenham, Calne, Marlborough and Newbury and on to Reading, where he picked up the railway line."

Northern Echo.

This is what comes of employing sleepers to hold the metals. Any aeronaut can snatch them.



LITTLE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

CONSTERNATION OF SIR AUDREY, WHO FINDETH THAT "THE DRAGON-SLAYER HANDBOOK", TREATETH NOT OF DRAGONS WITH MORE THAN ONE HEAD.

CHARIVARIA.

WHEN the Tsar meets the Kaiser at Schloss Friedberg the grounds of the castle will, it is said, be flooded with police. We really do not believe that these precautions are necessary. The meeting, we are convinced, will be perfectly amicable.

* *

Mr. RUFUS GAYNOR, the son of the Mayor of New York, reports that his father is now better than before he was shot. In spite of this we understand that other Mayors have not expressed any great eagerness to undergo the same cure.

* *

A Londoner who is in search of a quiet spot for half-holidays asks the readers of a daily paper to help him in his quest. It will be in the highest degree regrettable if, when the name is announced, some half-million readers of the journal in question decide to share his seclusion.

* *

"What's the meaning of all these recent railway pools," inquires an old lady. "Is it the effect of the damp summer?"

* *

Ladies' hats, a fashion prophet tells us, are to be smaller in girth but will increase in height. This is a cruel blow to those who had imagined that the height of absurdity had been reached already.

* *

And pockets, it is said, are to come into fashion. In view of the fact that this would be a sensible innovation we cannot advise our readers to believe the rumour.

* *

"The present season," says *The Express*, "has brought linen into vogue among fashionable people." This is quite correct. No smart man dare show himself now without a shirt and a collar.

* *

Taxicab drivers have held a meeting to protest against the allegations that they embezzle £150,000 a year, chiefly by pocketing extras. The figure, it seems, is exaggerated.

* *

There is, it is said, a scarcity of shillings. Times have been so bad for so long that people have given up complaining of the scarcity of sovereigns.

It was stated, last week, at a Stepney inquest, that a "bar" was a farthing. A call to the bar, however, frequently does not mean even that.



Enthusiastic Climber (to exhausted companion). "IT SEEMS A SHAME TO LEAVE YOU HERE, OLD MAN, BUT I MAYN'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE."

Exhausted Companion. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN; YOU GO AND CLIMB THE SILLY THING WHILE I CARVE ITS NAME ON MY ALPENTOCK."

During the term instruction had been given as to the visit of the Dutch fleet to the Medway. In examination the following question was put:—"Explain the context of the passage: "This would never have happened if Oliver had been alive." One answer was as follows:—"This was said when they dug up the body of Oliver Cromwell after the Restoration."

* *

The electric ventilating fan on the wall of the restaurant was whizzing round. A gentleman who had dined extremely well sat looking at it for some time. "Waiter," he complained at last, "that clock's fast!"

A contemporary publishes an article on "Curious Collections." Some persons are very eccentric in this respect. We know a man who collects rats.

Seaside Pierrots are indignantly denying the charge that the ditties they sing are unfit for children to hear. We must confess that our experience is that most of their songs are just about suitable for babes.

A safe remedy for want of sleep," says a medical journal, "is the eating of onions." We should have thought the noise of the smell would have kept one awake.

THE TWO HOLIDAYS.

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this."—*Hamlet*.

[Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who is responsible for the complicated inquisition on Land Values which is now ruining our holidays, is off, according to *The Daily Chronicle*, on a motor trip through Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and will not return till the second week in September, when he proposes to assist at the Welsh Eisteddfod.] By another report, golf is the main objective of his Continental tour.]

So you are off to see the sights,
To taste an unofficial beano
Full of the keen and pure delights
Which none but those with conscience free know;
And Heaven, you hope, is sure
To bless your German-Swiss-Italian tour!

And yet that pilgrimage must be
Funereal in its opening section,
For it will hurt your heart to see
A people ravaged by Protection,
Who live on underdone
Horses and dachshunds; this should spoil your fun.

Here it were well to go *incog.*,
Lost in those Tariff-ridden regions
The well-fed working-man should dog
Your wheels and cry in lusty logions,
"Potz-tausend Teufel! That's
The man that says we live on food for cats!"

But, once in Switzerland, you'll drop
Blond wig and *alias*; soon your road'll
Take you to wher' on Rigi's kop
The Fatherlander yearns to yodel,
And you will bare your scalp
To all the winds that wash that noted Alp.

From German trippers swilling beer
In streams that nothing ever staunches
Southward you'll fly in full career
(Eluding latent avalanches),
And find—the same old story—
More Germans swilling beer all round Maggiore.

Go where you will you're on their trace;
They Teutonise from Spain to Turkey—
This Tariff-busted pauper race,
Incorrigibly fat and perky,
The recognised invaders
Of scenes once sacred to the best Free-Traders.

Be not on their account depressed;
They know which side their black bread's buttered;
But, since your joys might gain in zest
If Pity 'neath your waistcoat fluttered,
Please be a little sad
• For us in England. *We are going mad.*

We, too, had hoped to take our ease
In spots renowned for natural beauties,
But have, instead, to grind at these
Condemnable Land-Value-Duties;
Yes, while you romp about
We've got to work your silly puzzles out.

By flowery routes you lightly bound,
But we, our holidays all rotted,
Await a fine of fifty pound
In case the answers can't be spotted;
And how to find the clue
• We have no notion any more than you.

Within a space of thirty days
(In this the month for gathering roses)
We've got to solve the sinuous maze
Or pay your minions through our noses;
While you at your sweet will
Go round and gambol with a rubber pill.

Well, pluck the hour; enjoy your jaunts;
Leave to its day the curse that's coming;
But, when you reach your native haunts
In time to hear the Druids humming,
Beware the ways of men,
For we shall all be gibbering mad by then. O. S.

THE UNEXPECTED.

SCENE—*The hall of a country house. Time 7.15 P.M. He has just been let in at the front door by Her.*

He. Halloo! Why is this door locked so early? And where's Parkins? I've been ringing and shouting for about half-an-hour.

She. Yes, dear, I heard you all right—angels' voices, short and—no, they weren't far between.

He. Visits, not voices.

She. Voices this time, dear. I prefer voices, especially when it's yours.

He. Well, why didn't you let me in?

She. I have let you in.

He. Where's Parkins?

She. I've given him an evening off.

He. What for? He ought to be here. Butlers oughtn't to want evenings off.

She. Well, if it comes to that, what brings you here, and why have you got an evening on? You went away after lunch with your dress-clothes all nicely packed into your Gladstone bag, and you told me a fairy tale about a dinner with some bachelor friend at Lowmead, and now you're back again.

He. It's quite true.

She. I know it is. I can see you with the naked eye.

He. I mean it's quite true about dining with Harry Talbot.

She. Then why aren't you dining with him?

He. Fact is, poor old Harry got a very sudden telegram—

She. It's a way telegrams have.

He. Well, this one was more sudden than most. It said that Harry's uncle had broken his leg in two places, and as he's eighty they think it pretty serious, and Harry had to dash off to London to get away North to-night. So I came back.

She. I'm sorry for Harry Talbot, and I'm sorrier for his old uncle, but I'm sorriest for you.

He. Oh, come, I say, I'm all right. Instead of dining out I shall dine at home.

She. Dine!

He. Yes, dine. You don't seem overwhelmed with joy at getting me back.

She. Yes, I am—simply crushed. But what do you think you'd like for dinner?

He. Oh, anything. Lot's dine quite simply. Soup and a bit of fish; a cutlet with some peas, and a tart, or some jolly. I don't care what it is.

She. Yes, I know. Your name's easy.

He. Right you are; it is. I'll go and tumble into my dress clothes.

[*He takes up his Gladstone bag and prepares to ascend the stairs.*]



"THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH FOR THE STAR."

SIR WILFRID LAURIER (after expressing a passionate admiration for the "shining example" of English Free Trade). "WELL, AFTER ALL, IT'S A LONG WAY OFF, AND THERE'S NO RISK OF MY SINGING MY WINGS JUST YET."



DEFYING THE SOCIAL LAWS.

Colonel Brown (soliloquising on his host). "CONFOUNDED FELLA—(pff)—RIGHT AND LEFT EVERY TIME. AND MADE HIS MONIA (I) SOUP. IT'S—IT'S—IT OUGHTN'T TO BE ALLOWED!"

She. I wouldn't worry about dressing.

He. Why not?

She. Well, in the first place, you can't have any soup—

He. Why not?

She. Don't interrupt. You can't have any soup because it's too late; and you can't have any fish because there's none in the house and we can't get any. And you can't have any outlet because there isn't such a thing to be had. You might possibly have a pea or two, but it's absurd to think of tart or jelly.

He. But where's the cook? What's she up to?

She. I'm coming to that. She's got an evening out, too.

He. But you don't expect me to dine on a pea or two?

She. I didn't expect you at all.

He. Well, but here I am. You've got to feed me now you've got me—with all your worldly foods you me endowed. You can't get out of it now. Besides, what are you going to eat yourself?

She. Oh, my dinner's a mere nothing. The kitchen-maid's going to do me a dish of buttered eggs, and I shall have some buttered toast and tea and a few cakes with pink icing.

He. But you don't mean to say—

She. Yes, I do. In fact, I've said it. That's going to be my dinner.

He. But—

She. And it'll have to be yours too.

He. It's the most awful—

She. What? Buttered eggs awful?

He. Yes, for dinner. And buttered toast!

She. I'll tell you what, Charles. There's a bit of cold tongue left. Yes, and there's a pot of meat paste and

some peaches. You'll do all right. Pull yourself together and be a man.

He. But I can't drink tea. I really must draw the line at tea.

She. Well, you've got the key of the cellar. Get out a bottle of champagne or port or anything you like.

He. No, I think I'll drink water. But I shall be ill, I know I shall.

She. Not you. You'll be all the better for it.

He. I shan't dress.

She. No, I thought you wouldn't. I'll go and order a double quantity of buttered eggs.

[She goes, leaving him plunged in despair.]

The American "Comedian."

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—One would have thought that the theory of a "Britisher's" slowness at seeing a joke was too old and discredited a wheeze even for an American humorist. Yet the other night I was at the Palace Theatre and was compelled, between two entertaining turns, to listen to a gentleman, calling himself an "American Trump Comedian," who smiled patiently at what he took to be the thick-headedness of his audience, and told them to "take their time." Well, most of his jokes, which were largely concerned with that vulgar and depressing theme, the fat woman, appeared to me to be as palpable as a porpoise (I missed one allusion, but that, I find, was through innocence and not dulness); but very few of them seemed worth troubling to laugh at. I dare say that his New York audiences grin readily enough at this kind of thing; but then I do not pretend to share their tastes. I recommend this Comedian to return to the place where he gets the most spontaneous appreciation.

Yours faithfully, FRANK ROW.

HOLIDAY TIME.

I.—THE ORDREAU BY WATER.

"We will now bathe," said a voice at the back of my neck.

I gave a grunt and went on with my dream. It was a jolly dream, and nobody got up early in it.

"We will now bathe," repeated Archie.

"Go away," I said distinctly.

Archie sat down on my knees and put his damp towel on my face.

"When my wife and I took this commodious residence for six weeks," he said, "and engaged the sea at great expense to come up to its doors twice a day, it was on the distinct understanding that our guests should plunge into it punctually at seven o'clock every morning."

"Don't be silly, it's about three now. And I wish you'd get off my knees."

"It's a quarter-past seven."

"Then there you are, we've missed it. Well, we must see what we can do for you to-morrow. Good night."

Archie pulled all the clothes off me and walked with them to the window.

"Jove, what a day!" he said. "And can't you smell the sea?"

"I can. Let that suffice. I say, what's happened to my blanket? I must have swallowed it in my sleep."

"Where's his sponge?" I heard him murmuring to himself as he came away from the window.

"No, no, I'm up," I shouted, and I sprang out of bed and put on a shirt and a pair of trousers with great speed.

"Where do I take these off again?" I asked. "I seem to be giving myself a lot of trouble."

"There is a tent."

"Won't the ladies want it? Because if so I can easily have my bathe later on."

"The ladies think it's rather too rough to-day."

"Perhaps they're right," I said hopefully. "A woman's instinct—No, I'm not a coward."

It wasn't so bad outside—sun and wind and a blue-and-white sky and plenty of movement on the sea.

"Just the day for a swim," said Archie cheerily, as he led the way down to the beach.

"I've nothing against the day; it's the hour I object to. *The Lancet* says you mustn't bathe within an hour of a heavy meal. Well, I'm going to have a very heavy meal within about twenty minutes. That isn't right, you know."

By the time I was ready the wind had got much colder. I looked out of the tent and shivered.

"Isn't it jolly and fresh?" said Archie, determined to be helpful. "There are points about the early morning, after all."

"There are plenty of points about this morning. Where do they get all the sharp stones from? Look at that one there—he's simply waiting for me."

"You ought to have bought some bathing shoes. I got this pair in the village."

"Why didn't you tell me so last night?"

"It was too late last night."

"Well, it's much too early this morning. If you were a gentleman you'd lend me one of yours, and we'd hop down together."

Archie being no gentleman, he walked and I hobbled to the edge, and there we sat down while he took off his shoes.

"I should like to take this last opportunity," I said, "of telling you that up till now I haven't enjoyed this early morning bathe one little bit. I suppose there will be a notable moment when the ecstasy actually begins, but at present I can't see it coming at all. The only thing I look forward to with any pleasure is the telling Dahlia and Myra at breakfast what I think of their cowardice. That and the breakfast itself. Good-bye."

I got up and waded into the surf.

"One last word," I said as I looked back at him. "In my whole career I shall never know a more absolutely beastly and miserable moment than this." Then a wave knocked me down, and I saw that I had spoken too hastily.

The world may be divided into two classes—those who drink when they swim and those who don't. I am one of the drinkers. For this reason I prefer river bathing to sea bathing.

"It's about time we came out," I shouted to Archie after the third pint. "I'm exceeding my allowance."

"Aren't you glad now you came?" he cried from the top of a wave.

"Very," I said from inside it.

But I really did feel glad ten minutes later, as I sat on the beach in the sun and smoked a cigarette, and threw pebbles lazily into the sea.

"Holbein, how brave of you!" cried a voice behind me.

"Good morning. I'm not at all sure that I ought to speak to you."

"Have you really been taking the sea so early," said Myra as she sat down between us, "or did you rumple each other's hair so as to deceive me?"

"I have been taking the sea," I confessed. "What you observe out there now is what I left."

"Oh, but that's what I do. That's why I didn't come to-day—because I had so much yesterday."

"I'm a three-bottle man. I can go on and on and on. And after all these years I have the most sensitive palate of any man living. For instance, I can distinguish between Scarborough and Llandudno quite easily with my eyes shut. Speaking as an expert, I may say that there is nothing to beat a small Cromer and seltzer; though some prefer a Ventnor and dash. Ilfracombe with a slice of lemon is popular, but hardly appeals to the fastidious."

"Do you know," said Archie, "that you are talking drivel? Nobody ought to drivel before breakfast. It isn't decent. What does Dahlia want to do to-day, Myra?"

"Mr. Simpson is coming by the one-thirty."

"Good; then we'll have a slack day. The strain of meeting Simpson will be sufficient for us. I do hope he comes in a yachting cap—we'll send him back if he doesn't."

"I told him to bring one," said Myra. "I put a P.S. in Dahlia's letter—please bring your telescope and yachting cap. She thought we could have a good day's sailing to-morrow, if you'd kindly arrange about the wind."

"I'll talk to the crew about it and see what he can do. If we get becalmed we can always throw Simpson overboard, of course. Well, I must go in and finish my toilet."

We got up and climbed slowly back to the house.

"And then," I said, "then for the heavy meal." A. A. M.

The Untimely Bag.

"Cruel was the hand and murderous eye
That glanced the rifle stem."

So says the author of "The Twelfth: Ode to a Dying Partridge" in the *Dunfermline Press*, and he ought to know.

"You may think that your own car is doing very well, for example, if it does 46 miles an hour maximum speed on the flat, yet, without changing anything, even in the way of the gears, a skilled tuner-up would be able to get anything up to ten miles an hour out of it if he had it at Brooklands."—*The Observer*.

The offer leaves us cold.

"In the 'Atlantic' appears an unpublished poem by Thackeray which has lately been discovered by Mrs. Anna Thackeray Bloch. It is a nearly perfect rendering of Beranger's famous verses:

Advertises in 'The Bulletin' if you want boarders or roomers."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

Not even THACKERAY could ever get the lilt of these two famous opening lines of BERANGER'S.

A PROFITABLE INTERLUDE FOR OUR QUICK-CHANGE ARTISTS.

MR. JONES, JOURNALIST, ON A HOLIDAY, DISCOVERS AN OLD-WORLD VILLAGE, AND OBTAINS SOME VERY INTERESTING COPY FROM—



1. THE OLDEST INHABITANT (5/-).



2. A WITTY LOAD-MENDER (8/-).



3. AN OLD SALT (2/6).



4. A PICTURESQUE TRAMP (2/-).



5. A CRIMEAN VETERAN (3/-).



6. THE COPY-PROVIDER SPENDS 15/6 AT THE "GOLDEN FLECK."

RAILWAY AMENITIES.

OUT of an enormous quantity of luminous letters that have reached us dealing with this burning question we select the following:—

BATHS ON THE UNDERGROUND.

SIR,—The suggestions for promoting the amenities of travelling that have appeared in *The Times* seem to be lamentably wanting in actuality. So far as I have seen no one has yet ventured to propose a reform which would meet a crying want—I mean the installation of a swimming bath on every train on the underground. If this were done, instead of arriving at his destination in a grimy and dusty condition, the passenger would emerge, like Venus Anadyomené, in a state of sleek and radiant bloom.

I am, yours faithfully, K. C. B.

CORRIDOR CRICKET.

SIR,—Cricket on board ship has proved an admirable means of speeding the passage of the slow hours. Surely it should be possible to have a pitch in every corridor carriage. To avoid mishaps netting should of course be rigged up and passengers only allowed to leave their compartments when over was called. Another excellent idea that occurs to me is the establishment of winter gardens on the roof of the carriages, where the passengers might enjoy the air amid gay parterres, fountains, clumps of rhododendrons and other horticultural delights.

Yours obediently, TOPIARIST.

THE WAIL OF A VEGETARIAN.

SIR,—The staff of our railways, excellent in many ways, admits of enlargement in a variety of directions. There is one train on which a nurse is always in attendance, but I am not aware of any system which provides the services of a barber, a conjurer, a professional palmist, or a crystal gazer. Another point, which touches me keenly, is the inadequacy of railway cuisine. I have been a vegetarian from infancy, but have never seen a nut cutlet in the menu of the best of our restaurant cars.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

CASPAR WOFFLE,
President of the Twickenham
Isosceles League.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN OUR TUNNELS.

SIR,—Until aerial locomotion becomes universal we shall never be able to dispense with tunnels, and tunnels to persons of a nervous temperament are always a source of apprehension and alarm. But this discomfort could

be greatly alleviated if a photographic camera were installed in every compartment for the purpose of taking flashlight pictures during the passage of the train through all long tunnels. It should thus be possible for passengers at the end of their journey to acquire albums of their fellow-travellers, and so to imprint on the tablets of memory agreeable impressions which might otherwise lapse into the limbo of oblivion. Yours faithfully,

MARMADUKE PODDLE.

TRAIN BANDS.

SIR,—We live in a musical age; we boast of our orchestral concerts, our various operatic companies, the Young British School, and so forth. Yet nothing has been done to enliven the monotony of railway travelling by providing concerts of classical and romantic music on board our trains. Imagine the pleasure of listening to *Elektra* on an electric railway, or BERLIOZ's "*Descent to the Abyss*" (from his *Faust*) while racing down Shap Fell! I commend the idea to the energetic and enterprising Mr. BRECHAM.

Yours faithfully,

PAGANINI JUNIOR.

AIDS TO SLUMBER.

SIR,—I have only two suggestions to offer for the improvement of railway travelling, but they are of vital importance. Pillows are already provided, but their soporific quality would be greatly enhanced if they were stuffed with hops. Again, travelling on Sunday would be rendered far more decorous if volumes of sermons were provided in each compartment. I feel sure, also, that if organs were placed in trains, Mr. CARNEGIE would bear half the cost of this amenity. Yours faithfully,

AMANDA PINKERTON.

"It is not every day that a vessel is launched at Troon on a Friday."—*Local Paper*.

That's where Troon's luck comes in; they don't have seven unlucky days per week.

"Alfred Williams said he was a spectator of the trouble. He saw Ah Shack, one of the accused, hit Ah Saw in the eye with a knuckleduster."—*Daily Mail*.

With a name like that, Ah Saw was simply asking for it.

Ménage à Trois.

"Bachelor (42), moderate position, desirous of residing in country. Wishes to Meet with a Domesticated Lady, similarly disposed, 28-35, view to Matrimony; sound health and amiable disposition essential; farmer's daughter would be entertained."—*Advt. in "Birmingham Daily Post."*

"THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN."

"Maxima debetur pueris reverentia."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I'm only a schoolboy, but I hope you'll read what I'm going to tell you about the Pater and Mater, because I'm sure you'll sympathise; of course, if I was the only chap that ever saw it, it would be all right, but sometimes the servants do too, and other people who are here, so I just thought I'd write to you.

First of all, when Mater comes down to breakfast, she creeps in on tiptoe and kisses Pater on the forehead; Pater's always down early to read his letters, and he's beginning to go quite bald now except round his neck and the back of his ears, where the Mater never kisses him, and Mater says, "Good morning, darling;" and it's so silly, because she's had lots of time to say everything upstairs. It's just as bad at lunch too; only it's Pater generally that kisses Mater's forehead then, and when she puts her hand on the tablecloth Pater puts his on the top of it; and I think it's simply rotten, don't you?

This has been going on ever since I can remember; but the awful part was when Smith Maximus came to stay with me a few days ago. Smith Max. is nearly two years older than me, and much higher up, but we're quite chummy, and he's very sweet on my sister Sibyl. I knew something awful would happen because on the very first day of his visit Pater and Mater were much worse than usual. I frowned hard at Pater to try to remind him that Smith Max. was looking, but Pater just told me not to pull faces, with that stale old joke about what would happen if the wind changed, so I just had to sit there and bear it all through lunch. In the afternoon, we had tea in the garden and when Mater began pouring out she found there was a cup short, so Smith Max., who's awfully polite, offered to go indoors and ring the bell; but Father said it would be all right and no need to bother as he'd drink out of Mater's cup when she'd done with it.

I didn't dare to look at Smith Max., but I know what he must have thought, and I've never felt so blushy and ashamed in all my life. Of course I apologised for them to Smith Max. afterwards, and he was awfully nice about it, and quoted some poetry about how much better it would be if we could only see ourselves as others see us, but I just couldn't stand it any longer, so I went off to the Pater and told him straight out. Pater roared with laughter and called the Mater, and she laughed too and kissed me, though

I told them I didn't see anything funny about it as Smith Max. is in the Upper Fifth, but that only made them laugh all the more.

I think you'll see how awkward it is for me, as I simply can't ask any chaps down to stay with me; and I don't know what Smith Max. will say about Pater and Mater when we get back to School next term. I wonder if you could write to the Pater about it and explain, or perhaps you could put something in *Punch* next week, as Pater always reads *Punch*, and he'd be sure to see it. Hoping you will be able to do something,

Yours truly, TOMMY BURDON.

(Later.)

It's all right about Smith Max., as I caught him just now in the pantry with Sibyl eating honey out of the same spoon, but I still want you to put something in *Punch* to stop the Pater in case I want to ask any other chaps who aren't spoony with Sibyl to come and stay here. Yours truly, T. B.

CRICKET NOTES.

THE following account of a meeting reported to have been held at the Albert Hall by delegates from the non-champion counties has been forwarded to us:—

Sir A. HAZLERIGG (Leicestershire), having taken the chair, said that the time had come for the non-champion counties to make a stand (*Laughter—easily quenched*) so that they might become champions. The only fair system was that losses should be ignored, draws be disregarded, and no attention paid to wins. By such means all the counties would be placed on an equality. (*Cheers, in which the representatives of Glamorgan loudly participated.*)

Mr. SAMUEL WOODS (Somersetshire) announced that any batsman over forty years of age ought to start at least twenty runs up. Unless this was done the control of the game would fall into the hands of babes and ducklings.

Mr. P. F. WARNER (Greater Britain) said that on all matters connected with cricket he thought Imperially.

Mr. H. S. GOODWIN (Warwickshire) stated that this was a democratic age. He was all in favour of one man one run. Under his system extras would be the most important item in the score.

Mr. J. CHAPMAN (Derbyshire) stated that Mr. GOODWIN seemed to have confused a score-sheet with an hotel-bill. Under such a system batsmen would be kicking out in all directions.



5-11-10

SCENE—Outside Natural History Museum, Kensington.

Barbara (who has just had a lesson on protective colouring). "DADDY, I KNOW WHY A GIRAFFE IS ALL OVER SPOTS." Daddy. "WELL, WHY IS IT?" Barbara. "So."

J. T. TYLDESLEY (supported on all sides by his relatives) remarked that he represented Literature. He begged the meeting to consider the Press and not the crowd. No one, he continued emphatically, watched cricket nowadays, but everyone read about it. The future of the game was perfectly safe in the hands of *The Daily Mail*.

DENTON (Yorkshire) said that he had come to protest against his name being used by the Northamptonshire Twins. The law of copyright ought to protect him. How, he asked, in an impassioned voice, would GAUKERODGER like it if twin GAUKERODGERS turned up and played for Derby?

CHIDSEY (Somerset) wished to draw

attention to the fact that he was present. He objected to this discussion about names. (*Sympathetic applause.*)

DIPPER (Gloucestershire) cordially agreed with the last speaker. He would like Mr. Woods to know that a water-ousel was a very different thing from a duckling.

At this point Glamorgan, speaking through a megaphone, demanded justice for Wales, and the meeting closed at once without having formulated any definite propaganda.

Headline in *Photography*:

"FAULTY CAMERA BELIEVES."

This looks like remorse.



Innocent Wife (walking round with her husband, who, after several futile strokes in the bunker guarding the first green, has miraculously played out into the hole). "MY WORD, HARRY, YOU'LL HAVE A JOB TO GET OUT OF THAT!"

IN SIGHT OF PORT.

It may be, as the dinghy left the haven,
I laughed aloud and said a foolish word;
Some idle sneer at Smith, whose heart was craven,
Mayhap the gods on high Olympus heard;
But, if to leftward croaked a warning raven,
I must have missed the bird.

We started when the morn was fair, and waxen
The sails that sported on the brine *ad lib.*;
Beneath my vest there rose the Anglo-Saxon,
From time to time I smacked a brass-bound rib;
I liked it when we went about and Jackson
Did something with the jib.

But ruthless is the nurse that rocks and pillows
The Viking on her lap—the unplumbed main;
Too soon I cried, "*Ah fortunatos illos,*
Who stopped at home!" too soon I cursed the pain
Of ever climbing up the climbing billows
And barging down again.

Yet still unscathed—and all the while those asses
Kept jeering at a soul about to die,—
I fought to fix my mind on mountain passes,
On meadow scenes and orchards near the Wye,
Gluing my optics to a pair of glasses
To make the land look nigh;

Till now—as when the long dissevered lover
Returns to find his mistress yet alive;

As when the panting roebuck flees to cover,
As when the go'fer makes a splendid drive,
And two long brassies, and is sure to shove her
Down in a well-played five—

I saw the spindrift on the harbour breaking,
I saw (and now admired) the Norman church,
I saw the happy peasant pubwards making,
When lo! there came that last tremendous lurch;
The seagod took his toll!—but griefs so aching
It were not well to search. Evok.

To the Public.

Young gentleman (by nature), native of Manchester, unconventional, Socialist, Christian Scientist, vegetarian, teetotaler, member of the Peace Society, anti-vaccinationist, anti-vivisectionist, no fads, would like to meet a broad-minded person of similar tastes.

In the *Winnipeg Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer* (no, we can't say that again) there is an article entitled "Home Loving Hearts. A Page Especially for Them." It is in this article and nowhere else that we read:

"The best way to stop ordinary nose press with the fingers on the upper lid beneath the nostril."

"The year is growing older," writes an Essex correspondent.

Manchester Guardian.

They notice these things in Essex.



THE HOLIDAY TASK.

STUDY OF A FREE-BORN BRITON WHO, WITHIN THE PERIOD USUALLY ALLOTTED TO HIS HOLIDAYS, IS REQUIRED, UNDER THREAT OF A PENALTY OF £50, TO ANSWER A MASS OF OBSCURE CONUNDRUMS RELATING TO LAND VALUES, IN ORDER TO FACILITATE HIS FUTURE TAXATION.



RESTORATION OF THE GREAT WAX-WORK TABLEAU OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT IN THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.

THANKS TO A RETENTIVE MEMORY OUR ARTIST HAS BEEN ABLE TO REPRODUCE, FOR THE GUIDANCE OF THOSE CONCERNED, ALL THAT VIVID AND FAITHFUL PORTRAITURE AND MASTERLY GROUPING WHICH CHARACTERISED THE ORIGINAL CHEF-D'ŒUVRE. WE UNDERSTAND THAT NOT ONLY WAS THIS GREAT WORK WHOLLY DESTROYED, BUT, OWING TO ITS INFLAMMABLE NATURE, IT LENT AN ADDED FURY TO THE FLAMES.

STONES OF VENUS.

THE FOUR AGES.

Age the First.

FATHER, when thou dost pierce the mailed pastry,
Give me not many of the plenteous plum,
Not that I deem the plum itself a base tree
(No Horner plied a more devoted thumb!),
But in my breast a youthful passion lords it,
And "THIS YEAR" I would see the business done,
So, as thou lovest all who at thy board sit,
I pray thee, give me ONE.

Age the Second.

Phyllis, my heart is beating like a piston—
Though pistons do not usually beat—
Yet does discretion urge me to insist on
Having but twain—a couple, I repeat;
For Love reiterates, "Delay is hateful,"
But Prudence whispers, "Will not 'NEXT YEAR' do?"
Therefore, my Phyllis, deal me not a plateful,
But merely give me Two.

Age the Third.

I have essayed to sport with Aphrodite,
And I've suspicions that the thing's a sell;
Pile not my platter as men pile the high tre,
Give me but three (or seven would do as well).
Yes, I—for whom a dozen hearts have jumped—I'm
Waiting my time; and, as I wait, I see
That, at the earliest, it will be "SOME TIME"
Therefore I ask for THREE.

Age the Fourth.

She is a fraud, that most misguided spinster,
For whom I grounded an adoring knee,
Thinking (poor fool!) my graces had convinced her
That 'twould be splendid to be Mrs. Me,
No more shall I invite the darts of Cupid,
"NEVER" exult in a transfixed core;
To do the thing again would be so stupid,
So give me, give me FOUR.

COMMERCIAL CANDOUR.—"If you wear a — NUTS
Cloak once you will want another."

REFERENCES.

I SAID all that I had to say and waited for Aspodestera to respond. "All right," she said at last, and there followed the usual formalities proper to the occasion. After a little while, "Don't you think that you are a very lucky man?" said she.

"Ye—es," I answered, after a little hesitation, "though of course I cannot help thinking that you too . . . After all, money isn't everything."

Aspodestera regarded herself long and carefully in the glass over the mantel-piece and gave the matter full consideration. Then she looked critically at me and then at the glass again. "I am simply throwing myself away," she said at the end of it all.

"Well, well," said I, generously, "we will pretend that that is so for the present. But I am afraid you will soon hear what all the others think about it."

The opinion of the respective families was not to be counted. Obviously one is biased in favour of one's own relatives, though I should have liked to detect a little more bias on the part of my people. Mrs. MacPherson was the first outsider to write to Aspodestera and congratulate us on the engagement. "I have not met Mr. Himley often enough to know him intimately," she wrote, "but please tell him from me that he is a very fortunate man." Aspodestera always does, sometimes overdoes, what she is told, but I retorted that I did not deny that I took a lot of knowing. Mrs. MacPherson, I explained, would change her mind when she had seen a little more of me.

The second letter was to me and it was from George. "Does she know," he wrote, "what she is letting herself in for? However, I won't let on." I explained, again, that George was a humorous fellow and really meant that Aspodestera was much to be envied. She was a little slow to appreciate this, but I promised her that, when she had been engaged to me a little longer, she would be quicker at seeing things.

In about a week Aspodestera had accumulated a formidable batch of testimonials from friends, god-parents, acquaintances, old gardeners, governesses and unsuccessful candidates. Some of them had met me and some of them had not, but that made no difference to their burning anxiety that no doubt should be left in my mind of my extraordinary and undeserved good

luck. When so many explanations become necessary they are impossible, so "It is a mere stereotyped form," I said loftily, and tried to carry it off like that.

"Never mind, dear," said Aspodestera, "I think you are very clever . . ."

I unbent a little. We were getting to the truth at last.

" . . . very clever," she continued, "to have recognised a good thing when you saw it."

Clearly drastic measures were necessary, so on the following day I turned up with a number of telegrams, just received. I thought Aspodestera might just like to have a look at them. Perhaps you, too, would like to see three or four of the less effusive of them:—

"Best of luck to my most valued



USES OF A CHAMELEON.

friend. Hope the lady appreciates her good fortune.—WILLIAM.

"Best wishes and heartiest congratulations. Wishes for you, congratulations for her.—NESTA AND MARGARET."

"Just heard the news. Trust that your condescension and generosity are fully recognised by exceptionally lucky lady.—JOHN DERRY, Bart."

"Am directed by your regimental mess to forward respectfully best wishes to its most distinguished member. All hope that more than fortunate lady will prove worthy of great honour, but doubt if that possible.—ROBERTSON."

For the benefit of those who contemplate taking this step in life, I append an account of the financial outlay necessary to become engaged:—

	£	s.	d.
Cost of ring (about) . . .	25	0	0
Telegrams to self	0	17	6

OFFICIAL FOOD FOR BABES.

A LETTER which appeared recently in one of the London dailies quotes the following instructions issued by His Majesty's Stationery Office with every bottle of gum supplied. . . .

"In ordinary use the best and most nearly immediate result is obtained by using only such an amount of gum as will just uniformly moisten the surface without leaving any obvious excess to delay drying, the condition to be aimed at being that of a gummed postage stamp, just moistened, as ordinarily applied to a letter."

We consider these instructions terse, but perhaps hardly adequate. Not a word is said, for instance, about the condition of a gummed postage stamp, just moistened, as ordinarily applied to a receipted account; and this may lead to confusion.

It is perhaps not generally known that other papers of instructions are in course of preparation at His Majesty's Stationery Office and will shortly be issued. By the courtesy of one of the office boys we are in a position to give our readers advance information about these.

For Bottles of Ink.

"In every-day experience the finest and most closely instantaneous result is obtained by dipping the nib firmly and uniformly into the ink and then conveying it to the paper without leaving any obvious blots to delay drying, the condition to be aimed at being that of an ordinary letter, just moistened, before the blotting paper has been applied."

For Sealing Wax.

"In customary practice the most splendid and approximately sudden result is obtained by using only such an amount of heat as will uniformly seal the envelope without developing a puddle, the condition to be aimed at being that of a lump of butterscotch under a hot sun."

For Blotting Paper.

"Within the limits of the common routine the most glorious and generally surprising result is obtained by only using such an amount of pressure as will just uniformly dry the surface, without any obvious excess of friction to create smudges, the condition to be aimed at being that of a table-cloth which has just emerged from the mangle."

For Stamps.

In the trivial traffic of the daily

round, the most superb and startling result is obtained by moistening the stamp before applying it. "The old-fashioned method of affixing it with a pin is not so satisfactory, the condition to be aimed at being that of a closely-fitted mustard plaster."

For Tape.

"This must be red, and should be used in enormous quantities, the condition to be aimed at being that of a leg completely and hermetically encased in scarlet putties."

PIFFLE ABOUT PENMEN.

OF the writing of books (by Mr. Bellamy Hillock, M.P.) there is no end. If any one ventured to ask him when he proposed to stop, he would probably answer, "*Mais pourquoi ?*" and go on writing. A treatise on "Cosmic Economics," from his indefatigable pen is just out, and now a volume of "Terrible Triolets" is announced by Messrs. Duckweed. Some one once observed that politics and poetry were irreconcilable, but it has been reserved for Mr. Hillock in this, as in so many other departments, to achieve the impossible—on his head.

Mr. Wilhelm Le Quill has written his reminiscences; but this, one devoutly hopes, does not mean that he has ceased to write novels. The Empire could not easily acquiesce in such a deprivation. Mr. Le Quill is of Canadian extraction, having been born on Goose Island, in the St. Lawrence, though he has long since made his home in London. We can count therefore on finding a characteristic sub-Arctic flavour in his volume, which bears the engaging title, "From Log Cabin to Carlton House Terrace."

Madame Sahara Grandison has a new novel—her 37th—appearing next month, called "Martha with the Game Leg," which, she thinks, surpasses her best previous achievements. The legless hero—to say nothing of the headless horseman—is not unknown in the annals of fiction, but this is, we believe, the first novel with a lame heroine, unless, indeed, Tom Hood's "Miss Kilmansegg and her Golden Leg" may be said to fill that bill. However, the heroine of Madame Grandison's story, it may be explained, does not rely on any artificial substitute, and in the end regains complete use of the defective limb.

Sir Philibert Barker's new novel, "The Mystification of Sir Galahad," will be published by Messrs. Greener



"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MY MAN. KEEP THE CHANGE."
"THANK YOU, SIR. YOU'RE A REAL GENT, YOU ARE, AND LOOK 'ERE, SIR, IF Y'VE GOT ANYTHING FOR THE THREE O'CLOCK RACE TAKE MY TIP AND PUT YOUR BOOTS ON MY GIRL II. I'VE!"

and Greener some time during the Autumn. A peculiar interest attaches to this romance in view of the fact that the author's first cousin, Mrs. Verulam Gammon, was recently robbed of £25,000 worth of jewels while she was on a lion-hunting trip in Somaliland.

The Macmurdo Fivepenny series for this Autumn will include a long novel, "The Governor of Tipperusalem," by Mr. Otis de Soto, and "Tales of Men and Monkeys," by Mrs. Stanleyette Norton. No two Transatlantic authors attract us more than Mrs. Norton, the Ouida of Chicago, and Mr. Otis de Soto, the A. C. Benson of Oklahoma.

Miss Vivaria Bunnymede is rewriting her novel, "The Prodigious Infant," in Tibetan, for publication in Lhasa, at

the express command of the DALAI LAMA. MOLTKE was said to be able to be silent in four languages. Miss Bunnymede can be voluble in fifteen.

Breaking up the Home.

"Messrs. A. S. and P. Elworthy owing to the dissolution of partnership and having disposed of considerable portion of their property have decided to offer their annual draft of 2, 6, and 8-tooth crossbred ewes at the Holme station yards."—*Timaru Herald*.

"Plum Bun, Pa.

Dear Sirs:—My Baby was so nervous that it nearly went into spasms at every loud noise. I saw your advertisement and gave it a try. Syrup, and it is all over it."—*A Testimonial*.
We don't know what "spasms" are, but we do know that if you give a baby anything sticky it is all over it in no time.

BRONZE WHILE YOU WAIT.

A TANNED face, we learn from *The Lancet*, is not necessarily an index of acquired health, as nowadays the mere pigmentary effect of the sun upon the skin can be readily imitated by employing the chemical or ultra-violet rays of the electric light, and in particular the rays of the quartz mercury lamp. A bronzed complexion can therefore be obtained in the space of minutes instead of at the cost of a holiday at the seaside extended over weeks.

Still, we are not altogether obliged to our contemporary for thus giving the show away, or, at any rate, if the revelation had to be made, for not doing so earlier. Here we have been toiling down to Margate for several week-ends in succession, and spending shillings in the attempt to develop a cherished set of freckles in some extremely fugitive sunshine, and it seems we might all the while have been bronzed during the lunch-hour at the local electrician's or the beauty shop round the corner.

We shall now accept with reservation the *Continental alibis* of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. The travellers' tales of the more brazen-faced of our fellow club-members, reinforced with the foreign hotel-labels obtainable in Soho, shall henceforward be capped, and inexpensively. We commend the idea, too, to those of our weekly Territorials who have not acquired sufficient pigmentation during their recent brief campaign. Mr. HALDANE should see to it that a travelling clinic is attached to the manoeuvres, with arrangements for leaving the upper part of the patient's forehead, and a narrow strip down the cheek (where the strap ought to go) satisfactorily untanned, in contrast with the mahogany field of the rest of the features. The period assigned to the training of our fencibles can then be still further reduced.

Altogether this home-co'ouration scheme ought to save a lot of civil and military mobilisation during the holiday weeks, and at any rate we hope it will lower the price of excursion tickets. We propose to start forthwith a Quartz Mercury Touring Club for Londoners compelled to remain behind the blinds of their town houses.

In Extremis.

"EXCEPTIONALLY well bred and handsome Irish Red Setter and Pointer for Sale; little work will finish."—*Adv. in "Irish Times."*

Condemned Unheard.

From a notice in a Cornish church:

"The Preacher for next Sunday will be found hanging in the Church Porch on Saturday."

MY FIRST JUMP.

I WAS riding with Gertie and Dick;
The morning was cloudy and cool;
Unsamped sensations came thick,
For I'd only just learnt in a school,
And, though keener than mustard, not
easily flustered,
I still felt a bit of a fool.

I could canter without holding on,
And the painful, inelegant bump
From my trot, so they told me, had
gone.

But my heart all at once gave a
thump,
For, while crossing the meadow, Dick
suddenly said, "Oh,
Look, Joan! Here's a nice little
jump!"

A ditch cut the meadow in twain;
I guessed I must let the mare go;
Resistance from me would be vain,
It was clear that she wouldn't take
"No."

Though my "hands" might be wooden,
I gripped like a good 'un,
Sat down in my saddle—and lo!—

We were over as easy as pie.
Twang the lyre! Beat the drum!
Blow the trumpet!

My heart was as high as the sky,
Never more shall I suffer from
hump.

Now for me there's no rational bar to
the "National;"

Hooray! for I've had my first jump.

THE DESPERADO.

(*Lat et London Style.*)

"DOCTOR," he said, "I want bucking
up. A real tonic. Something that
will fill me with courage and deter-
mination."

"But, my dear Sir," said the physi-
cian, "that's not my function. I am
here to look into your general health,
not prescribe for sudden emergencies.
What you want is not a doctor but an
American bar-tender. 'Leave it to
Charley' was invented for such cases
as yours."

"But surely the pharmacopœia con-
tains something that imparts resolution
and address?" said the trembling man.
"I particularly don't want to take
alcohol. There might be trouble, and
my chances of carrying the thing
through would be ruined if it could be
proved I had just come from a bar.
No, doctor, I implore you to give me
something. I can't do it without."

"But what is it you have to do?
Tell me that first."

The patient clutched at his heart.
"It's terrible," he said. "I hardly know

how to say it. I belong to a club—a
new club—formed to deal with taxis.
We are pledged not to take a cab unless
the driver promises not to smoke. That
is one thing. That is not so hard, but
difficult enough to a retiring man like
myself."

"Yes," said the doctor. "Yes. What
next?"

"Ah!" groaned his visitor. "Next?
That is much more serious. We are
pledged not to tip the drivers. It seems
that they get 25 per cent. of their
earnings, and we think it's enough.
So we took a terrible oath, and sealed
it in a loving cup of petrol, never to tip
them again."

"Well, and what has happened?"
the physician inquired.

"Nothing yet," replied the shaking
man; "we only begin to-day. We
drew lots who should act first, and the
lot fell to me. To me! I am pledged
to take a taxi this morning at 12 o'clock,
and first tell the man I won't have him
if he smokes, and then, at the end of
the journey, give him only as much as
is marked on the meter. Doctor, it's
a quarter to twelve. I implore you to
give me something powerful—some-
thing that will make a hero of me.
My heart is going 200 to the minute."

From a catalogue of books:

"For 'Lalla Rookh' Moore got £3,000. . . .
He was so small that his writing could hardly
be seen."

You should see the POET LAUREATE
doing "England's Darling" on the
back of a postage stamp.

"The drive through the park to the castle is
charming, and thousands of rabbits may be seen
by the passer-by. Everything at Lowther
Castle is done on a princely scale."—*The Daily
Mirror.*

The House of LOWTHER has always
been munificent, even in the matter of
laying down rabbits.

"WANTED, young Girl, able to do work of
small horse."—*Adv. in "Western Mail."*
A sort of 1½ h.p.? Well, you can't get
'em nowadays.

From a letter in *The Times*:

"There is no delay whatever in claiming
luggage at a foreign destination. You present
your registration ticket and a porter at once
places it on a cab without any formality."
That settles the bother about the ticket
all right, but there still remains the
question of the luggage.

"Drexel's first long flight was for 38 min.
19.45 sec. In this time he covered 64 miles
1376 yards, at a speed of 80½ miles per hour."

The Daily Telegraph.
Audited and found incorrect.



Angler (new recruit to the gentle art, who is "flogging" the stream). "NOT SPLASH SO MUCH" WHY, DEUS VOL, IF I DON'T ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION HOW ARE THE FISH TO KNOW THE BEASTLY THING'S THERE AT ALL?"

A LETTER TO MY MOTHER.

ON COUNTING CHICKENS BEFORE THEY ARE HATCHED.

(A suggested sequel to "Letters to my Son.")

June 1, 1931.

DEAR MOTHER,—That book of yours was rather a bloomer, wasn't it? Fancy going to all that trouble to make up a budget of anecdote and good counsel for your unborn son and then his turning out to be a girl after all! I'm really sorry for you, although I may not sound like it, for I know how frightfully you wanted to be an author, and how excited you were to have hit on a really new idea and one so calculated to appeal to the messier kind of reader, who loves obstetrics or the suggestion of them. It is hard lines that you never had a son after all, especially as I have not, I know, been a comfort to you. But really it was your own fault. If you had not written that foolish book you would never have filled your head with notions about a boy at all, and how he would grow up, and play cricket, and all the rest of it;

and then you would not have been so disappointed when I was born.

And now that I am being so frank (and I have waited till my twenty-first birthday to be so) I will tell you that Oliver, as you call father, never really cared about that book of yours at all. He thought not only that it was silly in itself, but that it made him and you silly too; but he was too kind and weak to say so. But he has told me so, many times, during our long walks together. For though you have always looked on me as an interloper he and I have always been tremendous friends.

Your not too happy DAUGHTERKIN.

The Prince and the Principality.

Cardiff and Carnarvon are not the only claimants to be the scene of the proposed Investiture of the PRINCE OF WALES.

Emulous of the slashing yet erudite style of the Mayor of Cardiff's appeal in the Press, the Mayor of Llandrindod Wells writes:—"History be hanged. Give the lad fresh air and plenty of

fun, when he is invested, and see that the crowds who come to witness the ceremony are properly accommodated in some of the most comfortable and reasonable boarding-houses and hydros in the Principality. This talk about the Castles of Cardiff and Carnarvon, and OWEN GLYNDWR and HENRY THE SEVENTH, is all bosh and nonsense. Our golf-links and town band are the best in Wales."

The head-waiter of the restaurant at the top of Snowdon writes: "It would be highly appropriate to have the ceremony on this ancient mountain, which stood here some years before either Cardiff or Carnarvon existed."

The Mayor of a town whose name contains upwards of two-score letters writes: "What about our town? Its name has been longer before the public than that of any other town, indeed."

The Mayor of Trefeglwys writes a letter of six sheets, beginning: "Y cwmilan betws yniog, ap pwnlyth yffryn?"—and we gather from the gist of it that he would not personally recommend either Cardiff or Carnarvon.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN I hazard the opinion that *Vocation* (JOHN MURRAY) will appeal more to women than to men, I do not intend to speak disparagingly of Miss GRANT DUFF's novel. From the many confidential chats of the *Misses Demerley* (there were three of them, but only two mattered), although they prattled to some purpose, I got the feeling that their heart-to-heart talks were a little overdone. Having, however, uttered this plaint, I hasten to add that Miss GRANT DUFF seems to know everything there is to know about women, and that psychologically her book is intensely interesting. *Lizzie Demerley*, struggling to be just to her hypochondriacal mother and at the same time to devote her life to art, is not the only brilliant portrait; and indeed, were it not for *Dr. Headstone*, I should have nothing but praise for the characters.

This doctor (of ominous name) appears to be pitchforked into the book so that he might marry *Lizzie's* selfish mamma; but such a buffoon might with advantage have been omitted, even if *Mrs. Demerley* had to remain a widow. Besides, I do not believe that a lady of so many nerves would ever have consented to be called *Mrs. Headstone*. Nevertheless, the merits of *Vocation* are infinitely greater than its defects, and if I have emphasised the latter my excuse is that the former emphasise themselves.

One small point that struck me about *The Girl from His Town* (MILLS AND BOON) was that, although only the hero and heroine of *MARIE VAN VORST's* story are supposed to be American, their expressive idiom is shared quite impartially by the English aristocrats to whom they seem intended by the author to supply a refreshing contrast. This is a pity; but, apart from it, the story itself is a mildly entertaining one, about a Millionaire, and a Duchess, and a Star-of-Musical-Comedy, and other such Super-beings as the ordinary man loves to read about, especially in hot weather, when he likes fiction that does not very much matter. The Duchess wants to marry the Millionaire for his dollars—the Duke, of course, being already deceased—but the Millionaire prefers the Star; chiefly, I gathered, because she also was from the States, and had served him with an iced drink in the days of their comparatively humble childhood. Eventually he marries her, and they all live happy ever after. Practically everybody in the tale is either supremely beautiful or supremely rich, and in some cases both. They all stay at the Carlton or the Savoy, and consume quantities of the most expensive suppers. Altogether it is very pleasant. I should, however, have had more faith in the English atmosphere of it all, but for those exotic touches of dialogue, mentioned above; and the frequent reference, in the theatrical scenes,

to "call-pages." It took me quite a long time to think what these could be.

I don't know whether M. P. WILCOCKS means me to sympathise altogether with her hero, *Michael*, in *The Way Up* (JOHN LANE), but if she does I am afraid I am not on the side of the angels. This young man refused the assistance of his uncle's wealth (from conscientious objections to capitalism), and entered the Phoenix Iron Foundry as a common hand; then, falling in love with *Elise Lesurier* (butterfly), he married her and wished her to live in poverty while he used her money to start a scheme of co-partnership in the works. She left him after a while and went to London, to become—no, not a *prima donna* this time, but a fairly talented actress, whilst *Michael*, his love dying out, found a kindred spirit in *Philippa Halliday*, his typist and secretary, who shared his enthusiasm for co-operative schemes. To remove the only obstacle to their union *Elise* in the end drowned herself; but, as I did not care twopence for *Philippa*, and would have given a good deal to see *Elise* happy again, I was left sadly inconsolable. As before, this authoress shows a marvellous facility for metaphor, and has drawn her characters boldly and well.

I particularly like *Louis Avolet*, the novelist, and *Mrs. Strode*, *Michael's* mother, who is called a "Rabelais in petticoats," but is not really as sensational as all that. I forgot to mention, by the way, that the events of the story occur at Exminster, in Devon—oh, yes, we can do the industrial line down there nowadays, thank you, as well as the rural—and that I pierced this geographical *lalias* without any trouble at all.

I suppose that Japan is still too entirely different countries, and that *The Dragon Painter* (STANLEY

PAUL) is a story about the other one. At any rate, Mr. SIDNEY MCCALL has written it as though he were describing things he has seen, and yet I have found nothing at all like it at Shepherd's Bush. There are dragons at Shepherd's Bush, of course, but these (if you ignore notices) you can touch and make sure they are really there, whereas the pictures of the Dragon Painter of the story contain monsters which are invisible, even to one of his own race and craft. This part of the book, I am bound to say, is a little beyond me, and the illustrations don't help much, but there is a love-tale which is pretty—particularly the feminine part of it, for the painter loves rather furiously—and that I can grasp readily enough. Indeed, the majority of the few characters, apart from the young artist, are very human and understandable, and there is a glamour about this Japan which the other seems to be losing.

"Nine hundred and ninety-nine husbands out of a hundred are thoughtless."—*Daily Dispatch*.

Friend, are you one of these?



FASHION NOTES.

MISS D'ARCY'S GOING-AWAY DRESS.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to Reuter "the police do not attach any importance to the letters from English public men which were recently seized in the house of the ex-deportee, KRISHNA KUMAR MITTAR, in Calcutta." A very nasty thrust.

According to Mlle. BADET, the dancer who is appearing at the Palace, every word spoken by a woman "should be accompanied by a gesture and expression which reveal her soul." If this rule might be extended to embrace the other sex, we should be glad to see the appropriate gestures to accompany the remarks of a Liberal property-owner engaged in the attempt to fill up one of the Land-Tax forms issued by his hero, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

Mr. J. VITCH WILSON has written a letter to *The Observer* on "Sound Values in Pronunciation." Frankly, we think it a mistake to draw attention to them. We shall have the CHANCELLOR taxing them too.

It is estimated that more than £30,000 has been lost in this country over aviation meetings. Money, at any rate, flies.

More aviation news "The experimental flying express train from Johannesburg to Cape Town reached its destination yesterday, having accomplished a journey extending over 1,000 miles in 35½ hours." We like these South Africans. They do not brag about what they are going to do. They just do it.

The Daily News publishes a photograph of the Guides' race in the Grasmere Sports, which it entitles "A Scramble up Buttermere." We are awaiting with some interest the companion picture, "A Swim across Helvellyn."

"The Liberal Party," says *The Nation*, "cannot go on year after year counting *Dreadnoughts*, and finding money to build them. If the Liberal Government cannot stay this process, the party must. It is a condition of its existence." But if a strong Navy is a condition of England's existence, and a weak Navy is a condition of the Liberal Party's existence, it looks as if one of them would have to go (the latter, for choice).

Such success has attended the experimental delivery of telegrams by telephone that the G.P.O., it is stated, has decided to extend the system. This



Confused Holiday-maker at Blackton-on-Sea (who has spent everything and missed the boat back to London). "PARDON, MOSSEW. POUVEZ-VOUS DIRECTER MOI AU BRITISH CONSULATE!"

means, we believe, that in those cases where the addressee of a telegram has no telephone the contents will be announced to him from the nearest post-office by means of a powerful megaphone.

From Gloucestershire comes a report of a shower of frogs. This is good news. We were getting so tired of seeing it raining cats and dogs.

In its account of the preparations for the Thames Swimming Race *The Daily Mail* says, "Miss Alice Aykroyd, the Boston girl who has crossed the Atlantic to compete for the £20 gold cup, swam eight miles in the Richmond and Putney district yesterday, leaving the stream as fresh as when she entered it." The italics are ours: the imputation that the other competitors ought to have had a good scrub first is our contemporary's.

Beads will be more popular than ever this year, says an authority on woman's dress. We hope this means that summer will soon be here.

From a Dublin advertisement:
HAIR CUT
DONE WHILE YOU WAIT.
We suppose that this is very smart and up-to-date, but we must confess we prefer the old-fashioned plan of leaving your hair to be cut, and calling for it in a day or two.

Captain AMUNDSEN has discovered hot springs in the neighbourhood of the North Pole. The news is rather tantalising in view of the cold springs which we get every year in this country.

With reference to an article entitled "The Kaiser as Tradesman," which appeared the other day, an old lady writes to inform us that she has been told that, in Germany, the KAISER's grandfather is known as "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grocer."

The Women's Imperial Health Association has declared war on the closed window. The Association has the tacit support of burglars all over the country.

SAND VALUES.

An! happy shore that skirts the sea.

Never for sale to any buyers;

A land that no man holds in fee;

But you and I may have it free

As annual occupiers.

There on the sea-shells' argent floor,

Where mermaids trill in liquid trebles,

No curious scribe will ask you for

The beach's "Mineral Value" or

What party "works" the pebbles.

There you may lie about all day

And hear the niggers sing inept tunes,

Or use at will your "Right of Way,"

In case you care to go and play

Next door, at Father Neptune's.

There you may course on patient mokes,

Or practise other harmless orgies;

May sit with simple-hearted folks

Imbibing Pierrot's limp jokes,

Unvexed of LLOYDS and GEORGES.

See where his plastic task he plies,

The jocular infant, moist and messy,

Moulding the surface into pics;

It's "undeveloped" otherwise

By either lord or lessee.

Or if, upon "improvements" bent,

He rears a castle rightly feudal

His labour leaves him well-content,

Knowing no tax on "increment"

Will fleece him like a poodle.

And when the sea usurps his land,

Razing the walls in which he revelled,

He need not fix with palsied hand

The "Site-Assessment" of the sand

With all its buildings levelled.

Ah! blessed fringe of this sad isle,

Where, as a tenant under Heaven, you

May sniff the outland airs and smile,

And with impartial lip revile

The Chiefs of Inland Revenue.

O. S.

THE MATCH-MAKERS.

SCENE—A large room leading through French windows into a garden. TIME—3 o'clock on a Sunday afternoon in summer. He with his hat on and a stick in his hand has just entered and found Her prepared for a walk.

He (mysteriously). Good! You're ready. Let's be off.

She (with bated breath). Half a minute, and I'm with you. What did you say to Freddie?

He. Told him he'd find us here in five or six minutes, and we'd all walk to the top of Saintsbury Hill together; and if he didn't find us he'd find Cynthia and I supposed that was what he wanted. That's all right, isn't it?

She. Yes, good boy; go up one. I told Cynthia if we weren't here she was to wait till we turned up.

He. Capital! And they won't find us here, and they'll be alone together, and—

She. They'll bring it off. Come on, I'm ready. Don't make a noise. They mustn't hear us or see us.

(They go out into the garden and walk more or less on tip-toe across the lawn, talking as they go.)

She. Do you think Freddie will do it?

He. Do it? Why, he's been panting for the chaper— begged and prayed me to arrange this week-end so as to bring them together; said he'd tried half-a-dozen times in London, but something had got in his way every time, either a brother or a mother or a sister. Once it was a maid who fetched her home from a dinner when Freddie had ordered the slowest four-wheeler in London, and thought he was going to take her home himself. He said if we'd ask 'em here together and give 'em just one chance of being alone for five minutes he'd—what's the matter?

(She has turned round to look at the house and has gripped him suddenly by the arm.)

She (excitedly). Hurry up. They're coming out into the garden.

He (looking round). By gum, so they are! They mustn't see us. Don't pinch so.

She. Sorry. Let's skip behind those bushes, and then we can get off into the Lovers' Walk, and so out into the road by the corner door.

(They skip, and take a furtive peep through the bushes.)

He. I don't think they've spotted us, but they're coming along a deuce of a pace. Perhaps he's done it.

She. No, they're not saying a word, and they're looking as distant as from here to Land's End. Come on; we must give 'em their chance.

(They dive round some trees into the Lovers' Walk, a gravel path through a thick belt of bushes.)

He. I thought Freddy was running.

She. Nonsense! He's not such a fool. Duck down lower than that—much lower, or they'll see you through the gap. There—my hat's caught.

He. Tear it off; leave it behind you; do anything, but for heaven's sake come on. If they see us they'll think they must join us.

She. I hear their steps somewhere. They're coming along the walk.

He. No. They're in the open. It's all right. Quicker, quicker! When once we get to the end of this we'll be through the garden-door in a jiffy, and then we're safe.

(They hasten on, but stop near the end of the walk.)

She. I thought I heard something. I'll stay here, and just you creep carefully round the corner and reconnoitre.

(He does so, and returns to her pale and dismayed.)

He (whispering). They're out there at the end. I caught a glimpse of a skirt and a pair of trousers, and I nipped back. What shall we do now?

She. Let's go back to the other end. Then we can slip out by the gate at the bottom of the garden, and lose them that way.

(They retrace their steps, but stop again before reaching the other end.)

He. I heard voices. You go on this time. I couldn't do it again.

(She goes on and returns in consternation.)

She. They're there. They must have run like hares.

He. What shall we do now? We can't race up and down this walk all day. I wonder what fool's game Freddie's playing at.

She. There's nothing for it. We must go out and face them. Anyhow, it won't be our fault. We've done our best for them.

(They walk on and find a young man and a young woman waiting for them at the entrance.)

She. Oh, you're there, are you? We were just coming back to fetch you. I wanted to show Charles the new ferns I've had planted here. We can get started now.

(They all start.)

He (aside to Freddie). What have you been up to? We left the coast clear for you, and then you spoil the



THE OLD WORLD AVENGED.

EUROPA (to UNCLE SAM). "YOUR TURN NOW; I'VE HAD MINE."

[Mr. Roosevelt, having taken a brief rest after his lecturing-tour in Europe, has now started on the stump in his own country.]



Umpire (in sympathy with the fielding side and forgetting himself in his eagerness for an l.b.w.). "How's that?"

whole show by coming out and chasing us up and down the garden.

Freddie. Sorry, old chap, I know I'm a mug; but when I found myself alone with her in that big room I couldn't think of a word—just stood and looked at her. I did make a shot—upon my honour I did—but just as I was going to say, "Cynthia," I had to sneeze, and that threw me out of my stride. Devilish bit of bad luck. Then she saw you hopping round the bushes, and she was after you like a bird, and I had to come too. Worst of it is when we're with other people I'm as bold as a lion, but when I'm alone with her I haven't got an ounce of pluck.

He. Well, you've had your chance and wasted it. It isn't worth while giving you another.

[They all walk on moodily. Gradually the party separates into two, the young people dropping some ten paces behind. Five minutes elapse.]

Freddie (dashing wildly forward and seizing Him by the hand). I've done it, old man, I've done it! You're a ripper—no, I mean I'm a rip—no, I mean everybody's a ripper. Whoop-oop!

He. What's up now?

Freddie. Cynthia's promised to marry me. I owe it all to you and Mrs. Bromley. If you two hadn't stuck to us—I mean if we hadn't stuck to you like leeches, I should never have dared. Oh, never mind; we've fixed it up, and we're going to be married in October—

She (seizing Cynthia by both hands). My dearest Cynthia! *He.* Congratulate you heartily, old chap; congratulate you both. We'll leave you together now.

Cynthia. Oh, let's finish our walk.

[They all four walk on together.]

RENUNCIATION.

Go, thrust my bat within the kitchen grate;

Fetch me a fluffy monkey; let me play

With something that can never agitate

My soul. I've had the dickens of a day.

I howled. The very first a "sitter" brought,

Which, rendering void my own insidious tricks,

I dropped, and he who smote and was not caught

Survived to help himself to ninety-six.

Barely was hushed the crowd's derisive scoff

Before a skier, swooping in the gale,

Came down to find long-on distinctly off,

And leave him doctoring a damaged nail.

Leg had one just two inches out of touch,

And (my misfortune, scarcely theirs the blame)

Cover and point declined a "snorter" each,

And then I missed another, I, *moi-même*.

Then, culminating horror that befell,

Two slips, the leather soaring overhead

(Such nice men, too. I know their people well),

Collided, whereupon I wept and said:

"Go, thrust my bat within the kitchen grate,

Barter my pads for bricks and Noah's arks."

That (and the things I've had to expurgate)

Comprised the general gist of my remarks.

"For Sale, Oow, genuine; can be seen any time between eight and eleven."—*Advt. in "Folkestone Herald."*

In three hours you ought to be able to make quite certain that it is a genuine cow.

HOLIDAY TIME.

II.—BEQUALMED.

"WELL," said Dahlia, giving up the tiller with a sigh, "if this is all that you and Joe can do in the way of a breeze, you needn't have worried."

"Don't blame the crew," said Archie nobly, "he did his best. He sat up all night whistling."

"Are we moving?" asked Myra, from a horizontal position on the shady side of the mainsail.

"We are not," I said, from a similar position on the sunny side. "Let's get out."

Simpson took off his yachting cap and fanned himself with a nautical almanac. "How far are we from anywhere?" he asked cheerfully.

"Miles," said Archie. "To be more accurate, we are five miles from a public-house, six from a church, four from a post-office, and three from the spacious walled-in kitchen-garden and tennis-court. On the other hand, we are quite close to the sea."

"You will never see your friends again, Simpson. They will miss you . . . at first . . . perhaps; but they will soon forget. The circulation of the papers that you wrote for will go up, the brindled bull-pup will be fed by another and a smaller hand, but otherwise all will be as it was before."

My voice choked, and at the same moment something whizzed past me into the sea.

"Yachting cap overboard! Help!" cried Myra.

"You aren't in *The Spectator* office now, Simpson," said Archie severely, as he fished with the boat-hook. "There is a time for ballyragging. By the way, I suppose you do want it back again?"

"It's my fault," I confessed remorsefully; "I told him yesterday I didn't like it."

"Myra and I do like it, Mr. Simpson. Please save it, Archie."

Archie let it drip from the end of the boat-hook for a minute, and then brought it in.

"Morning, Sir Thomas," I said, saluting it as it came on board. "Lovely day for a sail. We've got the new topmast up, but her Grace had the last of the potted-meat for lunch yesterday."

Simpson took his cap and stroked it tenderly. "Thirteen and ninepence in the Buckingham Palace Road," he murmured. "Thanks, old chap."

Quiet settled down upon the good ship *Armaddillo* again. There was no cloud in the sky, no ripple on the water, no sound along the deck. The land was hazy in the distance; hazy

in the distance was public-house, church, post-office, walled-in kitchen-garden and tennis-court. But in the little cabin Joe was making a pleasant noise with plates. . . .

"Splendid," said Archie, putting down his glass and taking out his pipe. "Now what shall we do? I feel full of energy."

"Then you and Simpson can get the dinghy out and tow," I suggested. "I'll coach from the *Armaddillo*."

"We might go for a long bicycle ride," said Myra; "or call on the Vicarage girls."

"There isn't really very much to do, is there?" said Dahlia gently. "I'm sorry."

Simpson leapt excitedly into the breach.

"I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll teach you all the different knots and things. I learnt them coming down in the train. Everybody ought to know them. Archie, old man, can you let me have a piece of rope?"

"Certainly. Take any piece you like. Only spare the main-sheet."

Simpson went forward to consult Joe, and came back with enough to hang himself with. He sat down opposite to us, wrapped the rope once round his waist, and then beamed at us over his spectacles.

"Now supposing you had fallen down a well," he began, "and I let this rope down to you, what would you do with your end?"

We thought deeply for a moment.

"I should wait until you were looking over the edge, and then give it a sharp jerk," said Archie.

"One must have company in a well," I agreed.

"They're being silly again," apologised Myra. "Tell me, Mr. Simpson! I should love to know—I'm always falling down wells."

"Well, you tie it round you like this. Through there—and over there—and then back under there. You see, it simply can't slip. Then I should pull you up."

"But how nice of you. Let me try. . . . Oh yes, that's easy."

"Well, then there's the hangman's knot."

Archie and I looked at each other.

"The predicaments in which Simpson finds himself are extraordinarily varied," I said.

"One of these days he'll be in a well, and we shall let down a rope to him, and he'll hang himself by mistake."

"That would look very determined. On the other hand there must be annoying occasions when he starts out

to strangle somebody and finds that he's pulling him out of the cistern."

"Why, how delightful, Mr. Simpson," said Myra. "Do show us some more."

"Those are the most important ones. Then there are one or two fancy ones. Do you know the Monkey's Claw?"

"Don't touch it," said Archie solemnly. "It's poison."

"Oh, I must show you that."

Joe showed me the Monkey's Claw afterwards, and it is a beautiful thing, but it was not a bit like Simpson's. Simpson must have started badly, and I think he used too much rope. After about twenty minutes there was hardly any of him visible at all.

"Take your time, Houdini," said Archie, "take your time. Just let us know when you're ready to be put into the safe, that's all."

"You would hardly think, to look at him now," I said a minute later, "that one day he'll be a dear little butterfly."

"Where's the sealing wax, Maria? You know, I'm certain he'll never go for threepence."

"What I say is, it's simply hypnotic suggestion. There's no rope there at all, really."

An anxious silence followed.

"No," said Simpson suddenly, "I'm doing it wrong."

"From to-night," said Archie after tea, "you will be put on rations. One cobnut and a thimbleful of sherry wine *per diem*. I hope somebody's brought a thimble."

"There really isn't so very much left," said Dahlia.

"Then we shall have to draw lots who is to be eaten."

"Don't we eat our boots and things first?" asked Myra.

"If Simpson starts off on his yachting cap there'll be no holding him."

"After all, there's always the dinghy," said Archie. "If we put in a tin of corned beef and a compass and a keg of gunpowder, somebody might easily row in and post the letters. Personally, as captain, I must stick to my ship."

"There's another way I've just thought of," I said. "Let's sail in."

I pointed out to sea, and there, unmistakably, was the least little breeze coming over the waters. A minute later and our pennant flapped once. Simpson moistened a finger and held it up.

The sprint for home had begun.

A. A. M.

"Oh, he was as nice as possible about it, even to owning there was a time when it might have been, but some woman—some devil, came between us. Oh, the adjective is mine, not his." —*"Daily Mail"* Fossilifer.
Oh, the italics are ours, not theirs.



SCENE—Small Continental Seaside Resort.

Proprietor of Hotel (who advertises a perfect lawn-tennis equipment, to newly-arrived enthusiasts). "VOILA, MONSIEUR ET MADAME! YOU PERCEIVE IT IS AT PRESENT ENGAGED, BUT THE LITTLE MONSIEUR AND MADEMOISELLE ARE VERY AMIABLE, AND WILL DOUBTLESS BE READY TO MAKE A PARTIE!"

BEAUTIFUL WORDS.

THE catalogues of beautiful words that have helped to fill the columns of *The Westminster Gazette* during this dull season do not include all.

How beautiful is the word "Yes" when used with an appropriate context. Soft lights, distant music, the seclusion of a scented conservatory, the radiant moon peeping in through the roof—and "Yes" murmured between coral lips and pearly teeth, with blush and hung head complete. Did SHAKESPEARE himself ever write a word more beautiful? Or when, in conversation with a friend of means, through the weather, the view, the new Land Taxes, and the weather once more, you approach the subject of a small loan, what sweeter sound could caress your ear than a gentle "Yes." Even "Ja" sounds beautiful in such a connection.

Take again the word "No." There is something that a Briton cannot fail to admire in the sturdy sound of its nasal consonant allied to the honest open vowel; and who has not felt the thrill of this word in responding to the

classical question, "Are we down-hearted?" The author of this question is unknown; but his genius must ever live if only because he has brought home to the English-speaking people the deep beauty of the little word "No"—when used in the right context, of course. Despite the habit of the pertinacious, there are times when it is well to take "No" for an answer.

The little word "And" has never received a due acknowledgment of its beauty. It has, of course, the added merit of utility; and indeed where is the beauty of a thing, however beautiful, that is not useful? Very well, then. This was quite a favourite word with SPENSER, SHAKESPEARE, and MILTON in days gone by, and is still regarded as the best of its kind by Messrs. HALL, CAINE, LE QUEUX, and ALFRED AUSTIN in the present day.

Another word not rightly valued is "Enough." What could be more beautiful in its appropriate place than "Enough"? "Enough" is as good as a feast.

(Let's try it here and see how it looks. Enough!—Ed.)

"The Government are making a road to Porcupine Lake, using about fifty convicts for the purpose."—*The Record*.

This may not be the best kind of road, but it is better than if they had made one to Convict Lake, using fifty porcupines for the purpose.

From a penny novelette:—

"Miss Saxe is a client of mine, Clara," John explained. "Her boxes have gone astray. She is about your size—your figure, I mean—can you lend her some things? I know there is a dress-suit of mine up in my old room."

Dinner was rather late that night. Possibly Miss Saxe and Clara had been talking together; but when they came into the room John felt he was compensated for the delay.

It must have been worth waiting for.

Two extracts from one issue of *The Daily Mail*:

"The Orion is 545 ft. long and has a displacement of 22,500 tons."

"With her engines and armament her tonnage will be nearly 24,000. She is 84 ft. in length."

The worst of *The Daily Mail* is that it is so up-to-date that as soon as you get on to a new page the old page becomes obsolete.

A TAX ON THE IMAGINATION.

PROPERLY speaking, the only building I actually possess is a henhouse. The manifest disadvantage of allowing fowls to scratch in the garden impelled me to buy one rod, pole, or perch of land across the road, upon which was presently upreared a neat and unpretentious structure, painted a pleasant "art" shade, somewhere between blue and green, and with a tarred felt roof. I am pardonably proud of it; and, when I received a brochure that has been distributed gratis among the great landowners of this realm, the first problem in it that caught my eye was this:—

"Hypothetical cost of removing the buildings."

Angelina, finding me busy with figures, accused me roundly of wasting the morning in working out bridge problems.

"On the contrary," I explained, "I am trying to work out the hypothetical cost of removing the henhouse."

"Remove it? Why should you want to?" she asked.

"I don't want to," I replied, "but it seems that I am obliged, under heavy penalties, to suppose that its removal is required, and to arrive at an estimate of the cost of such removal. It's a new system of taxation," I continued airily, "which it would be useless to attempt to explain to a woman. With the whole realm of hypothesis open to me, what ought I to spend on removing the henhouse?"

"Where to?" asked Angelina in bewilderment.

"I'm afraid," I said, after five minutes' study of the monumental work before me, "that point has been overlooked. We will assume it has just got to be removed—demolished. Now, whom should I employ on the job?"

"You generally have Thomas Shadd. If he was doing no work at the Simsons' that week, I expect he would spin it out as long as possible. And he would want beer," remarked Angelina.

"There it is," I said. "These doctrinaire financiers are so unpractical. They never take human nature into account. Thomas's thirst varies in degree. But fancy is free, and we will assume, without unduly straining probabilities, that Thomas is *very* thirsty. A week at three shillings a day, with beer, would come to twenty-four shillings."

Angelina, who is of frugal mind, looked troubled.

"You might get Harold Bly," she said, "but he is so independent."

"Ah the same, Harold comes within the wide regions of hypothesis," I said,

noting down his name, "and so, for that matter, do I. I might do the work myself."

Angelina smiled.

"Fancy is free," I repeated sternly. "It is *quite* within the bounds of supposition that I should myself remove the henhouse."

"Wouldn't it need a hammer?" asked Angelina. "You know you always hammer your thumb."

"Very well," I said, "we will allow for that, and for lockjaw and complications supervening. Then I should be ordered a rest-cure or a sea-voyage. Hypothesis," I said, warning to the work, "can pile the cost up to any amount. Now let us suppose I give the job to contractors,—to Williams and Clark, for instance."

"I can't suppose you would do anything so silly, after the muddle they made over the kitchen-boiler," replied Angelina.

"My love," I urged gently, "it is, no doubt, a little difficult to imagine any lapse on my part from a high level of sanity; but with a penalty of fifty pounds threatening and with a full appreciation of the duties of citizenship, it is necessary to suppose even this; and Williams and Clark would send in a bill for two pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence—on hypothesis."

"Hypothesis also allows removal by gunpowder," I continued, entering into the spirit of the thing. "I expect a shilling's worth would be effective; and cordite might be even cheaper. There is also fire to be considered; but perhaps the justest way of arriving at an estimate would be to take the average cost of all practicable methods."

It worked out like this:—

To T. Shadd, for removing henhouse (with beer) . . .	£	s.	d.
To Harold Bly, for do. (without beer) . . .	1	4	0
Williams and Clark . . .		9	0
Removal by self (allowing for accidents with hammers and things, and subsequent sea-voyage and loss of time)	150	0	0
Gunpowder	1	0	
Cordite	6		
1 Swedish match	0		

£154 12 0

Roughly speaking, therefore, the cost of removing the building might be set down at twenty-two pounds one and eightpence halfpenny.

"But," said Angelina, "are you sure the question applies to henhouses?"

"That," I said, readjusting a wet towel about my brows, and patting the

printed work in front of me, "is what I have to discover from this. 'All I know for certain is that, with the Broadening of the Basis of Taxation, a tax has been placed upon my imagination.'"

"After all," I concluded sombrely, "it was about the only thing left that was not taxed already."

ECCENTRIC APPETITES.

A CORRESPONDENT, in a letter to our esteemed contemporary, *The Scotsman*, describes the discovery of a needle an inch and a half long inside a hen's egg.

By the courtesy of the editor of *The Dictator* we are enabled to publish a selection of letters describing similar discoveries which will appear in the next issue of that journal:—

EX AFRICA SEMPER.

DEAR SIR,—When I was visiting Pietermaritzburg early in this year, the Curator of the Zoological Gardens told me of a curious incident that recently came under his observation. A valuable semi-Bombay Duck (*Anas incredibilis*) suddenly fell ill and died, and the post-mortem revealed the extraordinary fact that the bird had swallowed a pocket aneroid which had been inadvertently dropped into its cage by an absent-minded visitor. Curiously enough, the aneroid pointed to stormy, although the weather at the time was remarkably still and fine.

I am, Sir, very truly yours,

VERAX.

[Africa is indeed the home of marvels. With regard to the indication of the aneroid, may we not assume that this pointed to a local disturbance in the interior?—*Ed. Dictator*.]

STRANGE CONDUCT OF AN EEL.

DEAR SIR,—My son, a Balliol undergraduate, was recently playing golf at Nairn and, duffing his approach at the fourteenth hole, sent the ball into the burn. His caddie failed to find it, but while looking in the burn scooped out a fine eel of about two feet in length. Noticing a curious protuberance in its body, he cut the eel in two with his pocket-knife, and found the ball, which is now preserved in the town museum.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED DAVITT.

[The voracity of eels is, we believe, something quite exceptional. But surely a humaner method of making the eel disgorge the golf ball might have been adopted by the caddie. We fear that Caledonia is still, in some respects, "stern and wild."—*Ed. Dictator*.]

RECOVERY OF AN OSTRICH.

DEAR SIR.—For many years I have kept a pet ostrich in my garden at Tulse Hill. The bird, which is of a most affectionate disposition, lives chiefly on hardware—old sardine tins, marmalade jars, and disused safety-razor blades. As a rule it enjoys robust health, but last winter it contracted influenza and pined away until I grew seriously alarmed. In fact, I was almost in despair when, at the advice of a vet, I decided to try feeding Oliver—for that is his name—on the works of an old grandfather's clock, a set of croquet balls, and a small mowing machine. The diet worked like magic, and in less than a week the dear creature was quite himself again. Yours most truly,

DECIMUS PHIBBS.

[It would be interesting to know whether the emu and the cassowary share the predilection of the ostrich for hardware. In regard to the choice of a medical adviser for ailing ostriches, it seems to us that our correspondent ought to have consulted a bird-doctor rather than a "vet." And yet, if we remember aright, ARISTOPHANES calls the ostrich *ἰππαλεκτρών*.—Ed. Dictator.]

WONDERS OF THE SHORE.

DEAR SIR.—Last month, while I was on the beach at Weston-super-mare, I noticed a ring-tailed sand-pipit flying about near the water-line. Suddenly it swooped down and remained on the sand uttering short, sharp cries of distress. Hastily rushing to the spot I discovered, to my amazement, that the bird had been caught by an oyster. The hivalve had opened to enjoy the sun, but when the bird swooped down had closed on the intruder like a vice. Being unable to free the pipit I carried it, with its captor, to my house, and was operating on the crustacean with champagne nippers when my tame porbeagle jumped through the window and unceremoniously devoured both bird and oyster at a single gulp. I have only to add that I am a Commissioner for Oaths, a lifelong Free-Trader, and a confirmed believer in the Referendum. Faithfully yours,

A. LEGGE PULLAR.

[We are delighted to publish Mr. LEGGE PULLAR's well-authenticated communication. Our only regret is that he should have omitted to state whether his porbeagle suffered any untoward consequences from his strange meal. But an animal so quaintly named is *capable de tout*.—Ed. Dictator.]

A TOUCHING APPEAL.

DEAR SIR.—Can any of your readers tell me the best diet for a viviparous



Nervous Passenger (during fog). "BUT SURELY YOU'RE NOT LEAVING THE BRIDGE, ARE YOU, OFFICER?"

Officer (who has just been relieved). "OH, YES. IT'S NO GOOD STOPPING UP THERE; YOU CAN'T SEE ANYTHING."

blenny which is suffering from the mumps? I have tied it with Cambridge sausages, truffles, cold boiled pork and quince jelly, but no appreciable improvement is yet noticeable.

Yours anxiously,

(MRS.) TARA DIDDLE.

[We deeply sympathise with Mrs. Diddle in her distress, and gladly give the publicity of our columns to her appeal for information. We have the liveliest recollection of the discomfort of mumps, and sincerely trust that her interesting pet will soon recover its normal health.—Ed. Dictator.]

The Awkward Age.

"Children under 3 and over 12 Half Price to 6d. and 4d. seats."—Advt. in "Gloucestershire Echo."

The Euphemists.

The Inland Revenue Department writes to its friends:

"Any owner of land or person in receipt of rent in respect of land, who is required to make a return and fails to do so within the time specified in this notice, is liable to a penalty not exceeding £50."

Or, as they say in less polite society, R.S.V.P.

"Will the lady who sent her boy for repairs to Mr. Cantello, from Woodcote-place, on Saturday, July 16th, kindly communicate with him, as she has the wrong boots."—Notice in "The Norwood Press and Dulwich Advertiser."

This only shows how careful you should be to wear the right boots when you send your boy to the doctor (or vet) to be repaired.



Skipper. "WHO'S FOR A JOLLY SAIL! JUST A-GOIN' TO START. ONLY ONE MORE AN' OFF SHE GOES!"

Long-suffering Cornet Player. "FOR 'EVIN'S SAKE, GUV'NOR, MAKE IT A LITTLE 'UN AN' GIVE US A CHARNST!"

TO MY LADY-IN ABSENCE.

MATILDA, now that we are parted
By many a sundering mile,
Be sure that I am broken-hearted,
Be certain I revile
The engine with its pounding pistons,
That bore you to that dreadful distance,
But still—some arts the weary hours may while.

Where'er the next few weeks I wander,
By links or lawn or sea,
My lonesomeness be sure I'll ponder,
But not exclusively;
The pain, although my heart it whittles,
Shall scarcely put me off my victuals;
No, I shall always make a tidy tea.

The flame, in fact (as *Tristram* puts it),
Shall burn beneath this breast,
As to and fro your lover foots it,
"Because so deep suppressed;"
My friends, mayhap, shall hardly notice
That here, beneath this Norfolk coat is
An aching wound—nay, sometimes I shall jest.

For, what with ozone, woods and heather
And mountain streams in song,
Though tight may be the love god's tether,
Though passion's links are strong,
Bereft, for weeks, by moors and what-not,
Of her whose face has tied that hot knot,
It's wonderful how well one gets along.

These honest lines, by way of warning,
Matilda, I submit,
In case, some fine September morning,
When once again I knit
This hand with yours, my peerless lady's,
And swear that August seemed like Hades,
You ask me why I look so beastly fit. EVOE.

Answers to Correspondents.

"MOTHER OF CADETS."—No, Madam, "the Osborne decision," which is now exercising the minds of our Trade Union officials, has nothing to do with the case of *Archer-Shee v. The Admiralty*.

"SPORTSMAN."—If you have already returned your form for Duty on Land Values, and have declared "No Minerals," we would dissuade you from playing tennis on your own lawn in heavy shooting-boots. The nails are apt to leave marks, and if an official should be sent to inspect your land his suspicions might be aroused.

The High Master of Manchester Grammar School has been taking a party of his boys for a tour through Germany, and has given his experiences to *The Manchester Evening Chronicle*:

"Breakfast usually consisted of black bread—splendid stuff for marching on!—and apples. The bread sometimes came in very useful for hammering in the tent pegs!"

Now you see why it makes such a splendid surface for marching on.



A DIRTY TRADE.

GUTTER PRESS. "HERE YOU ARE, GENTS! CHUCK US A FEW MORE COPPERS AN' I'LL ROLL IN IT!"



ANOTHER GREAT WAX-WORK TABLEAU FOR BRUSSELS.

IF, IN SPITE OF OUR ARTIST'S ASSISTANCE, THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE TABLEAU OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT SHOULD PROVE TOO DIFFICULT, WHY NOT BREAK FRESH GROUND ALTOGETHER AND PRODUCE A TABLEAU, EQUALLY LIFELIKE AND FAITHFUL IN PORTRAITURE, OF OTHER BRITISH CELEBRITIES!—HERE ARE A FEW.

TO A CHALK-BLUE.

BUTTERFLIES, Butterflies, delicate downy ones,
Golden, and purple, and yellowy brown ones,
Whites, reds, and tortoiseshells, what's in a hue?
You're worth the whole lot of them, little Chalk-Blue!

Fabled Apollos, of bug-hunter's hollow tales,
Camberwell Beauties, Large Coppers, and Swallow-tails,
They've fled from high farming, they've gone down the breeze,
To Elfhelm perhaps, or wherever you please!

You, Master Blue, hold by man and his handiworks,
Chalk-pits, and cuttings, and engineer's sandy works,
Sway on his wheat stalks, most buoyant and bold,
A turquoise a-droop on a chain of light gold!

And on the links, where the chalk-downs go sweeping up,
Over the greens (where my handicap's creeping up!)

Blue as the tide is, when white the cliffs climb,
I see you go sipping the sweets of the thyme!

Here was your home, ere the Legion's lean warriors
Laughed at the slings of Druidical quarriers,
Or ever the Eagles came swooping ashore,
You flew your blue ensign from Lizard to Nore!

Long may you linger and flourish exceedingly,
Dancing the sun round all summer unheedingly,
Sprite of his splendour, small priest of high noon,
Oh, bold little, old little, blue bit of June!

Self-Revenge.

"In trying to hit McDonnell to the screen that bowler brought off a splendid catch high up with one hand."—*Evening News*.

We can't think why McDONNELL should want to hit himself to the screen; but it served him right to be caught like that, by his own hand.

THE FLOURISH OF THE RICHTEOUS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—You know everything. I know everything but one. Tell me that one thing.

I take it that when a man addresses another as I have just addressed you (not, mark, "you think you know everything") he has him in a mood of complacency for a minute or two at any rate. Let me use those minutes to tell you all about myself and Johnson and all the other brave and triumphant fellows I have met.

I am charitably disposed. I wish to go about doing good amongst my fellow men, cheering them up and spurring them into an optimistic frame of mind. Particularly note that I do not wish to expend money on that behalf; indeed, I should be glad to make a little out of it. I should not, of course, have written like that if I had been an independent entity with no duties in the world; but I have, as it happens, a number of sound limbs and a healthy appetite to support, and my first duty is to them. However, do not let that worry you, for I have decided upon my mission. I only want you to tell me where my district is. Where, briefly, does the great tribe of the Permanently Snubbed have its melancholy residence?

Gather round, Mr. Punch (you know you know everything), and let me refresh your memory about Johnson.

It was he who showed me my métier. Johnson is not the mild, milk-and-water young man you might, from your personal observation, suppose him to be. He—I have it from his own lips—is full of fire; he is not to be sat upon. You start saying nasty, rude things to Johnson, and you will very soon find that you have come to the wrong shop. No one, Johnson tells

me, ever got the better of Johnson. Blustering bodies, bullies for the most part, have from time to time attacked him, supposing that he would take any amount of insolence and injustice like a lamb. But that is not Johnson's way. "I just looked at him," he has

available and shrieked for Johnson's pardon and forgiveness. Which coldly granted, the bully has withdrawn to the retreat whose whereabouts I want to know, never more to appear in public, a prey for all time to the bitterness of his own self-reproach.

MR. POPPLEWICK IN SCOTLAND.



I.—HOW HE PICTURED TO HIMSELF THE RESULTS OF HIS FIRST GROUND-DRIVE.



II.—WHAT ACTUALLY OCCURRED.

Keeper. "ANYTHING TO PICK UP, SIR?"

Popplewick. "WELL—ER—NOT EXACTLY. GOT TWO OR THREE PRETTY HARD HIT."

told me, in describing each encounter, with all the unbiassed accuracy of detachment, "I just looked at him, waited till he had finished, and then said quite quietly . . ." and, whatever it was that Johnson said, his antagonist was reduced instantly to pulp, blushed to the roots of his hair with the blush of conscious shame, fell upon his knees

broken. "You should," as Virtue triumphant concludes, "you should just have seen his face!"

Inasmuch as this thing goes on daily, there must be thousands of these squashed, blighted, and altogether sat upon wretches somewhere. In your private ear, I confess to an occasional boast or two of this sort myself. When have occurred in my conversation then

tures, once overbearing, "who will never dare to speak like that to me again," who have subsided for ever before the cool and collected glare of my conspicuous righteousness. You say that I should know best where they now reside and languish? Frankly, but this must go no further, my own particular victims do not happen to exist. They never did, or, if they did, they were not by a long way my victims. Call me braggart, even liar, but there remains the word of Johnson and his countless imitators. Tell me, for that word is not to be doubted, where and who are the Permanently Snubbed? Why do we never meet them? Why do we only meet their Snubbers?

Your perhaps too inquisitive
CORRESPONDENT.

"DO I SLEEP? DO I DREAM?"

A LITTLE book has just been published, advocating self-suggestion as a cure for sufferers from head-ache, tooth-ache, nervousness, sleeplessness and kindred ills. For instance, the programme to be gone through in cases of insomnia (as quoted in *The Express* of August 25) is as follows:—

Repeat the subjoined exercises:—

Twice to yourself aloud: I am lying down to sleep and to sleep only.

Four times softly: I am feeling sleepy.

Twice softly: I am falling asleep.

Mentally a few times: I am asleep.

Mentally: I sleep, I sleep; and continue until you know no more.

We have been favoured with the nocturnal diary of a sleepless soliloquist to whom we recommended the treatment, and reproduce his remarks in an abridged and expurgated form:—

Midnight.—Well, now let's see if I can snooze off the effects of poker-patience and that lobster salad. . . . What have I got to say? . . . What the dooce was it? I thought I'd learnt it by heart! . . . let me see . . . "I am dying," no—"I am flying." . . . What a vile memory I've got! . . . Ah, I know—"I am lying"—that's a nice confession to make! How *did* it go on? I shall never get to sleep at this rate—I'm getting more and more wide-awake every minute!

12.30 A.M.—I suppose I must light up and find that confounded book . . . Where are the beastly matches? . . . Dam—on the floor, of course! Nice thing to tread on with bare feet! . . . Now, where *did* I put that book? I can't go hunting round the bally house in pyjamas at this time of night! . . . Oh, here it is—brought it up in my coat-pocket after all . . . Guess I'm



Tramp (to lonely spinster). "COME, MISSUS, ABST YER 'USBAND IF 'E AIN'T GOT A OLD PAIR O' TROUSERS TO GIVE AWAY."

Spinster (anxious not to expose her solitude). "SORRY, MY GOOD MAN, HE ER—ER—NEVER WEARS SUCH THINGS."

pretty shivery! Caught cold or something, I suppose . . .

12.45 A.M.—Ah, here's the page—Insomnia Cure . . . let's get this sportsman's rigmarole right—"I am lying down to sleep and to sleep only"—Hang it, that's what I went to bed for an hour ago—it's a platitude anyway . . . Praps I didn't say it loud enough . . . don't want to wake the house.

1 A.M.—Wonder if it's time to try the four-times-softly trick! "I am feeling sleepy" . . . "I am feeling sleepy" . . . Dash it all, I *am* lying now . . . How many times was that? I've lost count . . . must begin over. Hullo, there goes one o'clock!

1.30 A.M.—Suppose this joker wants me to murmur, "I am asleep," now! Well, *am* I? Not fifty per cent.! Also,

I *don't* think! . . . Feel more like getting up and having a pipe . . .

2 A.M.—Yes, I thought so . . . There's the next-door cat-party begun . . . Think I'll suggest them a jug of water . . . What's his cure for cats, I wonder . . . Do I shout, "I sleep!" or throw things? . . . I'll improve on him—"I snore! I snore!"

3 A.M.—Look here, I've had about enough of this ransp . . . May as well sit up and take notice . . . This mental business is driving me silly—prefer the good old sheep and the hedge.

4 A.M.—Ah, there's the beautiful dawn and the daylight and the sparrows' earliest pipe and the rest of it . . . It's about time for the early morning burglar to be going his rounds, so it's a useful cure for sleepiness after all.

ZIEGAG.

THE ELUSIVE BLACKS.

THE monstrous allegation having been made that seaside niggers include in their hoary repertoires songs which are not, to put it mildly, the best intellectual food for the young, all the Brother Bones's and Massa Johnsons of the littoral are up in arms. Mr. Punch, whose instincts are to be on the side both of the young and of the entertainer, at once sent one of his young men to investigate at first hand. He made three visits—one to Ventnor, one to Brighton and one to Margate—and he spent much time and some pence in the company of the Ethiopian inhabitants of each town. At Ventnor he found them singing a song entitled, "I don't care if there's a girl there," to an enraptured audience chiefly of the penniless class, using "penniless" not as meaning generally destitute but at its more exact sense of being without a penny. In other words, the audience was composed chiefly of children.

That section of the entertainment having come to an end, our representative drew aside the singer and asked him for his views on the ditty.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the burnt-corkian. "It's a good tune, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the young man.

"It's funny, isn't it?"

"Not very," our young man hazarded.

"It always goes very well," said the seaside Othello.

"Yes," said our young man. "But the children?"

"Don't you see them there?" asked the Moor of Ventnor sarcastically, "in their scores?"

"True," said our young man.

"Very well, then," said the dusky baritone.

There being no reply to this, our young man gave in.

At Brighton, the serenaders were at work with a ditty entitled "Boiled Beef and Carrots." The song told how this dish was the favourite food of the singer:—

- Boiled beef and carrots,
- Boiled beef and carrots,
- That's the stuff for your Darby Kell,
- Makes you fat and keeps you well.
- Don't be vegetarians,
- Food they give to parrots;
- Blow out your pads,
- While you've the chance;
- On boiled beef and carrots.

Such was the chorus, and from the way the children joined in there was no doubt that they appreciated it. Yet the moral influence?

A later verse told how the singer was so much under the dominion of this regimen that, when his wife presented him with twins (as the wives of

comic singers always do), and they were taken to be christened, he replied to the parson who enquired what their names were to be, "Boiled beef and carrots." At this the children screamed with delight. Our young man anticipated no success when he tackled the singer on the subject, and he obtained none.

"Didn't you hear 'em laugh?" asked the son of grate polish.

Our young man admitted that he did.

"Well," said the nigritudinous warbler, "don't that satisfy you?"

At Margate, the favourite song was called "For months, and months, and months." It told of a number of disasters; how the singer had taken a girl to skate, and how she had fallen so badly that she would not be able to sit down comfortably again "for months, and months, and months," and so on. Everyone was as pleased as could be, and the children sang it with gusto.

Our young man asked the singer if he had heard of the aspersion on two of his fellow-niggers' good taste. He said that he had. It was a crying shame. He had been singing comic songs for twenty years, and never before had he been attacked. No one loved and honoured children more than he; he had children of his own, and he therefore surely ought to know what they should like and should not like.

Our young man agreed.

"What songs do you want us to sing?" the ebony cantillator continued. "We get all the best comics as soon as they're out. All GEORGE ROBEY'S. All T. E. DUNVILLE'S. We never spare any expense, and the papers come along and attack us like that. It's a shame, that's what it is. Fathers of families as we are, too. But I must get back to work now," he added, and at once joined his company in order to take the solo part in "Archibald, certainly not!"

Mr. Punch, left to come to a decision on the question, is inclined to the opinion that niggers will be niggers and that children fortunately don't understand all they hear.

In some professions the difficulty of making a correct return of one's income is more acute than in others. The losses in the burglary at the Shepherd's Bush Exhibition, for instance, are estimated at £3,000 by *The Daily Mail*, £2,000 by *The Daily Mirror*, and £1,000 by *The Daily Chronicle*, and the thief is already writing to the collector of taxes asking him if he will accept the lowest estimate.

THE EVENT OF THE DAY.

WHAT time is your breakfast? To all those who have not yet taken their holidays and are looking out for a happy and bracing health-resort, this question is of vital importance. There may be little or no sunshine outside the house this year, but, thank goodness, wherever you are, *The Daily Mail* can be a source of light and warmth to you every morning as you eat your eggs and bacon. But suppose you are an early riser and select a spa where *The Daily Mail* is not shot till 12.30 p.m. Think of the lingering agony between breakfast and lunch. Worse still, if you get up at 11.30 in a place that has batted on *The Daily Mail* since 6 a.m. and realise that many of your neighbours have stolen a march upon you. For the convenience of tourists, therefore, we have prepared a handy guide to the beauty spots of Great Britain, on the lines indicated below:—

Breakfast.	<i>Daily Mail</i> arrives.
Early	6.1 Afonwen.
Medium	8.15 Fritton-on-Sea.
Late to sluggish ...	11.5 Marazion.
Brunch	12.55 St. Just in Roseland.

After carefully studying the table of which this is an excerpt, holiday-makers will have no excuse for spending a morning soured by fretful anticipation, or an afternoon embittered by regret for lost opportunity.

OUR SILLY SEASON CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEW COINAGE.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—I desire to put before the public my views on the reverse side of the penny. The warlike—I might go so far as to say the hectoring, truculent attitude of Britannia as there depicted is surely calculated to give offence to another Friendly Power. In these days of mutual good-will the trident and the shield can only be regarded as a barbarous anachronism. I trust that they will disappear in the new issue and we shall find Britannia surrounded by the arts of Peace. I would suggest that on those coins which bear the date of 1910 an umbrella might be substituted for the trident.

I am, yours, etc.,

PAX.

DEAR SIR,—If you had spent as much time as I have grubbing about on the tiled floor of the Bank for sovereigns that have run between people's legs, you would recognise, as I do, the absurdity of fashioning coins in the form of a mere wheel. Only the other day I had to chase half-a-quid



Trade Farmer (who has suffered considerable damage through being run into by motorist). "IT'S NOT A BIT O' GOOD YOUR TRYIN' TO HIDE LIKE THAT. HERE COMES OUR PLECEMAN, AND HE'LL EASILY BE ABLE TO SEE YER!"

down the steps of the Bank and under the tyres of a motor bus. Now, if coins were square, triangular, or even knobbly at the edges, they would at least stop where they fall. There might, it is true, be some complaints from parsimonious persons that a sovereign did not go so far as it us d to do.

I am, yours, etc.,

COMMISSIONAIRE.

DEAR SIR,—I am looking forward to the issue of the new coins with the liveliest interest. Already there are many curious aspects of our currency which are often overlooked. Are you aware, Sir, that it is impossible to put two three-penny bits on the face of a half-crown without their overlapping at the edge? How many pennies do you think one would have to pile one above another to make a column as high as a single penny set on edge? Nineteen, Sir. People generally guess about six or eight. Can you find the elephant's trunk on the Jubilee shilling? And have you ever tried on a billiard table. . . .

(This letter must now cease.—ED.)

DEAR SIR,—If the Government could

see their way to call in all three-penny bits, so that sixpences would be the smallest silver coin, I am convinced that we should soon be able, by means of church collections, to wipe out the debt which still hangs over our new organ. I am, yours, etc.,

OPEN PLATE.

DEAR SIR,—Let us have no tampering with the penny. A moment's reflection will show that the gravest distress would be caused throughout the country by any interference with the vast volume of trade which is daily carried on by the swift and secret slot system. I am not one of those who believe that if the size of the penny were altered florins would be used to any marked degree in their place. I am, yours, etc.,

SHAREHOLDER IN
AUTOMATIC SWEETMEAT CO.

DEAR SIR,—In connection with the issue of the new coinage, may I make a very earnest appeal through your columns to those with whom the decision rests? The alteration which I suggest is a very slight one, but it would bring about a revolution in the

morals of the masses by removing from them a temptation which continually besets them. Let us have both sides of the coin exactly alike.

I am, yours, etc.,

ANTI-GAMBLER.

"I know that my numerous friends of the National Service League will tell me that this system is insufficient, and that we must have at least three or four months' consecutive training, but if you cannot get to the moon, surely it is best to arrive at some minor planet which is on the road to the land of your desires." (*Daily Express*).

The difficulty is that you have to go so much further besides faring wor e. *

The Times on Hops:—

"Many growers have been washing during the past week, but our correspondent doubts whether their efforts have been attended with success."

It is the pickers who seem to want it most.

The German KAISER has once more declared himself to be the "Instrument" of Heaven. Yes, but what instrument? The trumpet or the triangle?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Veronica Hewson is one of the most human and understandable heroines that I have met for some time. The book in which she moves is *Kinsmen's Clay* (METHUEN), where you find her, at the beginning, a romantic child, living with her aunt, the housekeeper at an always empty great house in Ireland. You hear also that *Veronica's* father is reported to be "doing well" in soap. That brings the curtain down on the prologue; when it rises again, the father has already done so well as to be rich beyond the dreams of reasonable avareice, and *Veronica* herself is hesitating between the offers of a soiled duke and a hypochondriac earl. This is my one complaint against *Miss Mary Crosbie*, whose novel has given me a great deal of pleasure—that I should like to have been told rather more of *Veronica* in her intermediate stages. She decides on the earl—hypochondria, eucalyptus and all; and, having married him, promptly discovers her real love for someone else. The scenes between these two seemed to me quite exquisitely written: full of real feeling and depth, without ever being melodramatic. Unfortunately the *Destined Lover* was quite obvious from a very early page in the book; and I could not help feeling that, had *Veronica* seen things as clearly as I did, she might have saved herself a lot of worry. But, after all, poor *Lord Steynham* dies at last, and thus allows *Veronica* to marry the object of her second thoughts, and a delightful tale to reach its expected ending.

The Philippine Isle of the musical play
Is *Iotusland*. Damsels are singing
(Or dancing), and down in the languorous bay
A cruiser arrives; she is bringing
The party of English we saw in Act I.
And a breezy lieutenant (with solo).
All is Peace without stint. There's no ghost of a hint
Of that hodge, *The Law of the Bolo*.

To learn about this you must go to the book
By *HYATT*, a far-roving mortal,
Who early in childhood was offered and took
Two names: i.e., *STANLEY* and *PORTAL*;
And later in life at *Manila* he found
That the native, when laying his foe low,

Relied on the aid of a sinister blade,
Some two feet in length, called the *bolo*.

In the yarn there's a strongly political trend,
Though I doubt if you'll quite understand it,
But you're certain to like *Captain Hayle* and his friend,
Felizardo, the chivalrous bandit.
The book (WERNER LAURIE: six shillings) has vim
And the public, I think, on the whole, owe
No little enjoyment to *HYATT's* employment
In writing *The Law of the Bolo*.

Mr. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON has the gift of writing improbable romance in a most plausible manner, and what matter if the story told be past belief provided the telling of it never fails to entertain? There is much that is old-fashioned in *Alise of Astra* (METHUEN); the small European State with political indigestion, its brave and beautiful Princess simply asking to be conquered by love, and the hard-headed, silent diplomat, who never does a wrong thing. There is, however, this novelty in it, that the splendid and inevitable Englishman, who intervenes, observes a strict neutrality, or rather a scrupulously bilateral and evenly divided partisanship, helping both sides, getting suspected, captured and very nearly shot for a spy by both sides, and, in the final event, putting both sides gloriously in the right. After that bold enterprise *Sir Philip Temple* is surely entitled to a restful end, the conventional destiny of loving and, one may suppose, marrying the beautiful Princess. But do not let me appear to scoff at the book. With all its improbability and antiquity of design it is justified, as the publishers announce, by its wars and rumours of wars, its mystery and its passionate love tale. Not only are these things there; they are there in a prodigal and luscious abundance. For Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON, I repeat with ungrudging gratitude, has the gift.

"Literary Aspirants. —Well-known Author undertakes to personally give advice and criticise aspirants' work." —Advt. in "Daily News."
Our immortal work on *The Split Infinitive* we shall not submit for criticism.

From *The Russian Road to China* :

"In the first booth a string of kettles hangs down, and knives, spoons, candlesticks and hammers are suspended so as to catch the eye." An inhospitable trick to play upon strangers.



Mountainous Britisher: "SO YOU LOST YOUR PARTNER HERE LAST YEAR—RATHER SAD. HOW DID HE MANAGE IT?"
Adventure Guide: "WELL, Y'SEE, I WUZ'N'T LOOKUN' M'SELF AT THE TIME. I GUESS HE DIDN'T TAKE PAINS!"



Inveterate Young Gumbler. "ROTTER NAME TO GIVE A BABY—PATIENCE—I THINK. MUCH BETTER CALL IT SNAP OR OLD MAID."

CHARIVARIA.

So much romance has been written about the arrest of two alleged spies in Germany that there was some excuse for the printer who placed the incident in the island of Bunkum.

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE has been eulogising the Fried Fish Shop. One great advantage is that even a blind man can find it if he wants it.

It is with pleasure that we note a distinct movement in favour of cleanliness and tidiness among our burglars. Many of them now wear gloves, and the other day at Birmingham some housebreakers who had tried unsuccessfully to open a safe washed it, before leaving, to remove their finger-marks.

No society sanctum in Washington, a contemporary tells us, is now complete unless it contains an image of BUDDHA. The new name for a room furnished in this style is a Buddhoir.

The most up-to-date seaside picture postcards have, we hear, the words,

"Still raining," printed on them, to save the correspondent unnecessary trouble.

À propos of the wet weather a correspondent suggests that much inconvenience would be obviated if we were to be allowed to dispense with clothing. One's skin, anyhow, is waterproof.

Fourteen breakfasts stolen from workmen employed at Messrs. HARLAND AND WOLFF's shipbuilding yards were, last week, found on one THOMAS REES, and he was sentenced to three months' hard labour. This should more than cover the period of assimilation.

During this slack season on the Stock Exchange they seem to have revived the old game of Buried Treasure, if one may believe the following headlines from *The Daily Mail* :—

CHAT ON CHANGE
THE LOW LEVEL OF CONSOLS
UNDERGROUND PROGRESS.

People are still grumbling about the Land Tax schedules, and not a few angry persons, according to a contem-

porary, are returning blank forms. The accompanying message, we presume, is.—"I return your ——— form."

FATHER AND SON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I see the *Pater* has been writing to *The Times* growling because the Government have sent him an examination paper and only given him thirty days to answer the questions! And yet he growls at me because I can't do a beastly paper much worse than his and only three hours allowed! And he's allowed to refer to books, or get tips from his solicitor, while I mayn't consult the boy next to me, or even have a note or two on my shirtcuff. It's no use me writing to *The Times*, which is chiefly read by people like the *Pater*; so I write to *Punch* instead.

Yours disgustingly, J. B. JUN.

"Was Longfellow in England or America when he remarked: 'The rain it raineth every day'?"—*Bradford Daily Argus*.

We don't know. It's just as easy to quote SHAKESPEARE in one country as in the other.

THE ELDEST SON.

WHEN I arrived in the day-nursery at 6.15 P.M. I was a mere casual intruder, knowing nothing of the glories that awaited me. To be sure there had been during the afternoon certain hints which the observant might have interpreted correctly. Florence (aged eleven) had more than once said "Hush!" in a mysterious tone; Gertrude (aged nine) had had several giggling fits in a corner, from which she had been extracted flushed and breathless, but resolutely secretive; and Maud (aged seven) had turned a good many sudden somersaults on the floor or on the lawn, that being her method of expressing uncontrollable excitement. At the moment, however, these portents had not struck me. All I noticed was that at six o'clock the lower regions of the house were uncommonly quiet, and I went upstairs and into the nursery to discover what had happened to its tumultuous population. Without the least warning I found myself plunged into the midst of a theatrical performance.

The room had been divided by a large screen which—somewhat imperfectly—represented a curtain. In front of this the audience, consisting of all the female servants of the house, was ranged on chairs. Behind it the actors were preparing for the Second Act. I gathered, not from the attitude of the audience, which was one of resignation rather than of hilarity, but from what the Queen herself told me, that the First Act had consisted of a banquet and a revelry to celebrate the home-coming of the Queen's eldest son, who had been to the wars and might now be expected to arrive at any moment. He had not, however, arrived in time for the First Act, but the festivities had not been in the least impaired by his absence, Prince John in particular having consumed a whole ox, served with French beans, roasted potatoes, and vegetable marrow, while the Lady Lavinia had held the company enthralled by the delicacy of her wit. The Queen, I ought perhaps to add, was Florence, robed majestically in a bed-spread of variegated colours, and having her head bound round with a band of yellow-and-black silk which was always coming off. The Lady Lavinia was acted by Gertrude in a gauzy silvery dress with a pair of wings (the remains of a Christmas entertainment), while the important part of Prince John found a minute but brilliant representative in Maud, who wore with great courage a white sweater, a pair of quasi-Turkish knickerbockers, gaudy Roman stockings, and a green knitted cap. I was informed that the date of the play was "Once upon a Time," as, indeed, the dresses sufficiently indicated. The programme, neatly written by Gertrude, promised the following entertainment:—

*A Fairy Play,
Dances,
Drammatik Event,
The Queen's Farewell to her Ladies.*

The play itself, however, appeared to possess a power of internal development which made the programme quite irrelevant and useless, except to the servants, who never failed to consult it with great solemnity as the action proceeded.

All was now ready for the Second and, as it proved, the final Act.

"Let the curtain now go up," said the Queen, the screen being accordingly removed by the nurse, who then promptly resumed her place in the front row of the stalls. The Queen was thereupon revealed sitting on her chintz-covered throne, with the Lady Lavinia standing airily beside her, and Prince John sitting at her feet in an attitude expressive of devotion.

"There ought to be a crash of martial music," continued the Queen, "but the musical box won't work properly. You must imagine it. (*Aside*) Gerty, give the old box another turn and shake it." This having been done, the box at last consented to wheeze out "The Blue Bells of Scotland," and the Queen proceeded.

"Prince John," she said, "will now tread a measure. Bother this silk band; it's coming off again. Quick, Prince John, show your paces, as you used to in the happy days of twenty years ago. The Lady Lavinia will be your partner. I will watch you and think of my unhappy lot. Do put your shoes on, Gerty, or we shall never get started. What ho! Let there be revelry."

She then composed herself on her throne, and Prince John, assisted by the Lady Lavinia, trod a measure, while the musical box drifted on and on with the "Blue Bells."

A dreadful event then took place. It appeared that whilst all this was going on the Queen's eldest son—though no information of this had been given to the audience—was engaged in fighting desperately without. As soon therefore as the dance came to an end the following dialogue took place:—

The Queen. Go, Prince John, and I am how my eldest son is getting on, for he is fighting his best against many foes.

Prince John. I will, your Majesty. Your hair's coming down again.

[*Exit hurriedly through the door while the Queen adjusts her hair.*]

The Queen. I am afraid they will defeat him.

Prince John (re-enters jauntily). Your Majesty's eldest son has just been killed.

The Queen thereupon gave a loud yell and fainted on the floor, and desperate attempts were made to revive her by means of brandy administered from a clothes-brush by Prince John. This proving ineffectual, the Prince and the Lady Lavinia blew very hard on every part of the Queen's face, who then raised herself into a sitting posture and ordered Lady Lavinia to go to the window and gather further details. Lady Lavinia accordingly danced lightly to the window, gazed through it into the sky, and declared in a perfectly matter-of-fact tone that the eldest son was alive. "It was the other one," she added, leaving us to infer that some other son had, in fact, succumbed. All was now rejoicing, and so remained until the Queen, still struggling with her hair-band, commanded Lady Lavinia to tell her what that noise was.

Lady Lavinia. Your Majesty, it is a gun.

The Queen. What is it doing?

Lady L. It's shooting, your Majesty.

The Queen. Is it shooting at a far distant country; or at this lonely old castle?

Lady L. At this castle, your Majesty.

Prince John (with decision). Then I'm off.

[*Exit accordingly.*]

Apparently overcome by this cruel desertion the Queen then declared the drama at an end, the screen was ceremoniously replaced, and we never set eyes on the eldest son after all.

"If the Block is the head-royal, the increased cost of living in Britannia on official India's current coin that is not. Anglo-India is as well aware as England is ignorant of the meaning of this well established phrase."—*The Pioneer.*

Speaking for England (if we may every now and then) we admit our ignorance, while recording our admiration, of the phrase.



THE TRUE ECONOMY.

JOHN BULL (*on the Territorials*). "FINE SERVICE, WHAT? PITY THEY'RE SHORT OF MEN."

F.-M. PUNCH. "YES, MY FRIEND, AND IF YOU WANT YOUR VOLUNTARY SYSTEM TO GO ON YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT YOUR HANDS A BIT DEEPER INTO YOUR POCKETS. YOU'LL FIND IT CHEAPER IN THE END."



The Picture of Misery. "YUS, LADY, THERE WAS A TIME W'EN I 'AD MONEY T' LURN, AN' WHERE I MADE THE MISTAKE WAS W'EN I DID BURN IT."

The Old Parly. "AND PRAY WHAT DID YOU BURN IT WITH?"

The Picture of Misery. "WIV AN OLE FLAME O' MINE."

THE RIGHT TO DRIVEL.

[A leading article in *The Times* has defended the customary silly season correspondence on general topics as embodying the Socratic system of philosophic inquiry.]

NOTING how simple may seem to a Bullman eye

Problems that dons have decided to shelve,

Shall I complain of your critical *calami*,

"Householder," "Englishman," "Mother of Twelve"?

Now, when the newspapers roll us so dry a log,

Shall I be bored by your amateur quills?

Or shall I muse on that master of dialogue

Famed for arousing his Athens to thrills?

He, had he lived with us, he whom the Agora

Daily supplied with conundrums to guess,

He would have startled the swoon of mandragora,

Poppies of autumn that brood on our Press.

Joining in earnest affray with some witty ass

(Women, e.g., do they understand men?)

What do you think of it, Glaucon or Critias?)

Ah, how *The Mail* would have pined for his pen!

Yes; but if sheets like *The Times* (or *The Chronicle*)

Serve us in lieu of a Socrates now,

Publishing letters profoundly ironical,
Probing the Truth with a pertinent "How?"—

Let them be thankful that England is merciful

Even to writers of absolute rot,

Papers that harbour the output of "Percival"

(Writing from Peckham), for Athens was not.

Tired though we be of epistles by "Curious,"

No one can stifle the prints where they bloom,

Sending a tankard of highly injurious

Hemlock around to the Editor's room. EVOE.

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.

"In the active treatment of corns a hot foot-path is the first step."
Preston Guardian.

Perhaps you wouldn't want any steps after that first one.

"England N.W. and North Wales—Southernly to Westerly and North-Westerly Breezes, Fresh at Times Locally: Unsettled; Some Rain: Thunder in places, Fair or Fine Intervals: Local-Coast Mist or Fog: Cool: Close.—*Meteorological Office Report.*

Everything, in fact, except earthquakes. Of course it would be rather awkward if there were an earthquake, but you must take risks.

HOLIDAY TIME.

III.—A DAY ASHORE.

"WELL, which is it to be?" asked Archie.

"Just whichever you like," said Dahlia, "only make up your minds."

"Well, I can do you a very good line in either. I've got a lot of sea in the front of the house, and there's the *Armadillo* straining at the leash; and I've had some land put down at the back of the house, and there's the Silent-Knight eating her carburettor off in the kennels."

"Oh, what can all thee, Silent-Knight, alone and palely loitering?" asked Simpson. "KEATH," he added kindly.

"Ass (SHAKESPEARE)," I said.

"Of course, if we sailed," Simpson went on eagerly, "and we got becalmed again, I could teach you chaps signalling."

Archie looked from one to the other of us.

"I think that settles it," he said, and went off to see about the motor.

"Little Chagford," said Archie, as he slowed down. "Where are we going to, by the way?"

"I thought we'd just go on until we found a nice place for lunch."

"And then on again till we found a nice place for tea," added Myra.

"And so home to dinner," I concluded.

"Speaking for myself—" began Simpson.

"Oh, go on."

"I should like to see a church where KATHARINE OF ARAGON or somebody was buried."

"Samuel's morbid craving for sensation—"

"Wait till we get back to London, and I'll take you to Madame Tussaud's, Mr. Simpson."

"Well, I think he's quite right," said Dahlia. "There is an old Norman church, I believe, and we ought to go and see it. The Philistines needn't come in if they don't want to."

"Philistines!" I said indignantly. "Well, I'm—"

"Aggaged," suggested Archie. "Oh no, he was an Amalekite."

"You've lived in the same country as this famous old Norman church for years and years and years, and you care so little about it that you've never been to see it and aren't sure whether it was KATHARINE OF ARAGON or Alice-for-short who was buried here, and now that you have come across it by accident you want to drive up to it in a brand-new 1910 motor car, with Simpson in his 1910 gents' fancy vest

knocking out the ashes of his pipe against the lych-gate as he goes in . . . And that's what it is to be one of the elect!"

"Little Chagford's noted back-chat comedians," commented Archie. "Your turn, Dahlia."

"There was once a Prince who was walking in a forest near his castle one day—that's how all the nice stories begin—and he suddenly came across a beautiful maiden, and he said to himself, 'I've lived here for years and years and years, and I've never seen her before, and I'm not sure whether her name is Katharine or Alice, or where her uncle was buried, and I've got a now surcoat on which doesn't match her wimple at all, so let's leave her and go home to lunch. . . . And that's what it is to be one of the elect!'"

"Don't go on too long," said Archie. "There are the performing seals to come after you."

I jumped out of the car and joined her in the road.

"Dahlia, I apologise," I said. "You are quite right. We will visit this little church together, and see who was buried there."

Myra looked up from the book she had been studying, *Jovial Jaunts Round Jibmouth*.

"There isn't a church at Little Chagford," she said. "At least there wasn't two years ago, when this book was published. So that looks as though it can't be very early Norman."

"Then let's go on," said Archie, after a deep silence.

We found a most delightful little spot (which wasn't famous for anything) for lunch, and had the baskets out of the car in no time.

"Now are you going to help get things ready," asked Myra, "or are you going to take advantage of your sex and watch Dahlia and me do all the work?"

"I thought women always liked to keep the food jobs for themselves," I said. "I know I'm never allowed in the kitchen at home. Besides, I've got more important work to do—I'm going to make the fire."

"What fire?"

"You can't really lead the simple life and feel at home with Nature until you have laid a fire of twigs and branches, rubbed two sticks together to procure a flame, and placed in the ashes the pemmican or whatever it is that falls to your rifle."

"Well, I did go out to look for pemmican this morning, but there were none rising."

"Then I shall have my ham sandwich hot."

"Bread, butter, cheese, eggs, sand-

wiches, fruit," catalogued Dahlia, as she took them out; "what else do you want?"

"I'm waiting here for cake," I said.

"Bother, I forgot the cake."

"Look here, this picnic isn't going with the swing that one had looked for. No pemmican, no cake, no early Norman church. We might almost as well be back in the Cromwell Road."

"Does your whole happiness depend on cake?" asked Myra scornfully.

"Very nearly. Very nearly indeed, Archie," I called out, "there's no cake."

Archie stopped patting the car and came over to us. "Good. Let's begin," he said; "I'm hungry."

"You didn't hear. I said there *wasn't* any cake—on the contrary, there is an entire absence of it, a shortage, a vacuum, not to say a lacuna. In the place where it should be there is an aching void or mere hard-boiled eggs or something of that sort. I say, doesn't *anybody* mind, except me?"

Apparently nobody did, so that it was useless to think of sending Archie back for it. Instead, I did a little wrist-work with the corkscrew. . . .

"Now," said Archie, after lunch, "before you all go off with your butterfly nets, I'd better say that we shall be moving on at half-past three about. That is, unless one of you has discovered the slot of a Large Cabbage White just about then, and is following up the trail very keenly."

"I know what I'm going to do," I said, "if the flies will let me alone."

"Tell me quickly before I guess," begged Myra.

"I'm going to lie on my back and think about Simpson."

"Well, wake up by half-past three, that's all."

"Are you sure," asked Simpson, "that you wouldn't like me to show you that signalling now?"

I closed my eyes. You know, I wonder sometimes what it is that makes a picnic so pleasant. Because all the important things, the eating and the sleeping, one can do anywhere.

A. A. M.

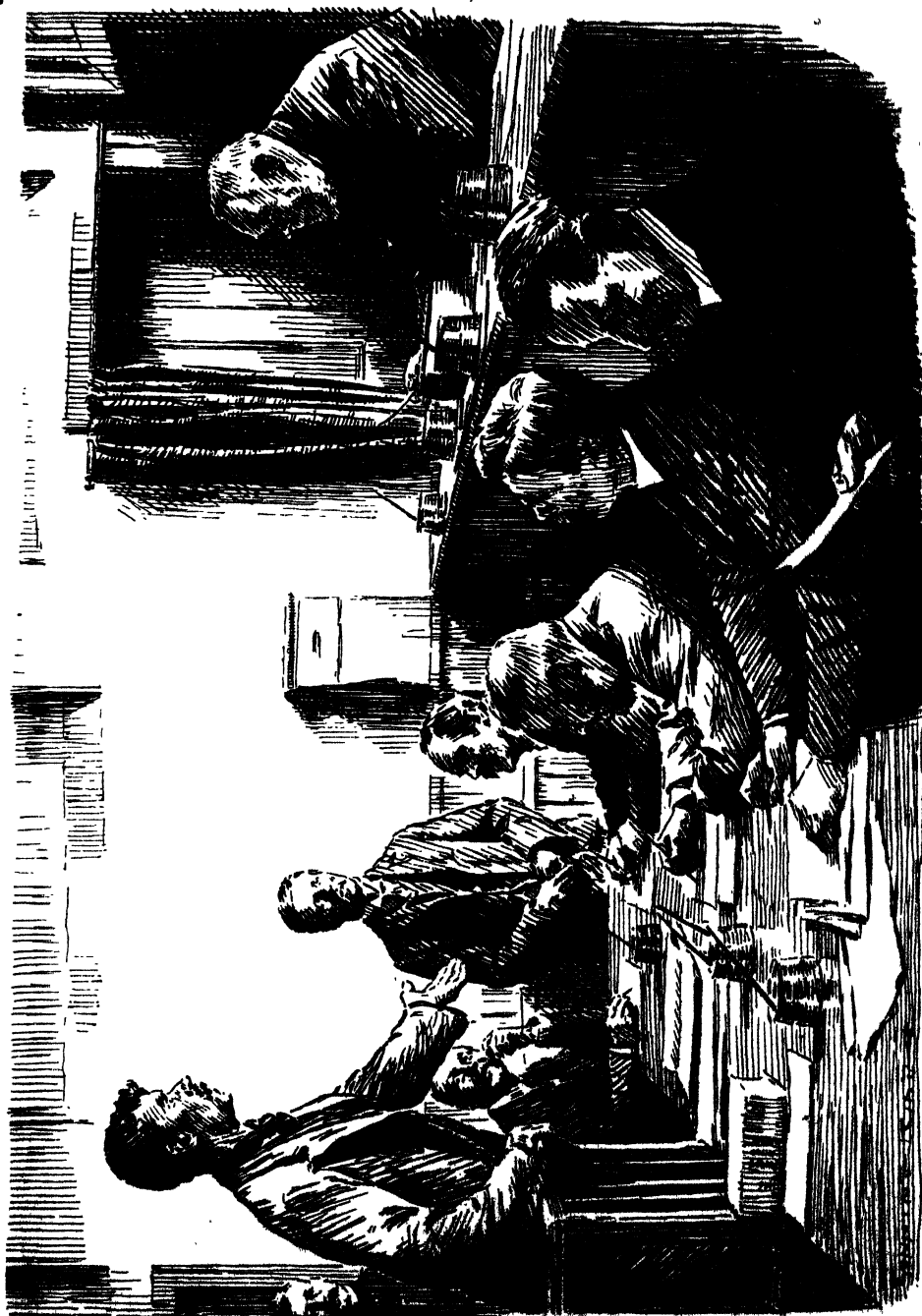
"Teeth; beautiful sets, 10s. 6d.; evenings only."—*Advt. in "Glasgow Evening Citizen."*

This seems inadequate; you might want to wear them for a *matinée*.

"Accumulator Hand wanted; used to assembling best class portables."—*Advt. in "Daily Chronicle."*

If they want a burglar they should say so.

"Hindhead Beauty Spots," says a contemporary. The best place is to have them on the forehead or somewhere where they can be seen.



Magistrate. "NOW, IF YOU TWO MEN HAD HAD ANY COMMON SENSE YOU WOULD HAVE SETTLED THIS MATTER OUT OF COURT."
Defendant. "JUST WHAT I WANTED TO DO YOUR WORSHIP, BUT THE BLAZING WOMEN'S FIGHT."

ENGLAND FOR THE ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

SIR,—Superintending as you do, with your traditional perspicacity, the processes involved in the manufacture of History, you cannot have failed to notice the Manifesto recently issued by the group of Caledonian gentlemen who style themselves "The Committee to Promote National Self-Government for Scotland." But, engrossed as you are in guiding the trend of more fundamental issues, you may have omitted to put to yourself, as I and doubtless many other Englishmen have done, the joyous interrogation which that Manifesto carries in its wake.

My pen trembles. Seldom have I taken that instrument in hand with a weightier sense of the importance of the occasion. The temporary weakness is excusable. I am no Stoic, no stern-faced Gael or unresponsive Celt, but a Saxon, with all the emotional weakness of his race.

If I am capable of drawing a logical inference from a given proposition (and I have hinted, Sir, that I am English), I venture to say that we seem to be approaching a time—I hope I am not unduly optimistic—when this country will be left entirely in the possession of those who own it by right of national title. If this be not the case, what other conclusion can we draw from all these symptoms of Gaelic nostalgia, these outbreaks of Celtic Zionism, these homesick yearnings of the tribes who have so long made our laws, stamped our Parliamentary division lobbies, and robbed our poultry dormitories?

Is Ireland about to secede? Well! well! Erin-go-Bragh! Let them see that the process of government is properly carried on under Queensberry rules. And must Wales follow her? Tut, tut! but—Cymru am Byth! They were ever a cantankerous lot. But Scotland, Sir, Scotland! What! relax the age-old grip on the fleshpots of England? renounce the Southern right of way so hardly won at Bannockburn? restore to the Saxon his privileges of place and power? Sir, hoping with all my heart that it may be so, I scarcely dare to believe it. England Scof-free! England de-Picted again as in the frescoes of HADRIAN'S Villa! Beats there the true English heart that can contain itself on hearing this glad news?

It behoves us, however, to be cautious. The resources of Gaelic humour are infinite, and I vaguely fear that Mr. MUNRO-FERGUSON and his fellow-committeemen are attempting

to pull the Saxon's leg. Political manifestoes issued during the dog-days sometimes have a certain savour of fishiness. Have you lately noticed an odour, a passing reek—dear, dear, there it goes again!—of red herring?

I am, Sir, Yours, etc.,

AN ENGLISH HOME-RULER.

THE COMPLETE LAND TAXER.

(A Guide to the Duties of a Citizen.)

To assist owners of land who may be confused by the returns for Duties on Land Values demanded by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue the following notes have been compiled, giving more complete information, especially as regards the penalties, than the meagre "Instructions" only covering two pages of foolscap.

It is well first to define "land," which the Commissioners describe as an "expression." By ignorant persons it is thought to be solid earth. For the purposes of the Duties on Land Values—see Instruction 199 (viii), (x) (y) (z), 27, 385, Paragraph 95 (k) (xxvi)—it also appears to include buildings which are not structures and structures which are not buildings, likewise caravans, tents, aeroplanes, trees, shrubs, weeds, cows, pigs, poultry, rats, mice, snails, slugs, birds and butterflies thereon, and all minerals, brickbats, potatoes, broken bottles, flint implements, chalybeate springs, treasure trove and earthworms on, in or under the surface. For further particulars of the component parts of "land" see Instruction 73, 948 B. Part 369, Sections 51, Air; 52, Fire, and 53, Water.

Having thus a clear idea of the nature of "land," the next duty of the owner is to read all the instructions, with the Notes, Sub-notes, Marginal References, Parenthetical Alternatives and Appendices. Penalty for not understanding all of them, £50. By devoting sixteen hours a day, with the assistance of a solicitor, licensed valuer, licensed victualler, thought-reader and puzzle-editor of any periodical, these Instructions could be mastered in four weeks, leaving two days for answering the questions. Penalty for not answering them, £50.

Before entering on these solemn duties of citizenship, the landowner should practise on a small subject, such as his dog-kennel, which is a structure and therefore "land," for which a separate form must be filled up. He must give his own name. Penalty for any confused owner writing "Not known" in this space, £50. He must also carefully state the Name of

the Parish, of the Occupier ("Spot" or "Jack," as the case may be), the Description of the Land, the Extent of it (say, one square yard—no perches), the Amounts of Rent, Land Tax, Tithe, Improvement Rate, Repairs and Insurance; whether there are Public Rights of Way through the Dog-kennel; if allowed by tenant; or Public Rights of User of it, or Rights of Common over it, giving full particulars in every case in the space of a single line two inches long (penalty for going beyond this space, £50), and also the Particulars of the last Sale of it.

At this point there is a sort of breathing-space, with a blank for "Observations." They are probably best indicated by a blank, though a dash might be allowed. There is then a space for the name and address of any person to whom the landowner might desire similar interesting communications to be sent. Obviously someone against whom he has a grudge. Perhaps "Lloyd George, Wales" would do. Penalty for writing "Old Nick" or any similar name in this space, £50. Finally, he must state whether the minerals, brickbats, bones, etc., under the Dog-kennel are comprised in a mining lease, or worked by the proprietor, or scratched up by the tenant.

He need not even stop then, for he can go on to give Additional Particulars "if desired," as clearly set forth in Instruction 121 (mcc) (i), (o), (u), and Instruction 926, 731 (cc), (o), (i), (c). Penalty for giving the particulars, if not desired, £50. Penalty for desiring to give but not giving them, £50.

When the beginner has mastered this first exercise he will go on to a cow-shed, a motor-garage, an hotel, a gasometer, a swimming-bath, a fishpond, and other sorts of "land." He will then do well to take a holiday on the sea, which, according to some old-fashioned authorities, is not "land," and give his brain a complete rest.

Finally the advanced student will be able to answer the most abstruse questions, such as:—

(i) What is the full site value of the Bank of England, if divested of the Bank of England, together with all growing timber, fruit trees, fruit bushes and other things growing thereon?

(ii) What would be the full site value of the present garden of the Bank, if occupied by (a) an orange grove, (b) a vineyard, (c) a golf links, (d) two shrubs and six blades of grass, (e) an American sky-scraper, and (f) nothing?

(iii) What was the full site value of the Bank of England on April 1st, 1909?

(iv) What was the full site value in



MR. POPPLEWICK IN SCOTLAND.

[Mr. P., when advocating Scotland for the Autumn, had represented to his wife that she could take up shooting.]

Dumfries. "I'M THENKIN' YE'LL CAN SAFELY GET UP, SIR; SHE'S FINISHED THE NOO."

the time of (a) the late Queen ANNE, (b) BOADICEA, (c) NOAH? [For Definition of "Land" entirely covered by water, see Sea (C) (c)].

"Generally the first week in September . . . is one of the best in the year. It is quite as usual to have a wet opening for September." *Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*
You know, he isn't really helping us at all.

"Unless a better system than that introduced by Lancashire can be evolved, the present style of awarding points will, and must, stand. It cannot be bettered." *Bristol Evening News.*
Evolvers seem to have their work cut out.

"At 4.20 Drexel went up for a magnificent performance, sweeping out towards Emmiskerry, and rising to 2,000 feet. He was occasionally lost in the clouds.

Drexel's official height was 1,150 feet."

Dublin Evening Mail.

Dull pedants, these officials.

An Echo of "Ouida."

"At Magdalen he captained the school eleven against the pick of Balliol College in a game that won for him a little temporary distinction. The last year of his school term came to an abrupt end. It was hinted in one Australian newspaper that he had lost his fellowship by too boldly declaring certain Agnostic tendencies at a meeting of University professors."

"Daily Telegraph" Foulton.

IN THE SOCIAL SWIM.

(With acknowledgments to our Radical contemporaries.)

LORD and Lady Pendragon arrived at Lundy Island in their turbine yacht *Penguin* on Thursday last, after a stormy cruise in the Bristol Channel, and on Friday morning Lady Pendragon opened the new Vegetarian Restaurant. In the afternoon she visited the School of Occult Needlework and gave away the prizes, which consisted of a superb tea-cosy, a dozen re-made golf balls, and a copy of *Whitaker's Almanack* bound in limp lambskin. Lady Pendragon looked lovely in her yachting costume of stamped Japanese satinette draped with some wonderful old point-de-Venise lace. Miss Margie Boodle, who was with Lady Pendragon, is the second cousin of Lady Helmsdale.

Sir Felix Schlumberger, who is staying at Cruden Bay for golf, while playing in a three-ball match with the Grand Duke Raphael and the Countess Katinka Gorky, did the sixteenth hole in sixteen strokes, thereby lowering his own record.

Lord and Lady Witley are staying at the Thistle Arms, Killiecrankie, and

have not taken a lease of the Island of Rum, as has been incorrectly stated. It is only right to add that the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Dalmatia stayed at the Thistle Arms Hotel when they visited Killiecrankie a few years back.

Princess Fritz Baldinsky is among the guests of Mr. Otis Polk, the American millionaire, at his magnificent shooting lodge, Jemiumville, near Cromarty, and the stags that have fallen to her rifle include one weighing, according to Russian measurement, 490 pounds.

Lady Vinolia Ditchingham, half-sister of the Duke of Bungalow, has left Flaxman House, Chelsea, where she has resided when in town for the last ten years, and her address in future will be 159, Swan Walk. Lady Vinolia is one of the best amateur whistlers in society.

The brilliant and crowded audience at the premiere of *Henry VIII.* included Sir Aubrey and Lady Blond, Sir Moses Schienemann, Lord Kosherville, Sir Felix Carmel, the Chevalier Bogdanowsky, Miriam Lady Bondehusen, Mr. and Mrs. Wallaby Dumper and the Lord Mayor of Jaffa.



"GOOD HEAVENS, ETHEL! WHAT THE DOOCE—"

"I'M VERY SORRY, DEAR, I CAN'T HELP IT. YOU DIDN'T PUT THE PEGS IN FIRMLY ENOUGH, AND THEY ALL CAME OUT WHEN I WAS HALF DRESSED, AND MY THINGS BLEW AWAY, SO I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE ME HOME LIKE THIS."

ENGLAND'S HOPE.

[In the annual report of the Meteorological Office it is stated that on only five occasions during the past twelve months was the department tempted to forecast a spell of two days' fine weather. On October 1 the Office is to have a new chief, and at the same time will be moved from its present dingy quarters in Victoria Street to what the papers describe as a "palatial" new building erected in Imperial Institute Road, South Kensington. The following lines of earnest exhortation are addressed to Mr. LEMPERT, the new Clerk of the Weather.]

Sir, you are called upon to rule a roost
That 's like to prove a tough affair, but still it is
A noble task, and brimful of the most
Glorious possibilities.

Your predecessor did his best, it's true,
And, if 'twas mostly evil that he prophesied,
What could one have expected him to do
When he his dingy office eyed?

He did his work according to his lights,
But they were far from brilliant; and I guess he missed
The Sun so badly that his days seemed nights,
And he became a pessimist.

No man could hope by methods such as these
To woo the weather-gods, however well he meant;
With tactful flattery he should appease
Each unpropitious element.

You, Sir, with your as yet unblemished slate,
Have no occasion for the least propensity

To dark forebodings, which but aggravate
The atmospheric density.

For you we've built a palace which a king
Might eye with envy; there we will not suffer you
To lack for aught; the best of everything
Will scarce be good enough for you.

From fleshly cravings thus completely weaned,
Look to it lest your character degenerate;
Be brisk and bright—and have your windows cleaned
Once every month, at any rate.

Then, should the Sun-god chance to pass your way
(You know by now what a capricious god is he),
He'll look you up, and see what you've to say
About his latest Odyssey;

And, if your stuff and style do not offend
His fancy, he may be disposed to pleasure ours,
And in our grateful company to spend
A portion of his leisure hours.

So give your oracles a cheerful turn;
Whatever doubts you harbour, don't exhibit 'em;
And, if the trick comes off, be sure you'll earn
Your country's thanks *ad libitum*.

Social and Personal.

The Report that Mr. KRIB HARDIE, M.P., has been
appointed "Big-Stick-in-Waiting" is premature.



THE HIGH-FLIER'S RETURN.

THE KAISER-BIRD (re-entering cage). "IT'S ALL RIGHT; I'M GOING BACK OF MY OWN ACCORD. BUT—(aside)—I GOT PRETTY NEAR THE SKY THAT TIME. HAVEN'T HAD SUCH A DAY OUT FOR TWO YEARS!"



SOME MORE STARTLINGLY LIFE-LIKE WAXWORKS OF BRITISH CELEBRITIES FOR THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.

ODE TO A "RABBIT."

WHEN, striding boldly to the stumps, you take
"Two leg" or "middle," as the case may be,
It is not yours, my lop-eared friend, to make
The crowd, a-quiver with expectancy,
Remark, "That's him" (or "he").

Yours is a humbler lot: to go in last,
Scratch for some half-a-dozen balls or so,
Then, with the ecstasy of batting past,
To stand how-legged and let the boundaries go
Serenely through the bow.

Save when, Dame Fortune frowning on the side
And batsmen garnering a goodly bunch,
You bowl (the tenth expedient to be tried)
The sort of stuff that even I could punch
All day, except at lunch.

Full many a time and oft I've heard you say,
Politely smiling as the captain cursed,
You play the best that lies in you to play;
In zeal, at any rate, the peer of FIRST.
Defend us from your worst!

Still, your're a sportsman (let our censure cease).
You do not play because you hope to find
A bubble glory at the popping crease;
Love of the game it is that fills your mind.
Love can be very blind.

From a South African paper:—

"The Starbards commenced the second half in brilliant fashion and making tracks for equalise, the play of the opposing forward line was safe guarded by good watchful back divisions, namely Kalie, F. Charles (captain), and C. M. Arumugam, and the play being betwix G. B. Ward, C. P. Tommy, I. Timothy, and V. C. Harry, little to be desired, who in this positions Standards did remarkably well and got to the Stars quarter, this young lad Albert, now playing left out with his capital defence droved a good shooting which Moon nicely saved in goal. However C. P. Tommy was on his own play waiting for the ball there comes the ball after a good save here heads Tommy and resulted 1 goal within 8 yards and been sure for his mark, and this event was soon followed by another one similarly organised by the Stars, thus Stars 2 goals, Standards 1 goal. Now the game became to be faster than what it was. However, F. Charles the unselfish (captain) remarked play up my lads, we'll reach the Post, and whilst he long, Yet the Lads pressed well for all they could, C. P. Tommy with good movement made a splendid drive, an ended up a brilliant work by scoring in the end."

Kindness to Animals.

"Remove the sting of a wasp or bee with a watch key, pressing the place with it; then rub the sting with a slice of raw onion, moist to bacco or a damp blue bag."—*Daily Mirror*.
Press gently, dry, dust with boracic powder and return it to the bee (or wasp).

"Her dark eyes narrowed as they swept the breakfast-room. No, he was not there. Nevertheless, she tackled cold real pie and drank coffee, being all the time wholly unconscious of the stunning blow about to descend on her unwitting head."

For the rest of the real pie see next week's *Home Circle*.

AT THE PLAY.

"HENRY VIII."

Nobody can accuse Sir HERBERT TREE this time of having spoilt a good drama by excess of embroidery. *Henry VIII.* is too bad a play for that. It has, of course, its detached passages, full of dignity and pathos, and one great dramatic scene—in the Hall at Blackfriars—but for the rest it is a matter of pageantry and little else. Character and motive, in the persons of King and Cardinal, remain obscure; BUCKINGHAM's tragedy, coming before we have had time to take any interest in him, leaves us unmoved; and the final scene (happily omitted at His Majesty's) of the christening of baby Elizabeth was the consummation of a courtier rather than a dramatist. Again, any study of HENRY was bound to be imperfect which only shows us a brace of his wives, and gives no hint of that habit of re-marrying which became an obsession with him; though I admit that the introduction of the King in his private box at Westminster Abbey, watching the Coronation of Queen No. 2, does perhaps offer a suggestion that this kind of thing was likely to recur from time to time as a form of operatic entertainment peculiarly adapted to his tastes.

And, since a poor play needs all the accessories that it can get, we must gratefully recognise that in their illustrations of the manners, costumes and architecture of the period, the management has done all of us (not excluding the author) a very true service. Extraordinary pains have been taken over the smallest detail, even down to the lettering, T. C., which figures on the livery of the urchins and other menials in the retinue of the Cardinal. (I am assured that T. C. stands for Thomas, Cardinal, and not for TREE's Company, nor the Turf Club, nor yet the Tooting Crusaders).

Sir HERBERT, in his crimson robe that trailed half across the wide stage, was a pageant in himself. Freed from the managerial burdens of a first night, he will do himself a finer justice; but already his Cardinal's personality imposes itself. Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, a splendid figure as QUEEN KATHARINE, gave their full value to her lines, and in the trial scene at Blackfriars (an interior even more impressive and dignified than that of our present Divorce Court) touched a very high level of dramatic force; but she had begun, in the Council Chamber, on rather too loud a note, and once or twice made one think a little of her namesake, the Shrew. To the tedious scene of her final decline from power



Wolsey (Sir HERBERT TREE) to *Thomas Cromwell* (Mr. REGINALD OWEN). "Cromwell, my boy, you have been a good secretary to me. I shall bequeath to you my liveries. You will find the initials T. C. already sewn on them, so you won't need to have them marked again."

and health and happiness the old habit of the irrepressible smile lent a faint note of insincerity. Still, altogether, it was a notable performance.

The most intriguing figure was that of Mr. BOURCHIER's HENRY VIII. I pass over his home-grown beard, a topic on which the curiosity of the public has been sufficiently tickled in the gossip of the press, and just say



Another Pavlova-Mordkin triumph at the Palace (*Wolsey's*).
Henry VIII. ... Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.
Anne Bullen ... Miss LAURA COWIE.

that the realism of his make-up was amazing. His postures, too, were astonishingly in the picture. And if he left us a little in doubt how far his hypocrisy went, and how much weakness of purpose was hidden under his bluff and masterful exterior, that, also, was perhaps part of the game.

Mr. HENRY AINLEY, an obvious choice for the rôle of BUCKINGHAM, did not touch me very greatly, in part for the reason, already given, that we have no time to get into sympathy with him. I was glad, for his sake, that he got off so early; and disappointed, for his sake again, to find that he had felt it his duty to remain behind the scenes, in his trappings of woe, so as to assist at the final how before the curtain.

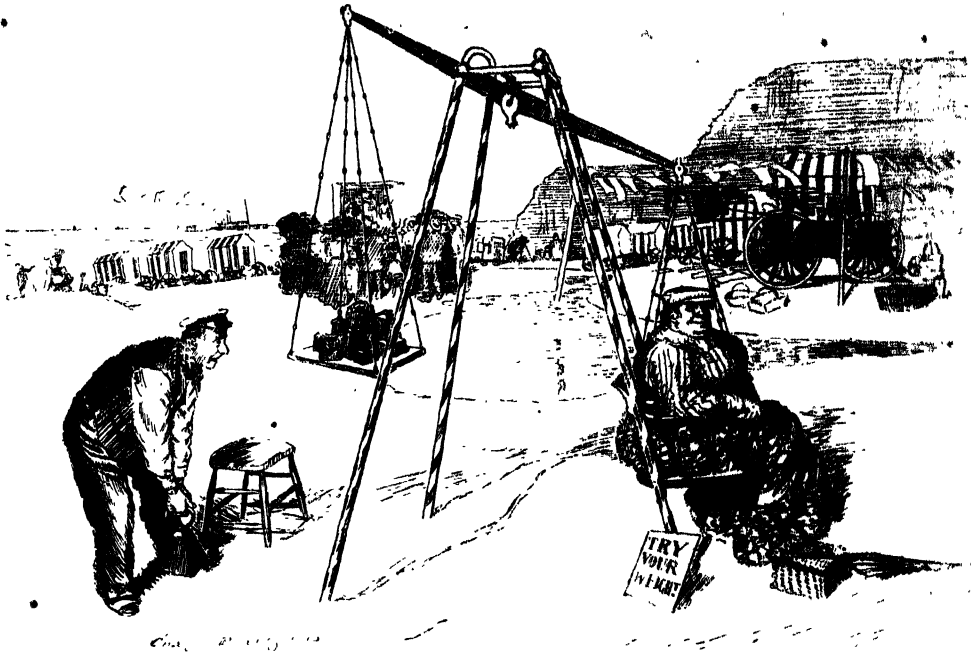
Miss LAURA COWIE was an extremely pretty and piquante ANNE BULLEN (*sic*, please). I thought she used her glances too freely at her first meeting with the amorous Monarch; but I learn from Sir HERBERT TREE's instructive little brochure, *Henry VIII. and his Court*, that in real life "she had the beckoning eye."

Finally, to Mr. LOUIS PARKER, Garter King of Pageants, to Mr. PAMELY MACQUOID, specialist in antiquities, to Mr. EDWARD GERMAN and his late Majesty King HENRY VIII., who made the music between them, to Mr. JOSEPH HARKER, who did the splendid and very difficult scenery, to Miss MARGARET MORRIS (so called from the gay Morris dance she arranged for the Banquet Scene), and to Sir HERBERT TREE, Moving Spirit and Overseer of All Things, I give my warmest praise and thanks. If I had had to choose between dumb show with their decorative assistance, and all the talk without it, I should not have hesitated to say, "Cut the cuckoo and come to the pageant!" O. S.

"THE ETERNAL QUESTION."

At the tense moment in the second scene of the First Act, when *David Rossi* (Hero and Leader of the Socialist Party in the Italian Chamber of Deputies) tells *Donna Roma Volonna* the romantic secret of his birth, I looked down the list of runners in my programme and tried to guess which one of them would turn out to be his missing father. There appeared to be only two actual starters—*Baron Bonelli* (Villain and President of the Council) and *Pope Pius XI.* Out of sheer wilfulness I decided to put my little bit on the Pope . . . and to my surprise Act III., Scene 2, showed that I was right.

I mention this, because it was the only surprise I had during a long and tiring evening at the Garrick. When,



THE LAST STRAW.

Despondent Proprietor of Weighing Machine (as he puts on his only remaining weight). "BLESS ME, IF THIS DON'T LIKE THE OLD LADY I'LL HAVE TO GIVE HER HER MONEY BACK!"

in the first scene, *Roma* announced her intention of revenging herself on *Rossi* by making him fall in love with her and then spurning him ("Within a week he will lie as tamely to my hand as a ripe apple on a wall"), I knew she would end by falling in love with him herself. When *Bruno Rocco* took his seven-year-old son to a mass meeting of Socialists at the Coliseum ("Trust me to take care of him, Sir. He's the apple of my eye"), I knew that *Little Joseph* would be shot by the soldiers. When, at the trial of *Rossi* for causing a riot, a dagger was left carelessly on the table within reach of the witness *Bruno*, I knew that he would kill somebody with it. He killed himself; and perhaps this was a little surprise, for I was by way of marking down *Minghelli*, the Secret Service agent, as the man we should lose. But at moments like this one cannot think of everything—don't let us blame *Bruno*.

But I must tell you more about *Rossi*. First, then, although he was the leader of the Socialist Party, he had never been photographed. (What are the Roman ha'penny papers doing?) So when the police wanted him they had no portrait to "despatch to the

Governor of every province in the kingdom." Stay! The bust of him which *Donna Roma* had been sculpting! "Never!" cries *Roma*, the woman triumphing over the artist, and with one blow of the mallet she breaks it into fragments.

Again, when the wicked Baron says



The Hero and Heroine, after a spirited competition for the privilege of being tried for a murder of which neither is guilty, decide to share the honour. (Prison Governor, deeply touched, takes off his hat.)

David Rossi Mr. VERNON STEEL.
Donna Roma Mrs. TITTELL-BRANE.

Good-bye (or, rather, "Addio") to *Roma* after this, and goes away leaving his cloak behind him (a thing one is always doing), she says to *Rossi*, who has just turned up, "Look - the Baron's cloak. He was here and left it behind him, and it's the very thing to see you through the streets." So *Rossi* effects a complete disguise by putting it on, and escapes at leisure. But the habit grows on him. When *Roma* is in prison charged with murdering the Baron (he had threatened *Rossi* with a pistol, and *Rossi* had knocked his arm up and the pistol had gone off—I suppose at the wrong end—and killed the Baron), then *Rossi* puts on the cloak of *Father Piffert*, deceives everybody again, and joins her. So they are condemned (or acquitted—the play stops here, luckily) together.

You guess, perhaps, by now that it is a bad play. Halfway through it *Roma* cried despairingly, "Is there no way out?" and I cried back, "There is; but I'm in the middle of the row, and it would look rather rude." So I stayed, and pretended that I was at the Follies. Mr. PRISMALIN is a very funny man, but he has a powerful rival in Mr. HALL CAINE.

COLONIAL ATTRACTIONS.

[The energy with which our Colonies appeal to the Mother Country to exploit them is making us daily more familiar with the resources of the Empire.]

WESTRALIA for husbands!
Three men to every woman.
Assisted passages.
State honeymoons.
Wedding rings under cost.
Three square miles, a kangaroo and a husband.

Fiji for fathers of families.
No dressmakers' bills.
No matinée hats.

CHATHAM ISLAND.
The rich man's refuge.
13,000 miles from LLOYD GEORGE.

ANDAMAN ISLANDS.
No golf links.
The only place in the Empire with this undoubted attraction.
Pure air and language.

UGANDA for sport.
A Zoo at home.
Lions' roars lull you to sleep.
Leopards in the larder.
Buffalo in the back garden.
Gnus in the neighbourhood.
Don't be nervous, ROOSEVELT and WINSTON have gone.

Keep cool and go to LABRADOR.
Lowest temperature in the Empire.
100,000 square miles free rinking.
Bring the girl and save money.

Stop shivering and start for BRITISH GUIANA.
Nearest colony to Equator.
Lowest Coal Bills in the Empire.
Wealth and warmth.
Rubber.

NIGERIA for bachelors.
No white women.
No Suffragettes.
Strongly recommended by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.

SOMALILAND.
Camel-riding on golden sands.
Why go to Blackpool?
Warm welcome from local religious leaders. (M. Mullah, Sole Advertising Agent.)

FAKELAND ISLANDS.
Farthest South.
A haven of rest.
You cannot get *The Daily Mail* till eight weeks after publication.

FISH FOR ALL.

GREAT DEMONSTRATION.

A MONSTER public meeting was held on Friday at Fishmongers' Hall to promote the Consumption of Cheap Fish. The Chair was taken by Mr. C. B. FRY, who said that they were brought together by a common devotion to a great cause—a crusade on behalf of Cheap Fish—in response to the clarion call of Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE. It might be remembered that not so long ago that great hygienist had proclaimed himself a whole-hearted believer in the efficacy of chops. They were proud to welcome him as a convert to and protagonist of the piscivorous propaganda. The task before them was twofold. They must first break down the snobbish cult of expensive fish, notably the salmon, the sole and the turbot, and secondly they must strive to dispel the foolish prejudice which had restricted the consumption of equally nutritive but less fashionable members of the finny tribe, such as skate and conger-eels.

Mr. GLUCKSTEIN, rising in the body of the hall, protested against the personal tone of the Chairman's remarks, but was promptly ruled out of order.

The Chairman having invited suggestions from the audience, Mr. HAROLD BEBBIE said that there was a great deal in the movement that appealed to him, especially the dethronement of the salmon (*renewed protests from Mr. GLUCKSTEIN*), that emblem of sybaritic plutocracy, from its pride of place. Further, as a convinced democrat he wished to register his protest against the continued use of the phrase, "Silly kipper." Kippers were not silly. They were the wholesome food of the poor but honest artisan, who, again, was the backbone of the nation.

Mr. BRAM STOKER said that it was impossible to write stories about Vampires on a fish diet. He had tried it when he was engaged on *Dracula*, but was obliged to return instantaneously to a carnivorous regimen. (*Cries of "Shame."*) Professional contortionists, he added irrelevantly, were partial to a diet of eels. (*Interruption.*)

Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN said that he wished to put in a plea on behalf of the whale. The extermination of whales was going on fast enough already without resort to whale meat as an article of diet. He begged to move that this massive and magnificent monster should be regarded as an historical monument and excluded from the list of fish recommended for wholesale consumption by the proletariat. (*Cheers.*)

Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK here favoured the meeting with a fine rendering of "*Caller Herrin*," accompanied on the *tromba marina* by Sir DAVID GILL.

Mr. PIKE PEASE cordially endorsed Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE's eulogy of fried fish shops; but they wanted a great Ichthyophagic Restaurant to serve as the central rendezvous of the movement, where meals should be conducted to the sound of sea trumpets in sight of a magnificent aquarium, and where lectures should be delivered by expert pisciculturists all day long. Why should vegetarians monopolise all the occult and esoteric creeds? Let the Ichthyophagists show that they also could swim in the mid-stream of transcendental mysticism.

LA LOIE FULLER, who desired to associate herself with the humane remarks which had fallen from Mr. BULLEN, expressed a hope that a similar immunity would be extended to the sea serpent. LA LOIE FULLER added with much energy that it was quite untrue that she had ever thought of introducing a dance called the Conger Reel.

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE entirely agreed with the last speaker. Their enthusiasm for fish food should be tempered with discrimination. The fact that sharks occasionally devoured men was no reason why men should eat sharks. He appealed to his brother-novelists to take up the cause. The consumption of cod had been enormously increased by Mr. KIPPLING's *Captains Courageous*. Why could not Sir ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH render a similar service to the Cornish pilchard, or Mr. HALL CAINE to the Manx Cat-fish? They had all of them enjoyed reading *The Sorrows of Satan*. He suggested as a suitable pendant *The Delights of the Devil Fish*.

Miss DAISY BUCKTROUT was then escorted to the platform by Mr. GEORGE HADDOCK, and played a transcription of SCHUBERT's *Die Forelle* amid loud applause.

Mr. RICHARD WHITEING said that he was convinced the movement would advance by leaps and bounds if they started a newspaper specially devoted to its furtherance. He said that he thought it would be a mistake to confine themselves to a single fish, otherwise *The Daily Whale*, or, better still, *The Daily Scale*, would be an excellent title.

The Chairman, in a brief concluding speech, thanked the speakers for their luminous and instructive suggestions, and a motion was unanimously passed inaugurating the Ichthyophagic League for the promotion of the Cheap Fish Crusade.



Golfer. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN. I HOPE YOU'LL HAVE A GOOD GAME, AND BE TOP SCORER, WITH BIG FIGURES!"
 Cricketer. "OH, THANKS AWFULLY. SAME TO YOU!"

RENOVATED DRAMA.

THE action of Mr. HALL CAINE in producing a modernised version of his masterpiece, *The Eternal City*, with the dialogue brought down to date by the introduction of references to "the Socialist movement and the Woman question," has not unnaturally roused great interest in theatrical circles. We understand, on the most questionable authority, that various other classics of our dramatic literature are shortly to undergo similar renovations as below:—

It is reported that a feature of special interest, in the next revival of *Hamlet* in the West End, will be the introduction of an entirely new and topical character, to be sustained by the now well-known actor, whom music-hall managers have learnt to appreciate as "Mr. GEORGE." This gentleman will play a part similar to the one with which his name is already associated—that of a common informer, who, at the instigation of *King Claudius*, confronts *Hamlet* during the Play Scene, and charges him with the production of an unlicensed dramatic entertainment. The subsequent dialogue has been specially composed by a member of the

Managerial Association, and is said to put forth the views of that body on the subject of Sketches and the Compromise, in an exceptionally able and dramatic fashion.

Should the curtain rise upon Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS's long-threatened production of *Richard III.*, we are informed that playgoers may look forward to an altogether uncommon treat, in the form of a blank-verse monologue by the chief character on the subject of Poor Law Reform. Those who have hitherto known Mr. HICKS rather as a comedian than a lecturer on social problems will doubtless be astonished at the power of his delivery of this trenchantly dramatic and polemical novelty.

A tremendous success is anticipated for that distinguished and go-ahead tragedian, Mr. BARNES-STORMER, in his forthcoming revival of *The Lady of Lyons*; late-special edition. The scene in *Claude's* cottage, including as it does some exquisite and original lines on the subject of small holdings and the French system of intensive culture, is stated to be a distinct and welcome improvement on the play as hitherto presented. The climax of emotional interest, however, is now found in the

scene between the hero and the ruffianly Land Valuers, which for combined pathos, passion, and political instruction is stated to be without its equal on the modern stage.

Certain critics have long held that the great drawback to *The School for Scandal* as a paying proposition was a lack of actuality in the subjects discussed by the characters. We are happy to learn that this defect is in process of removal, and that for its next revival at the Victoria Theatre SHERRIDAN's snappy little comedy will be thoroughly brought into line with modern requirements. It is confidently expected that the scene in *Lady Sneerwell's* drawing-room, the dialogue of which has been entrusted to the able hands of the editor of a well-known sporting weekly and a memoir-writing peeress, will draw all London. Further details it would be obviously unfair at this juncture to disclose; but, when we mention that a special department of the box office has been instituted to deal with the expected pressure of libel-writes and injunctions, our readers will be assured that the promised revival will be of thoroughly interesting and poignant character.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

STEVENSON said (or quoted somebody else as saying) of WILLIAM BLACK'S novels that they ought to be read three times: once for the story, once for the fishing, and once for the sunsets. How many times a novel by MEREDITH should be read I would not dare to say: once for the shining spirit which breathed life into it, and twice for that, and three times—well, I only know that I have not lived with *Celt and Saxon* (CONSTABLE) long enough yet to appraise it rightly. It is only a fragment, little more than a quarter, I should say, of what it was to be; but there are chapters which it is like a home-coming to meet. "The Dinner Party"—how often the bodily refreshment of his characters has gone to the spiritual refreshment of his readers; never more pleasantly than in this chapter. "The Great Mr. Bull"—dare I begin to quote from that? "Then with one big bellow, the collapse of pursiness, he abandons his pedestal of universal critic; prostrate he falls to the foreigner; he is down, he is roaring; he is washing his hands of English performances, lends ear to foreign airs, patronises foreign actors, browses on reports from camps of foreign armies. He drops his head like a smitten ox to all great foreign names, moaning 'Shakespeare!' internally for a sustaining apostrophe" . . . written thirty, forty years ago! Well, just so many years ago the story was given up; what it would have been and why given up are things now only to wonder over. Would *Adiante* have taken her place with *Clara* and *Carinthia*, *Dahlia* and *Rose*? We hear of her for a moment, we see her portrait, should we have been at her feet with *Philip*? "Philip, I've put the knife to my father's love of me; love me double," and so she just half swoons, enough to show how the dear angel looks in her sleep: a trick of kindness those heavenly women have that we heathen may get a peep of their secret rose-enfolded selves; and dream's no word, nor drunken, for the blessed mischief it works with us."

My sole objection to *Sir George's Objection* (NELSON), by Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD, is that the title is a little ponderous, and that *Sir George* does not begin objecting till p. 382. Otherwise I have nothing but praise for a book of great charm and brightness, with just one long shadow thrown by the past to give quality to its sunshine. Mrs. CLIFFORD does not trouble her nice head about any literary style in particular; she simply goes straight on where her heart and her good sense direct her, and never misses the way. Of subtlety there is no pretence; but her characters and her delightfully garrulous dialogues are the very duplicate of life. The author's freshest study is that of a *dépaysee* American who intrudes herself at every turn with the happiest results. One lonely villain (female) has to serve as

foil to a collection of the most charming people, among whom, though he was a bit of a prig and on the heavy side, we must include *Sir George*, if only because he withdrew his objection just in time. And Mrs. CLIFFORD's scenes are made as lovable as her characters. The little village by the Italian lake, where nearly everybody in the book occurs at one time or another, should be the goal of many pilgrimages next season. Will she please let us know the real address? We won't spoil the place, but we should just like, between two boats, to take that walk up to "the other country." Meanwhile we are deep in her debt for a clean, sweet story, good for all whose hearts are young and their brains not too exigently analytic.

To contrast Belgravia with Whitechapel and do full justice to both is a heavy responsibility; it has been a little too much for Mr. ARTHUR APPLIN. But with Whitechapel he has been successful, and *Bill*, the Terror of



Traveller. "I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO CARRY THIS ONE MYSELF."
Obliging Porter. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. JUST HANG IT UP."

London, is worth knowing. "They well forgot," is his own account of himself to the Salvationists, "ter give me a soul when they made me. They only give me a halmighty thirst." *Lady Letty Lumley*, on the other hand, was as clever as she was beautiful, and a little bit more virtuous still. Every one adored her; and the Whitechapelites, including *Bill*, fell at her feet in a mass when she went down to live and work among them. She will leave the average reader comparatively cold; a little virtue one can stand, but her perfection is intolerable. With the plot of *Rags* (F. V. WHITE) I hardly dare bore you. Suffice it that there is pathos in excess when the West goes forth to visit the East, and a dastardly burglary when the East returns the call. It is superfluous to add that the house looted is *Lady Letty's* and the looter is *Bill*. But there is so much that is human and humorous in the book, that you would be well advised to forgive the plot and *Lady Letty*, and make yourself familiar with the worst side and the best side of a London slum.

Suppose an airship which excels

All others that were ever made;

Equip it with explosive shells

Of an unprecedented grade;

And anyone, if he possess

A sympathy with such creations,

Can conjure up a limitless

Supply of thrilling situations.

It seems so very easy, yet

Most airship stories come to grief,

Because their authors quite forget

That there are bounds to one's belief;

So, since GEORGE GLENDON knows just where

Credulity may come a cropper,

I say *The Emperor of the Air*

(From METHUEN) is a real tip-topper.

CHARIVARIA.

LORD ROBERTS, last week, informed the GERMAN EMPEROR of the accession of King GEORGE. Unfortunately, however, we do not appear to be able to keep secrets like our rivals. The KAISER had evidently been advised already of the event—through the agency, no doubt, of the wonderful system of espionage which is at his service.

In the recent cavalry manoeuvres, which Sir JOHN FRENCH described as highly successful, four horses succumbed owing to their exertions. Army horses are so scarce that a few more costly successes like this, and there will be no more cavalry.

An American baby which is heir to £20,000,000 has recently crossed the Atlantic. Every precaution is taken to prevent its being stolen, but the statement that it is locked up every night in a safe is an exaggeration.

"Fashionable women's figures," *The Express* tells us, "are to resemble pillar-boxes, owing to the new mode which abolishes the waist-line." Our information, however, is to the effect that the waist-line is not to be abolished; it will merely coincide with the neck.

From *The Daily News*:-

"SWEETHEARTS' SHIP."
CANADIAN LINER CARRYING
GIRLS TO THEIR FINANCIERS
IN THE NEW WORLD."

We had feared that it might come to this. In a New (and Better) World there will be no men at all.

One hears much of the difficulty of obtaining Curates nowadays, and apparently illiterates are accepted. *The Express* informs us:—"The Curate-in-charge of one of the Yarmouth district churches announces in the parish magazine that a member of his congregation-as four terrier puppies for sale."

We learn from a letter in *The Daily Chronicle* that a Swiss Professor named BUNGE has proved conclusively that there is not a word to be said in favour of alcohol. If "Bunge" be Swiss for "Bung," history knows no more contemptible traitor.

In a paper which he read at the Conference of Sanitary Inspectors, Mr. E. B. BARNARD, the Chairman of the Metropolitan Water Board, stated that if they could build a tank the size of



First Gossip. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, DEARIE. BE YOU HAPPY AND VIRGIOUS."

Second Gossip. "GET ALONG WITH 'EE, ME DEAR; I'LL SEE 'EE LONG AFORE THAT."

Trafalgar Square, and the height of Nelson's Column, London would empty such a tank twice in twenty-four hours. We suppose that is why it is not done.

Mr. BARNARD congratulated Londoners on the purity of the present water supply. Unfortunately there is no such thing as pleasing everybody. People are still heard complaining that there is not so much sustenance in the water as formerly.

With reference to the aloe which is now blooming in the Zoological Gardens, a correspondent asks how it

came about that it is confined there. The answer is obviously that it is a wild flower.

All the church collecting-boxes in Truro Cathedral were forced open the other night, but, as they had been cleared in the morning after a long period, the thieves, it is thought, only got a few shillings. This is the sort of thing which sours so many of our criminals, and turns them into enemies of Society.

"The worst of autumn," said the Irishman, "is that it gets late so early."

TO AN UNKNOWN DEER

(SOMEWHERE ABOVE THE HEAD OF LOCH Fyne).

KING of the treeless forest, lo, I come!
 This is to let you have the welcome news
 That you will shortly hear my bullet's hum
 Shatter Argyll amid her mountain-dews;
 Will hear, from hill to hill, its rumour fly
 To startle (if the wind be not contrary)
 The tripper gathering picture-postcards by
 The pier at Inveraray.

This is your funeral, my friend, not mine,
 So play the game, for slackness I abhor;
 Give me a broadside target, large and fine,
 A hundred paces off—don't make it more;
 If in a sitting posture when we meet,
 You mustn't think of moving; stay quite steady,
 Or (better) rise, and standing on your feet
 Wait there till I am ready.

Lurk not in hollows where you can't be found,
 Or let the local colour mock my search;
 But take the sky-line; choose the sort of ground
 That shows you up as obvious as a church;
 Don't skulk among your hinds, or use for scouts
 The nimble progeny of last year's harem
 To bring reports upon my whereabouts
 In case I chance to scare 'em.

If I should perforate you in a place
 Not strictly vital, but from that rude shock
 Death must ensue, don't run and hide your face,
 But let me ease you with another knock;
 And if, by inadvertence, I contrive
 Initially to miss you altogether,
 Stand till I empty out my clip of five,
 Or make you bite the heather.

As for your points, I take a snobbish view:
 I dearly love a stag of Royal stuff;
 But, if a dozen 's more than you can do,
 Ten (of the best) will suit me well enough;
 As for your weight, I want a bulky beast,
 That I may win a certain patron's benison,
 Loading his board, to last a week at least,
 With whiffy slabs of venison.

Finally, be a sportsman; try to play
 Your part in what should prove a big success;
 Let me repeat—don't keep too far away,
 My distance is a hundred yards (or less);
 So, ere the eager gillies ope your maw,
 I'll say, in tones to such occasions proper,
 The while I drink your death in usquebagh,
 "He is indeed a topper!"

Nor shall that sentence be your solo reward;
 Our mutual prowess in the fatal Glen
 Your headpiece, stuffed and mounted, shall record
 And be the cynosure of envious men;
 And when they see that segment of the bag,
 And want the tale again and I must tell it,
 I'll say how stoutly, like a well-bred stag,
 You stopped the soft-nosed pellet. O. S.

Overcrowding.

A notice at the First-class end of the River Dart steam-boats says:—"Circular passengers pay excess fare." Quite right too.

H.I.M. THE EMPEROR OF AMERICA.

Extracts from "The Times," October 4, 1910.

(By Marconi Special Service from our own Correspondent.)

New York, October 3.

THIS morning Mr. ROOSEVELT, by a daring coup de main, overturned the republican institutions under which these States have existed for one hundred and thirty-four years, possessed himself of the supreme executive power, and was promptly proclaimed Emperor of America. This astounding revolution has so far been unaccompanied by any effusion of blood. The secret, though it must have been known to hundreds of conspirators, had been well kept, and the strong measures taken by his Imperial Majesty and his friends paralysed any spirit of resistance that might otherwise have manifested itself. At 5 a.m. the White House was surrounded by a strong detachment of Rough Riders, and Mr. TAFT and his family were arrested in their beds. They were subsequently conveyed to an unknown destination. At the same time the Vice-President and the members of the Cabinet were seized and imprisoned. The chiefs of the Army and the Navy have already sworn allegiance to the new Sovereign. At 10 a.m., his Majesty, attended by the Princes of the Imperial House and accompanied by a brilliant staff, rode through the streets of Washington amid deafening popular acclamations. Halting before the Capitol, he made an impassioned speech, calling on all those who valued stability of government and believed in his policies to rally round his throne and person. He had, he said, entrusted the preservation of public order to the Editorial Board of *The Outlook* and any complaints must be addressed to them, though for his part he could not conceive that any loyal subject would want to complain of anything. The great policy of Conservation would now be carried out. His Majesty concluded by saying that he was having a bully time.

Later.

The New York American, in a special edition published at mid-day, calls upon the people to rise against the usurper. Mr. HEARST has been arrested, and will be tried on a charge of treason. Mr. W. J. BRYAN, in an interview, declares that he has suspected the EMPEROR from the beginning. The triumph of the Democrats, he thinks, is now assured. *The Evening Post* denounces the EMPEROR as an unscrupulous prevaricator, and declares that no self-respecting American can consent to bow the knee to Baal. The office of the paper has since been destroyed by an infuriated mob. Mr. ROCKEFELLER has taken refuge in a church and refuses to come out. The EMPEROR is now engaged in composing a message of 100,000 words strongly affirming both the Monroe Doctrine and his own right to the Imperial crown. As soon as the message has been delivered Congress is to adjourn for an indefinite period. Seen at 3 o'clock, the EMPEROR said that if he had known what a bully thing a revolution was he would have started in much sooner. The order for the manufacture of the Imperial crown has been entrusted to Messrs. TIFFANY. It is to cost a million dollars, and is to be bigger and more brilliant than any other crown in existence.

From "The Spectator," October 8, 1910.

We cannot pretend to be surprised by the news which has reached us from America this week. That Mr. ROOSEVELT (if we may be pardoned for speaking of him by a name which is now merged in a more splendid and, we believe, a more appropriate title) should have assumed the Imperial purple cannot startle anyone who has made him-



"I SPY!"

BOTH (together). "PEEP-BO! I SEE YOU!"



"THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS"—EVEN ABOVE THE SURFACE.
(Shrimping on the coast of Normandy.)

self conversant, as we have endeavoured to do, with the tendencies of American public life and the opinions of American public men, especially of Mr. ROOSEVELT himself. There can be no harm now in saying that during his recent visit to this country Mr. ROOSEVELT (as he then was) expressed to a few intimate friends his contempt for all non-despotic systems of government. He thought that when America managed to shake off Republican institutions men of sense and honest capacity would come by their own. That was his ideal, and he could not help feeling—the expression was his own—that it was a bully ideal.

We cordially congratulate his Imperial Majesty and his loyal subjects on what has taken place. We are amongst those who believe that his Majesty is, with perhaps the exception of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and Mr. WILLIAM HIGGINBOTHAM, the greatest and strongest and most statesmanlike man in existence. Since we need the Archbishop for the work of the Church of England, and since Mr. HIGGINBOTHAM continues to devote himself exclusively to the fight against Socialism in Balham, Mr. ROOSEVELT was obviously the only man who was both sufficiently just and sufficiently tenacious for the great office of Emperor of AMERICA. It is just this quality of tenacity (on the importance of which we have so frequently insisted) that marks the latest Emperor off from those who may well be proud to consider themselves his fellow-men. We shall continue to watch his Majesty's career with that benevolent and admiring interest which is due to one whose purpose, we believe, will be to bind the sister Empires of Great Britain and America in bonds that cannot be torn asunder.

Things One Ought to have been Told Before.

"YOUR FIRST DANCE will be a genuine triumph if you attend the function possessing a Set of Artificial Teeth designed by —. Many ballroom devotees attribute their success to a visit to the — Teeth Depot."

TO A FOX-CUB.

You stole through the hedgerow's high tangle of bramble,
You knew of the gap by the hazel-tree's trunk,
As sharp as a needle, as red as a CAMPBELL,
Surprised, very likely, but not in a funk;
Demure as a kitten, yet wise and hard-bitten,
You pricked a keen ear to the crash in the scrub,
Where Grateful and Glitter had stirred up the litter,
O bandit beginner—O cool little cub!

You went like a dream, yet an eye of cold yellow
You cocked in a crafty but confident glance,
As much as to tell me, "Now, be a good fellow,
Say nothing about it and give us a chance,
Those lashing white ladies can gallop like Hades,
They'd slate me—at present—in less than a mile.
I'm small, I'm a baby, sit quiet, and maybe
I'll live to reward you with something worth while!"

Discreetly I watched you dive under the double,
I moved not an eyelid, I give you my word,
If out of the belt by the ten-acre stubble
A jay screamed a menace, well, nobody heard,
For far in the whinnysgreen depths of the spinney
A brother, ill-fated, was biting the mud,
Borne down in a flurry of furies that worry
And bristle and clamour for blood, and for blood!

And so it's a bargain, my boy, you'll remember.
Some day we shall ask you to settle the bill,
Some soft, misty day in a distant December,
When you, a great dog-fox, glide out down the hill:
They'll find you by moonlight, and run you till moonlight,
And I would be with them the whole of the day,
By brook and by village, by grass-land and tillage,
To lose you, or eat you, three counties away!

HOLIDAY TIME.

IV.—IN THE WET.

MYRA gazed out of the window upon the driving rain and shook her head at the weather.

"Ugh!" she said. "Ugly!"

"Beast," I added, in order that there should be no doubt about what we thought. "Utter and deliberate beast."

We had arranged for a particularly pleasant day. We were to have sailed across to the mouth of the—I always forget its name, and then up the river to the famous old castle of—of—No, it's gone again; but anyhow, there was to have been a bathe in the river, and lunch, and a little exploration in the dinghy, and a lesson in the Morse code from Simpson, and tea in the woods with a real fire, and in the cool of the evening a ripping run home before the wind. But now the only thing that seemed certain was the cool of the evening.

"We'll light a fire and do something indoors," said Dahlia.

"This is an extraordinary house," said Archie. "There isn't a single book in it, except a lot of *Strand Magazines* for 1907. That must have been a very wet year."

"We can play games, dear."

"True, darling. Let's do a charade."

"The last time I played charades," I said, "I was HORATIUS, the front part of ELIZABETH's favourite palfrey, the arrow which shot RUFUS, JONAH, the two little Princes in the Tower, and MRS. PANKHURST."

"Which was your favourite part?" asked Myra.

"The front part of the palfrey. But I was very good as the two little Princes."

"It's no good doing charades, if there's nobody to do them to."

"Thomas is coming to-morrow," said Myra. "We could tell him all about it."

"Clumps is a jolly good game," suggested Simpson.

"The last time I was a clump," I said, "I was the first coin paid on account of the last pair of boots, sandals, or whatnot of the man who laid the first stone of the house where lived the prettiest apt of the man who reared the goose which laid the egg from which came the goose which provided the last quill pen used by the third man SHAKESPEARE met on the second Wednesday in June, 1595."

"He mightn't have had an aunt," said Myra after a minute's profound thought.

"He hadn't."

"Well, anyhow, one way and another,

you've had a very adventurous career, my lad," said Archie. "What happened the last time you played Ludo?"

"When I played clumps," put in Simpson, "I was the favourite spoke of HALL CAINE's first bicycle. They guessed HALL CAINE and the bicycle and the spoke very quickly, but nobody thought of suggesting the favourite spoke."

Myra went to the window again, and came back with the news that it would probably be a fine evening.

"Thank you," we all said.

"But I wasn't just making conversation. I have an idea."

"Silence for Myra's idea."

"Well, it's this. If we can't do anything without an audience, and if the audience won't come to us, let's go to them."

"Be a little more lucid, there's a dear. It isn't that we aren't trying."

"Well then, let's serenade the other houses about here to-night."

There was a powerful silence while everybody considered this.

"Good," said Archie at last. "We will."

The rest of the morning and all the afternoon were spent in preparations. Archie and Myra were all right; one plays the banjo and the other the guitar. (It is a musical family, the Mannerings.) Simpson keeps a cornet which he generally puts in his bag, but I cannot remember anyone asking him to play it. If the question has ever arisen, he was probably asked not to play it. However, he would bring it out to-night. In any case he has a tolerable voice; while Dahlia has always sung like an angel. In short, I was the chief difficulty.

"I suppose there wouldn't be time to learn the violin?" I asked.

"Why didn't they teach you something when you were a boy?" wondered Myra.

"They did. But my man forgot to put it in my bag when he packed. He put in two toothbrushes and left out the triangle. Do you think there's a triangle shop in the village? I generally play on an isosceles one, any two sides of which are together greater than the third. Likewise the angles which are opposite to the adjacent sides, each to each."

"Well, you must take the yachting cap round for the money."

"I will. I forgot to say that my own triangle at home, the Strad, is in the chromatic scale of A, and has a splice. It generally gets the chromatics very badly in the winter."

While the others practised their songs, I practised taking the cap round, and by ten-time we all knew our parts perfectly. I had received

permission to join in the choruses, and I was also to be allowed to do a little dance with Myra. When you think that I had charge of the financial arrangements as well, you can understand that I felt justified in considering myself the leader of the troupe.

"In fact," I said, "you ought to black your faces so as to distinguish yourselves from me."

"We won't black our faces," said Dahlia, "but we'll wear masks; and we might each carry a little board explaining why we're doing this."

"Right," said Archie; and he sat down and wrote a notice for himself:

"I am an orphan. So are the others, but they are not so orphan as I am. I am extremely frequent."

Dahlia said:

"We are doing this for an advertisement. If you like us, send a shilling for a free sample concert, mentioning this paper. Your money back if we are not satisfied with it."

Simpson announced:

"World's Long Distance Cornetist. Holder of the Oboe Record on Grass. Runner-up in the Ocarina Welter Weights (strangle hold barred). Mixed Zither Champion (1907. Covered courts)."

Myra said:

"Kind friends, help us. We were wrecked this afternoon. The cornet was sinking for the third time when it was rescued, and had to be brought round by artificial respiration. Can you spare us a drink of water?"

As for myself I had to hand the Simpson yachting cap round, and my notice said:

"We want your money. If you cannot give us any, for Heaven's sake keep the cap."

We had an early dinner, so as to be in time to serenade our victims when they were finishing their own meal and feeling friendly to the world. Then we went upstairs and dressed. Dahlia and Myra had kimonos, Simpson put on his dressing-gown, in which he fancied himself a good deal, and Archie and I wore brilliantly coloured pyjamas over our other clothes.

"Let's see," said Simpson, "I start off with 'The Minstrel Boy,' don't I? And then what do we do?"

"Then we help you to escape," said Archie. "After that, Dahlia sings 'Santa Lucia,' and Myra and I give them a duet, and if you're back by then with your false nose properly fixed it might be safe for you to join in the chorus of a coon song. Now then, are we all ready?"

"What's that?" said Myra.

We all listened . . . and then we opened the door.

It was pouring.

A. A. M.

"SIGHTFUL" SWITZERLAND.

I HAD been reading KEATS, and a desire to "sit upon an Alp as on a throne" brought me to Switzerland for a holiday.

The "throne," so far, has been a basket-chair in the glass verandah of the "Kulm Hotel," and it is surrounded by other thrones of the kind, filled to overflowing with people of German persuasion. I have sat upon it now for seven days—watching the falling rain.

By now I am soul-sick of my throne and these eternal "Ja, ja's," and want a change. I take up my *Hotels und Bergbahnen der Schweiz*—with an English translation, "Hotels and Mountain Railways of the Switzerland," and begin my search. I have only turned a leaf or two when I begin to be cheerful. I even laugh as I go further to think of all the delightful places there are in the world.

There is that hotel in Rhoinfelden—"On elevated terrace off the town in nice peasant, and from rough winds protected situation, with friendly gardens and shadowy paces, Modernst furnished it has the agreeable of a comfortable cure place. It contains 70 friendly noble fitted rooms and saloons (the greatest part of it with wide sight at the charming Rhine valley and the Schwarzwald, many of these with sightful balconies) comfortable acceptance for 100 guests. Pleasant resort during day-heat offers the shadowy linden-alley before the Hotel with great stalactite grotto and beautiful garden-grounds with garden hall and next to it forest-park till to the Rhine. For the youth are Play and Gymnase-places, croquets, lawn-tennis and run about. From June to October there are concerts of the cure-music." The only drawback is that "Terms vary after choice of rooms," and I like to know where I am at the time.

So perhaps I shall go to Aarau. There "A game-parc with numerous beasts in the utmost idillic small valley is situated 15 minutes from the town," and I am so fond of beasts. But I am also much interested in geology and feel drawn to another place where "The richness of shapes of these caverns is not to be thought greater. Besides animal like forms as crocodile, turtle, stone eagle and bear, there hang tender fruits and plants as grapes, sponges, moss and racine petrifications."

Why, though, should I not be diverted as well as instructed? Why not go to Baden—which is "The centre of amusing bath-life. In the best possible situation, free around, the Hotel



"FATHER."

"WELL, WHAT IS IT?"

"IT SAYS HERE, 'A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS.' IS THAT SO, FATHER?"

"YES, YES, YES."

"WELL, FATHER, IF A GOOD MAN KEEPS COMPANY WITH A BAD MAN, IS THE GOOD MAN BECAUSE HE KEEPS COMPANY WITH THE BAD MAN, AND IS THE BAD MAN GOOD BECAUSE HE KEEPS COMPANY WITH THE GOOD MAN?"

has an embracing sight at the charming and by age honourable town of Bath and the changing country." Well, I am unreasonably nervous, I suppose, but I do like the country to be fixed and not keep on changing.

Davos Dorf might be possible. "The Hotel lies in finest and viewfullest place opposite to the post office and railway station. The newly built Vestibule with an artful wall of natural wood, is worth to be seen and offers to the guests an agreeable staying. The hotel not being adopted for health resort of ill or phthisical, is only preserved for the sojourn of passengers, tourists and sportsmen."

I wish to see that artful wall of natural wood; but here, in Ragatz, is something more practically seductive: "House of old renowned reputation offers all desirable comfort. Large dining and society-halls, extended shadowy garden, 100 beautifully furnished foreigner-rooms, with 145 renowned good beds. Excellent cooking as well as only genuine wines."

That takes me quite. I have no idea where Ragatz is; but it seems to contain all that man could sigh for. No wine that isn't wine, renowned good beds, and—before and beyond all—"special rooms for foreigners!" I shall go to Ragatz.

WINSTON DAY BY DAY.

August 25.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL decides that the best place for a Home Secretary to spend his holiday is in Asia Minor.

August 26.—The HOME SECRETARY invites Mr. F. E. SMITH to accompany him on Baron DE FOREST's yacht, *Honor*. ("If you can't spike the enemy's guns, carry them off.")

August 27.—Mr. F. E. SMITH accepts invitation in a humorous telegram which decimates the officials at St. Martin's-le-Grand: "Delighted to levitate to the Levant."

August 28.—HOME SECRETARY and party start for Marseilles. While crossing the Channel Mr. F. E. SMITH asks original riddle, "Why is our host like an unsaleable wood? Because he's a barren Forest." HOME SECRETARY dislocates his jaw and Mr. JOHN CHURCHILL has a spasm of the glottis.

August 29.—Yacht *Honor*, starting from Marseilles, collides with a liner—a "surprise packet," as Mr. F. E. SMITH wittily calls it. The HOME SECRETARY faints and dislocates his funny bone.

August 30.—Nothing of importance occurs. HOME SECRETARY merely falls from the crow's-nest, but breaks his fall on Baron DE FOREST; and Mr. JOHN CHURCHILL, while aiming at an albatross, falls overboard and narrowly escapes being devoured by a shark, which is, however, fortunately driven off by a well-aimed witticism from Mr. F. E. SMITH.

August 31.—Baron DE FOREST's yacht runs aground on the coast of Crete. Mr. F. E. SMITH remarks, "How nice to be indiscreet!" HOME SECRETARY has convulsions.

September 1.—While shooting partridges at Cnossus Mr. F. E. SMITH peppers the HOME SECRETARY in the legs. "Never mind," says the witty K.C. to his victim, "it will make a good cartoon for Partridge."

September 2.—Amid the Isles of Greece. Baron DE FOREST recites the Odes of SAPPHO. HOME SECRETARY in bed with appendicitis.

September 3.—Baron DE FOREST seriously considering the wisdom of treating HOME SECRETARY like JONAH. "Ah," says Mr. F. E. SMITH, thinking of LLOYD GEORGE and the Land Taxes, "we're all swallowed by Wales nowadays." Serious illness of Baron DE FOREST.

September 4.—Arrival at Constantinople. Lunch with the SULTAN. Mr. F. E. SMITH delights HAKKI by saying, "You are the Boss for us." The

SULTAN, who has not heard this before, appoints Mr. F. E. SMITH Court Butfoon. Order of Modesty (Third Class) conferred on HOME SECRETARY.

September 5.—Baron DE FOREST's yacht illuminated. During a display of fireworks HOME SECRETARY is struck by a catherine-wheel, and has to be medically treated. "Cheer up, old fellow," says Mr. F. E. SMITH, "it will make good copy for Reuter, poor devil."

September 6.—HOME SECRETARY, who is confined to his state-room, complains of the meagre proportions of the *Honor*. "But what can you expect," says Mr. F. E. SMITH, "when we're in Asia Minor." HOME SECRETARY spins his chest.

September 7.—Arrival of the party at Mitylene. Baron DE FOREST's yacht runs aground on a sand-bank. "We're carrying too much grey matter," says Mr. F. E. SMITH.

September 8.—Consternation at Constantinople. Resignation of HAKKI PASHA. Turkish fleet of tugs sails to the rescue of the stranded yacht.

September 9.—Arrival of Turkish tugs at Mitylene. Soremade by band of Lesbian lyres, playing "The Flowers of the Forest." HOME SECRETARY, while trolling for sunfish, is prostrated by sunstroke. ACTING-GOVERNOR of Mitylene recites an Alcaic ode of condolence. Mr. F. E. SMITH replies with an appropriate conundrum. ACTING-GOVERNOR resigns.

(To be continued.)

WHO WAS DICKENS?

THE LATEST LITERARY SENSATION.

THE day having come when all thinking men are agreed that people have had rather more than they want of the problem as to the authorship of the plays of SHAKSPEARE, we hasten to put before the public a literary mystery more in touch with modern times.

It will come as a surprise to many to learn that the novels commonly attributed to CHARLES DICKENS came from no less a pen than that of SAMUEL JOHNSON. At least we sincerely hope it will.

The main difficulty in the search for the real authorship of the "DICKENS" novels is that of deciding where to begin, but a little thought will soon overcome this. *The Pickwick Papers*, as being different in form from any of the other works, suggests itself as the key to the mystery, and so, on investigation, it proves.

The attentive reader of *The Pickwick Papers* can hardly fail to be struck by the fact that both Mr. *Pickwick* and

his servant have the same Christian name. "Surely," he will soliloquize, "this is more than an example of the adage, 'Like master, like man,'" and he will be right. It is more—much more. We would even say very much more.

Supposing you write down the consonants of the English alphabet in a column and let B equal one, C equal two, and so on. The consonants in *Pickwick* will add up to a total of fifty, and so, too, will those in *Weller*. At once we see a design in this apparent coincidence. We know that we are working on the right lines, and it is a reasonable assumption that the author's real name will likewise add up to fifty. DOES DICKENS? It don't; not even with CHARLES thrown in.

But now let us go back to the Christian name. Why "Samuel"? Obviously because the author was fond of the name. It cannot have been that of his fiancée. We are therefore driven to the conclusion that it was his own name; in fact, that the real author was called "Samuel."

All that remains now is to find an author whose name was "Samuel," and a glance at the dictionary at once suggests JOHNSON. Now comes the thrill! J stands for seven, H for six, N for eleven, and S for fifteen. Total thirty-nine (loud groans). But what about the second N? Another eleven and we have the magic number fifty.

Having thus proved that JOHNSON was "DICKENS," we find a confirmation of the fact staring us right in the face, thus proving once more that the obvious is the best hiding-place. The title-page of the key-book runs, "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club." JOHNSON was undoubtedly dead when it appeared, and the papers were admittedly posthumous. You thought it was the club that was dead.

King Arthur's Bounty.

"£596 now paid for triplets by *Pearson's Weekly*."

"Ald. Johnston moved that pending the passing of the street bylaw, that all vehicles on Columbia street be required to keep to the left going up and to the right going down."—*The British Columbian*.

Ald. JOHNSTON frequently wakes up in the middle of the night with brilliant ideas like this.

Commercial Candour.

"The — Hotel is admitted by all to be the most unequal they have ever stayed at."—*Italian Hotel Advertisement*.



Albert (gallantly giving way). 'YOURS, PARTNER!'

QUI S'EXCUSE...

If I allow myself twenty minutes to dress for dinner, I am five minutes late. If I allow myself half-an-hour, I am ten minutes late. That is the naked truth, though I cannot explain it. To-night I allowed myself a good hour, and there was every prospect of my never getting to the Johnsons' at all.

It was partly the stud's fault and partly Mr. CYRIL MAUDE'S. You know all about studs and very likely do not wish to be reminded of their malice, out of business hours. You know all about Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, but you have never seen my imitation of him. No one ever has. It is reserved for privacy and my mirror, and I may tell you that it is just about perfect. To-night, I was starting upon a new stick of a new sort of shaving soap, and the directions said:—"This soap will produce a rich, creamy lather, if spoken to nicely. In order to soften the beard and secure a perfect shave, allow a short interval to elapse between the lathering and the application of the razor." I gave it its interval and amused myself meanwhile with the imitation. The rich, creamy lather on my cheeks gave it just that touch of humour and pathos needed to make it perfect, and the performance, owing to

the frequent encores, took much longer than it ought to have done. In fact, when I had finished shaving there were about 25½ minutes in which to complete my toilet and get to Knightsbridge by eight o'clock; ten minutes to finish dressing, five to get to the Tube, five to Knightsbridge, five to the Johnsons' flat (wherever it was exactly), and half a minute for general purposes. The thing could just be done.

What with one thing (miscalculation) and another (further imitations, full-dress rehearsal) it was five minutes past eight when I got to the Tube. "What I want," I said, as I approached the booking-office, "is a good excuse," but they only gave me a ticket, and left me to it. Whether it was the ozone of the underworld or mere personal ability, it is not for me to say, but I eventually found myself in the higher regions of Knightsbridge, with the most perfect excuse of modern times at my fingers' ends. It ran as follows:—

"I am deeply grieved to be so late, the more so as I am a man of the strictest punctuality. Acting in accordance with my own insistent principles, I started dressing in good time this evening, and avoided with scrupulous care any digressions or distractions which might involve the least

risk of procrastination. Dressed and prepared to start a quarter of an hour before I needed, I set forth at once in this direction. I remember meeting a clock which informed me that I was vastly in advance of schedule time. 'However,' I recollect saying to myself, 'it is better to be early than late or never,' and so I arrived at Knightsbridge more than punctually. What was my chagrin to discover that I had left your letter of invitation at home, on which alone I relied for your exact address! You will recall in my favour that I have never been here before." (Here they were to be at liberty to interrupt, and say something about coming again.) "I knew you lived in Knightsbridge, and I believed it was at 3, or 33, or 333, Rutland something. But that was not good enough. There was nothing for it but to return and get the letter, and, blaming myself for a slip for which, though it was perhaps excusable, I could not excuse myself, I did so return, and hence the delay. Please do not apologise."

After all, it was only 8.15, and that seemed an excuse quite long enough for the time involved. "So now," I said, feeling in my pockets for the all-important letter, "now for their address."

You are quite right. I had forgotten the letter.



Sportsman (who has hunted his flock to the stalker to celebrate the death of the stag). "WON'T YOU HAVE THE CUP?"
Stalker. "I'LL NO REQUIRE IT, THANK YE. MY MOOTH JUNT HAUDS A GLASS."

A SCORE OFF THE WEATHER.

YE winds that are wasting the hedges,
 Ye squalls that have blotted the hills,
 And have doomed us to toy with the edges
 Of ivory pills,
 You may laugh, but I tell you, by thunder,
 You make the most horrible blunder
 If you think that I minded this morning the moan
 Of the rills.

Not a protest of misery move I,
 Nor gird at the heavenly powers;
 Nay, rather, O Juppiter Pluvi!
 Come on with your showers;
 Blow, hurricanes! tempests, be bigger!
 And, James, will you pass me that jigger?
 We shan't have to go to the Thompsons' at Tettleby
 Towers.

All night I was needlessly racking
 This brain for a decent excuse,
 And still with the dawn it was lacking,
 But, praised be Zeus,
 I shan't have that pow-wow to suffer;
 Old Thompson's a bore and a duffer;
 His wife is a snob, and the girl is a regular goose.

And the place is miles off, and too many's
 The times they have tortured me there,
 And there may, or there mayn't, be some tennis,
 And what should I wear?

And I hate, I detest garden parties,
 And Dora (the queen of my heart) is—
 She mentioned it yesterday evening—invited elsewhere.

So here's to the blizzards that soften
 The links to a suety mould;
 They have rained on us rather too often;
 This time they were sold.

Did you see that remarkable cannon—
 The way that it twisted and ran on?
 We shan't have to go to the Thompsons'. Oh, morning
 of gold! Evoe.

A VERY PROPER CRITICISM.

SIR,—I found in *The Times* the other day a letter signed by a Toronto gentleman, asking for assistance in the editing of the reminiscences of the late Professor GOLDWIN SMITH. The writer particularly requires information concerning a number of names, which he copies out, remarking that his excuse must be that he is 3,000 miles from the British Museum Reading Room and the Bodleian. Now, Sir, these two institutions are some sixty miles apart, and any place in the Western Hemisphere to be equidistant from both would have to be much nearer the Equator than Toronto. As a matter of fact, Toronto is practically in a line with them, and thus, if it is 3,000 miles from Oxford it must be 3,060 miles from London, or if 3,000 miles from London it is only 2,940 from Oxford. Such looseness of phrase I cannot but think extremely deplorable in any one proposing to superintend the publication of Professor GOLDWIN SMITH's Memoirs. I enclose my card, and am Yours, etc., NORTH BRITON.



TRADE DISUNION.

BOILER-MAKER. "WHEN I CHUCKS MY TOOLS DOWN, I CHUCKS 'EM DOWN!"
TRADE UNION OFFICIAL. "YES—AND YOU DONT CARE WHERE THEY FALL."



IS FOREIGN RIVALRY TO BE FEARED IN THE "WAX-WORK TABLEAU" LINE AT BRUSSELS?

WE TRUST THERE IS NO TRUTH IN THE RUMOUR THAT FOREIGN NATIONS, FIED BY OUR HUGE SUCCESS AT BRUSSELS, ARE UNDERTAKING WAXWORK REPRESENTMENTS OF THEIR CELEBRITIES, AS STARTLINGLY FAITHFUL IN PORTRAITURE AS ANYTHING PRODUCED IN HUDDERSFIELD.

THE CAT-AND-DOG CLUB.

[Lady, having quarrelled with all her friends, desires to meet another in same position."—*As discussed in "T. P.'s Weekly."*]

THERE is such a refreshing frankness about the above announcement that we feel the matter ought to be taken up, and are accordingly starting "The Mutual Aggravation Society," with the following provisional rules:—

1. Individuals of either sex with a grievance, the more militant suffragettes, misogynists, man-haters, candid friends, curmudgeons of established reputation, anonymous letter-writers, socialists, cranks, dyspeptics, red-haired people, and approved failures in any capacity, shall be eligible for election to the Society.

2. No candidate for election shall become a member unless duly black-balled by a proportion of one black in three.

3. The objects of the Society shall

be the promotion of acrimony by suitable debates, the washing of dirty linen in public, the recital of home truths, the exhibition of tactlessness, and general treading on corns.

4. Discussions shall be held at stated intervals between Baconians and Stratfordians, Free Traders and Tariff Reformers, Globites and Flat-earthers, Vivisectionists and Anti-vivisectionists, Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON and wearers of "face-fins," Mrs. PANKHURST and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, Coroners and Christian Scientists, and pro- and anti-partisans of any subject calculated to engender sufficient asperity.

5. The catering department shall be in the hands of a *femine incomprise* with a ready turn for repartee, or an ex-Anglo-Indian with a taste for pugilism and cayenne.

6. Confirmed snorers, club bores, bill-disputers, by-law sticklers, and waiter-baiters shall be admitted at half fees on giving proof of their re-

spective talents in those directions, or satisfactory references from previous antagonists.

7. Family gatherings of a severe description shall be permitted on visitors' afternoons in the padded tea-room, but in case any matrimonial dispute should be in danger of terminating audibly the club chucker out shall be in attendance, and before proceeding to extremities shall remind the offenders that the ordinary animosities of the best British home life should be observed.

8. The lady (in *T. P.'s Weekly*) who has quarrelled with all her friends, and the friends in question, shall be elected honorary and original members.

ZIG-ZAG.

How to Spend a Honeymoon.

"The honeymoon is being spent on the South Coast, the bride wearing a green costume with a black hat."—*The Herald, Wednesday.*

We know of few pleasanter distractions for the early days of married life.

PALFREY'S TORTOISE.

(An Afterthought.—Concluded from p. 78.)

Synopsis of previous chapter. The characters of the story are (1) the Tortoise; (2) Palfrey, of whom very little is known except that he worked hard to keep a roof over the tortoise (except when it was in the garden) and that he never took any exercise, except with a paper knife; (3 to 5, both inclusive) Carsill, Dumbell and Bewster, Golf maniacs in the same office as Palfrey; (6) the Narrator, known as I or Me, according to his place in the sentence. Palfrey at first led me to understand that he had taken the Tortoise home as an act of charity. Then he pretended that he had acquired it to kill slugs, with two hours off every day as a paperweight; but his real purpose was to be able to talk Tortoise, while Carsill, Dumbell and Bewster talked Golf.

SUDDENLY the whole course of Palfrey's existence was altered by a circular from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It must have read my former chapter. It did not send him a threatening letter or an inspector, but just a nicely printed circular emphasising the fact that tortoises do not eat beetles, or other insects, and that they are natural vegetarians, though without any facts about Jaeger under-vests. Palfrey read us pieces from the circular, and seemed a good deal upset by it.

"I hate to misjudge anybody," he explained. "Here have I been blaming Vernon, in my own mind, for not killing beetles, slugs and other insects, and for taking h's whack of lettuces. And all the time he was a vegetarian and knew insects were bad for him, and would make him unfit for his work."

"His what? asked Bewster.

"His work," Palfrey answered. "I don't quite know what it is. The circular says nothing on that point. But he must have been sent into the world for some purpose."

"Nobody could afford to employ him," Bewster objected, "if he was entitled to time - and - a - half for over-time. And at piecework he would fall below the living wage, and come on the rates, with his wife and family."

"That reminds me," said Palfrey. "I used to think him too reticent and almost unsociable. And this circular says that he is 'capable of strong feelings of attachment.'"

"What to?" asked Dumbell.

"The circular does not explain. But

as Vernon has never shown any affection for me—"

"Why should he?" Carsill asked. "What have you done for him?"

"More than you know about," Palfrey answered. "I spent eighteenpence last week in recovering him from the Cleansing Department. When I saw him last on Monday night he was asleep on a heap of rubbish. He did not meet me as usual on my way from the station on Tuesday evening, and

showed no special attachment to me, and so I've got another tortoise to be company for him."

"Did they show any signs of animation when they first met?" asked Dumbell.

"Vernon did. As soon as Gertrude came into his garden he ran at full speed to the lettuce-bed—five yards in twenty-five minutes. Gertrude turned away, went slowly through the first hoop on the croquet lawn, missed the second rather badly, and went to sleep."

"You'll get a lot of fun out of their respective peculiarities," said Bewster, kindly.

"So I thought up to this morning. I thought that their idiosyncrasies would afford me endless amusement, and might even enable me to give the N.S.P.C.A. some tips for a new circular. But that can never be now."

"Why not? Have they wiped one another out already?"

"No," said Palfrey, wistfully; "but I forgot to gum a label on Gertrude before I turned her loose, and now I can't tell her from Vernon."

Self Help.

"This season and several others were run by Miss THOMPSON and Mr. MACKINTOSH, and proved a financial success," writes a theatrical correspondent to *The Daily Mail*. We thought Mr. MACKINTOSH had something to do with it; this season must have been a roaring success for him. But we hope he won't try to run next summer.

"Visitors are leaving the Engadine round Lake Geneva." *Daily Chronicle*.

What was the matter with the old site?

"Horses and men, who are deeply bronzed after their campaigning, looked in the pink of condition."—*Dublin Evening Herald*. It's wonderful what a lot of chestnuts you see in this sunless country.

"It has been decided that a Major of Royal Artillery or Royal Engineers shall not be compulsorily placed on retired pay until he has completed 59 years' service, or has reached the age of 62, whichever happens first."—*Lahore Tribune*.

We understand that the Ring is not taking any bets on this race.



Sailor. "BEEN 'OP-PICKIN' AGAIN THIS YEAR, MATE!"

Friend. "HO YUS. FELT BOUND TO DO SOMEFINK FOR THE CAUSE. 'ERE'S LUOK!"

when I got home he had disappeared, and so had the rubbish heap. I had to hire six boys, at threepence a hour, to go through all the stuff lifted by the Cleansing Department that day."

"They found him, I suppose?" Carsill asked.

"No, I found him under a large flower-pot in the garden shed. Nobody had put him there. He must either have crept in under one edge, without upsetting the flower-pot, or else got inside it when it stood upright, and then swung the flower-pot over on himself. But as I was saying, he



Jaeger (to attending R.A.). "YOU'RE A BIT EARLY, MISTER, AIN'T YOU? THE FAIR AIN'T FOR ANOTHER FORTNIGHT."

THE PUFF PRELIMINARY.

(With acknowledgments to the Press Agent of the Beecham Opera Company.)

FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION OF HERR PHILIBERT'S "TOXIN."

IT is now generally known that the plot of Herr Philibert's *Toxin*, which will be heard for the first time in London on November 9, is substantially the same as that of Scalavaggio's terrific melodrama, *Tossico*, performed last year by the Calabrian players with such cataclysmic results.

In *Toxin*, as in *Tossico*, there are a Prologue and two Acts. The scene of the Prologue is laid amid the verdant glades of the Apennines, where in the small hours of the morning two young chemist's assistants are discovered engaged in pharmaceutical conversation.

Beppo, a genial young Hercules, regrets his enslavement to the gallipots, while *Gian Galeazzo*, a saturnine cynic, dilates on the tremendous powers which a knowledge of toxicology places at their disposal.

Both the young men are in the service of *Malatesta Spaghetti*, the prosperous owner of a drug store in the beautiful town of Polenta.

The Prologue closes with *Gian Galeazzo* proposing to poison *Malatesta*

and forge a will leaving the business to his two assistants.

In the First Act, the scene of which is laid in the town of Polenta, *Beppo's* marriage with *Gemma*, the widow of *Malatesta*, has just taken place, and the streets are gay with a profusion of bunting. The townsfolk have all assembled to celebrate the event; *Gian Galeazzo* has been the best man, and the wedding presents, upwards of four hundred in number, have been both costly and elegant.

The townsfolk depart. Night comes on, and as *Gemma* and her husband are sitting down to their supper *Gian Galeazzo* enters the room stealthily and stabs *Beppo* in the back. On *Gemma's* asking him, in frantic accents, "Why did you do that?" he replies, "Because he poisoned your first husband." *Gemma* is at first staggered by this awful news, but, rapidly recovering herself, fells the assassin with a flask of Chianti and falls senseless, while a number of the townsfolk sing a mocking serenade to the bride and bridegroom.

The final Act is brief and soul-shaking: *Gemma* has been imprisoned on a charge of attempted murder, while *Gian Galeazzo* and *Beppo* have both recovered. Moreover *Malatesta*, who was thought to have died, but

really came to life while in his coffin and escaped without the knowledge of anyone, returns from America with a rich Bostonian wife. Disguised as a tourist, he invites his former assistants to dinner and poisons them both. Then, terrified at his act and dreading the retribution that must befall him if the crime he discovered, he seizes his wife, packs her in a large basket bag, lifts it on his shoulder, and when last we see him he is in the distance, fleeing with her to his bomb-proof hangar in the vine-clad summits of the Apennines.

Up to last April 1 this wonderful opera had been sung on the Continent no fewer than 1864 times. It was performed for the first time at Moscow during the Congress of Pharmaceutical Chemists.

It has been translated into Bosnian, Lithuanian, Vinolian, Basuto, Esperanto, Caticuchuanian, and Marx. The English translation of *Salamanca's* libretto is by Mr. Dorck Polperro, and is described by Mr. Cecil Dozer as "a masterpiece of terse yet bulbous mentality."

The underlying moral of *Scalavaggio's* drama, *Tossico*, on which the libretto is based, according to a famous literary man who is also an eminent

criminologist, is that all wickedness and misery are due to education and the gregarious instinct, while ignorance and isolation make for felicity. At the same time the poet seeks to emphasize the value of the resources which science places in the hands of strong and self-assertive natures.

Briefly, *Tossico* is the last word on the expression of individuality at all costs, and this noble lesson is reinforced by the momentous score of Herr Ödén Philibert.

Herr Philibert, it will be remembered, is of French extraction, but was born in England. He subsequently became a naturalised Hungarian, married a Bohemian lady, and settled in Cracow. Deeply versed in contrapuntal science, he is also renowned for his prolificacy as a composer and the superbly unbridled morality of his operas, which are based on a profound study of CASANOVA, BENVENUTO CELLINI, and other didactic humanists.

FUR AND FEATHER FASHIONS.

[An American has recently taken out a patent for eyeglasses for fowls.]

ALL SMART GIRAFFES
BUY OUR
NECK WEAR.

Our "Regent's Park" collar gives style combined with comfort, and is unequalled for value. When ordering state number of yards required.

Collars forwarded in our own crates, and delivered free to any Zoo in the world.

NO MORE WET FEET.
EVERY DUCK SHOULD ASK TO SEE OUR
NEW GOLOSH.

Made specially for use in negotiating damp village ponds. Only geese refuse to wear them.

Home Blobs contains every week a special article entitled "Chats about the Chicks," telling hens what their young ones should wear. ORDER IT.

SHEARED SHEEP LOOK HERE.

Great sale of Sheep's Over-coatings. All smart styles. Apply for self-measurement form. We guarantee all our goods to be free from wool.

BARR, BARR, BLACK & Co.

All self-respecting Storks should write for patterns of our up-to-neck Trouserings.

TO ELEPHANTS AND OTHERS.
TRY OUR "JUMBO"
TUSK POWDER.

AT THE PLAY.

"A BOLT FROM THE BLUE."

IMAGINE for a moment, please, that you had forged a will. What would be the first thing you would do? Obviously you would write long letters to the lady with whom you were in love, telling her all about it, so that she might love you still more. Now suppose that she quarrelled with you (for this or some other reason) and threatened to expose you. What would be the next step? Well, you would look about in the poorer parts of the city for somebody to steal the letters. You find, we will say, an excellent man for the purpose—a professional cracksmen, ready to break into the lady's



THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

(*Claude Brécia* (Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER), in search of work, accepts with a very bad grace, at the hands of *Père Tabac* (Mr. EDMUND GWENN), a comfortable berth as deputy murderer to a high-class firm.

flat and obtain the proofs of your guilt. "No use," you say. "I want a man who can wear evening clothes like a gentleman, make the lady fall in love with him, murder her, and then steal the letters." The burglar replies that he can get the letters quite easily without murdering anybody; at the same time, if murdering is in the bill, he has no objection, and could probably do it without making the lady fall in love with him first. "No," you repeat, "I must have a gentleman for it."

Now suppose that you are the gentleman—starving, and therefore easily bought. Loathing the idea of murder, you admit without argument that if the letters are to be successfully stolen the lady must be murdered. So you meet her at a reception one midnight, make

love to her for twenty minutes, and are taken home by her to supper. (All quite proper, of course, just as if her uncle were a Dean.) By this time you are almost in love with her, for she is extremely charming, reminding you, in fact, more than a little of Miss IRENE VANBRUGH. As you prepare to kill her, she is attacked by a real burglar (the one mentioned above, who wasn't quite a gentleman). You defend her, fall wholly in love with her, and confess your full purpose. She forgives you, she pities you, she says that you may have the letters—she never meant to hurt anybody with them. A moment afterwards the man who bought you appears in the flat; you give him the letters and tell him that you have murdered the lady. He pays over the blood-money to you in banknotes and departs. The lady returns . . .

Now then. Would you ask her if you are to keep these notes? would you hold them in your hand for some seconds while you work the problem out? and would you then, slowly and melodramatically, as if doing something heroic, set fire to them? . . . I wonder.

Anyhow, without being a forger or a murderer, you can see of what poor stuff is this play at the *Duke of York's* "by TRISTAN BERNARD and ALFRED ATHIS; adapted by COSMO HAMILTON." I expect TRISTAN and ALFRED are the real culprits, but Mr. HAMILTON and Mr. FROHMAN are accessories after the fact, and cannot be let off altogether. Indeed, in the Second Act Mr. HAMILTON, unless I have quite forgotten his touch, puts in a little satire about the stage all on his own. I am afraid he is not a born satirist.

Mr. DENNIS EADIE and Miss IRENE VANBRUGH were wasted on parts which they could always play on their heads (figuratively speaking). But Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER gave a very fine performance indeed as the gentleman-murderer. It made me wish that Mr. FROHMAN had presented him and his beautiful voice in the repertory plays, where he could have played the part of a real person. M.

"The Malakand leopard . . . one night met a native officer, who was going his rounds but escaped before he could draw his sword."
Civil and Military Gazette.

Neglect of ceremonial may be forgiven at a crisis like this.

"Sir,—Please allow me to support your correspondent 'Mens Sana in Corpore Sano.'"
This is from a letter to *The Manchester City News*, signed: "Mon-sibi, sed omnibus." A weird language, Latin.



"OH, UNCLE! HOW AWFUL!"

"WHAT ON EARTH'S THE MATTER?"

"ONE OF MY STOCKINGS HAS A HOLE IN IT, AND I CAN'T REMEMBER WHICH!"

THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT.

[*"Dressing well tends to a general refinement of character."*—*Daily Paper.*]

He stood at my suburban door

In all his ruggedness,

Soliciting (or asking for)

Doles of my cast-off dress;

And, finding in his tragic tale

A truth I dared not doubt,

I robbed the local jumble sale

And turned my wardrobe out.

I fixed him up from head to feet,

And in a jocund mood

Trusted he'd think the patterns neat

And that the cut was good;

Till he, responsive to my chaff,

Ventured a cheerful wink,

And said, in vulgar slang, "Not 'alf,"

And also, "I don't fink."

Time passed; some seven months or so

Had made my memory dim,

When next he crossed my path, and oh!

The difference in him.

Within his soul refinement dwelt;

His mien was so correct

I raised my hat, and really felt

Inclined to genuflect.

I realised how much my worn-

Out clothes had changed him, when

He showed a true patrician scorn

For common things (and men).

Disdaining my uncovered head,

My deferential air,

He absolutely cut me dead

And froze me with a stare.

THE PROTECTIONISTS.

It is now, when Summer—as we are constrained to call it, for want of a better word—is merging into Autumn, that the wise person begins to think seriously about taking cold, and does what he can to prevent it. You are a wise person, so let us consider the thing together. Many schemes are recommended, but the most popular of them is the hardening process. A new development of the hardening process scheme has just been proposed in the daily Press, the inventor of which urges people to accustom their skins to the open air by sitting at the window for twenty minutes night and morning with nothing on, either reading or

writing, or drying very slowly after the bath.

No doubt this counsellor has the root of the matter in him. To harden is the thing; and the more ways there are of hardening, the better. Let us try to think of a few.

Sitting wilfully in draughts is good.

It will also make you very popular.

"Are you in a draught?" you will say.

"I'm so sorry. But I love them. Do

change places with me." Draughts, of

course, can be found only too easily at

any place of entertainment; but in the

daytime the mouths of the Tube lifts

are a sure hunting ground. A Tube

lift man either never has a cold or

never has anything else.

Going long motor rides in pyjamas

is also excellent.

And pomading the hair with ice cream

has had wonderful results.

"(Going to the first, Wilkie lauded his third within three yards of the pin, and succeeded in getting the hole with his next shot, which was a six yards putt."—*Northern H. Sig.*) He must have been very badly stymied.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. PUNCH'S Staff of Learned Clerks.)

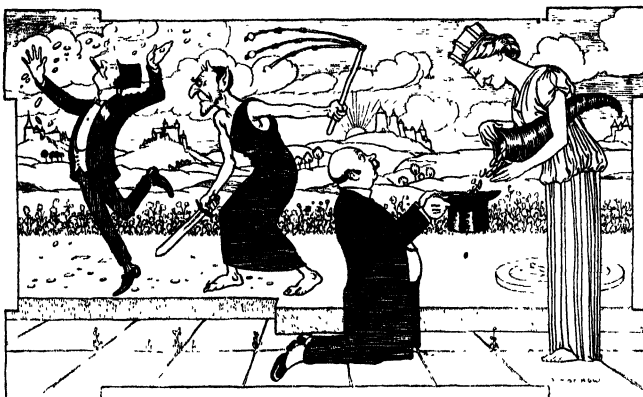
ASSUMING that the titles given to Occidental magazines in *Martin Eden* (HEINEMANN) are real or recognisable, their editors must either be sitting in sackcloth and ashes (a very uncomfortable wear for this time of year) or else scouting for Mr. JACK LONDON with six-shooters. The whip of scorn has often been applied to newspaper men by novelists, but never before, I should think, with so unsparring a hand. The hero of this book is a sailor who has roughed it in many ports, but being endowed with a wonderful vitality and a keen sense of the beautiful, and having by chance fallen in love with a girl of superior station, determines to carve out a career ("make good," he calls it) in literature. The scene is laid in Oakland (Cal.), and the story of the man's struggles through grammar and etiquette and economics and philosophy, the progress and final disillusionment of his romance, and his occasional bouts of hard manual labour, are told with a rude strength and realism that I don't think any other living author could compass. Everybody discourages *Martin Eden* and tells him to "get a job"; editors persistently refuse his MSS. or cheat him out of payment for them; finally *Ruth Morse* throws him over. Then he suddenly makes a hit, and two continents go wild over his work, which has been in constant circulation for years amongst tasteless journals and despised by illiterate friends. The world is at his feet, but he is embittered by its hollowness, takes his passage for the South Seas, and, quietly slipping overboard, drowns himself. I am sorry to seem querulous, but at this point I am bound to say, "Why?" Would it not have been better to write a scathing satire on the so-called culture of the present generation and get it published in a nice green cover, say, by Mr. HEINEMANN?

Why break your heart for the briny breezes of bracing Brighton, or any other of the alliterative allurements of the advertising agents, when you can enjoy *A Week at the Sea* (STANLEY PAUL) sitting comfortably at home, under the drip of your own umbrella on the lee side of your own rain-gauge? Personally I look upon holidays spent on the beach as an over-rated amusement. I cannot dig with a wooden spade; and to go down to the sea in bathing-machines I am ashamed, which is one reason perhaps why I love *Mr. Skittlebury*, the dear old watchmaker who is the wheel within wheels of Mr. HAROLD AVERY'S diverting comedy of mistaken identities. *Mr. Skittlebury* didn't like flurrying his week's holiday because he was too shy to ask the young lady behind the counter for the necessary minimum apparel. But he made friends with everyone he

met, including a hard-working burglar, who for business reasons had temporarily assumed the *nom de guerre* of a well-known artist while carrying on his arduous trade in the county houses of the neighbourhood. The burglar, quite a smart young man in his way, decided that *Skittlebury* was a successful London doctor, and the old man was so pleased with the dignity thus thrust upon him that he decided to keep it till the end of the week. But when "*Dr.*" *Skittlebury* took the Scotland Yard man by whom the burglar was wanted for a famous novelist, and the rightful owner of the borrowed pseudonym for the criminal, things began to get rather mixed, and at last Scotland Yard fixed its eye on the "Doctor" as a suspicious character, and very nearly ran him in. "Instead of which" he performed prodigies of valour—but I mustn't give away the whole story. Only I strongly advise you to read it, whether you can or can't go to the seaside yourself. In either case you will find it consoling.

Of the making of village-books there appears to be no

end. The latest, and not by any means the worst, that I have read, is *Peace Alley* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON), in which Miss DIANA MEYRICK pleasantly depicts various rural types, and weaves their history into one of the least convincing plots that I have ever encountered. Only one of the inhabitants of *Peace Alley* can be called in any sense new to fiction, the rest of them have dwelt in every literary hamlet since the fashion for this kind of book began. Miss *Della Quarendon*, for example, is an elderly



FRESCOES FOR PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—I. THE BANK.

"INDUSTRIA BEING REWARDED BY FORTUNE, BANKRUPTCY FOLLOWING IN THE TRAIN OF EXTRAVAGANCE."

and lovable spinster of direct *Cranford* descent, and the others, from the *Rev. Aloysius Kingdon* downwards, are all more or less familiar types. The exception is *Maurie Kingdon*, an excellent and refreshing study of the youthful female bounder. She deserves a better setting. The device of keeping the lovers apart by means of a dropped letter, which turns out to be a page from a manuscript novel, is really too amateurish to be allowed to pass without protest. I am sure, too, that Miss DIANA MEYRICK is capable of better things; and I look to see her writing them before long. The fact is that one is getting a little tired of "studies of rural life." These students are in danger of outnumbering the models. If they would only select the same village, and "study" each other, I should like to read the result.

"As a matter of fact, the mine of diamonds was known as 'the curse of Scotland' long before the Tudor cause was finally crushed on Culloden Moor."—*Daily News*.
In fact even before the Plantagenet cause was finally bluffed at Waterloo.

"The average bag of Grouse is 200 brace. The Fishing is Motor Houses, and Three Cottages for men."—*Advt. in "The Scotsman."*
"It's no good, James, the motor houses aren't rising."

CHARIVARIA.

THE Army Council has called for a list of all military statues or memorials known to exist in or near London. Optimists are hoping that the most trying of these are to be used as targets.

"The House of Lords," we read, "is in the hands of the decorators and builders, and the Peers will assemble after the recess in what may be described without exaggeration as the most magnificent legislative chamber in the world." Can this, we wonder, be an attempt on the part of the Lords to secure increased compensation in the event of the abolition of their House?

It is, we trust, a hopeful augury that the name of the place which Lord KITCHENER has bought in Kent is Broom Park.

Lieutenant HELM, it is stated in Berlin, merely came to our country for the purpose of studying the language. He has already learnt that S-P-Y-I-N-G spells T-R-O-U-B-L-E. And we imagine that he realises now that a German officer ought not to be caught mapping.

An official report just published shows that during 1910 £20,000,000 will be paid in salaries alone in the United States to ministers of the gospel. The ugly feature of this is that these gentlemen will largely earn this money by working on the day of rest.

The whale which was recently buried up near Scarborough is to be buried at the expense of the Board of Trade. Our sympathy goes out to the family of the deceased; for among the best fish it is considered a great disgrace to be interred at the public expense.

From *The Daily Mail* fashion page:

NOVELTY OF THE WEEK.

MALACCA CRUTCH STICK FOR THE MOTOR CAR.

The novelty for next week is to be a set of silver-plated arm-splints, and, for the week after, a complete suit of diachylon plaster.

A contemporary informs us, in regard to ladies' dress, that the train is coming into vogue again. We are sorry to hear this, and we hope men will put their foot down on it.

The following articles, an American journal tells us, were found inside a man who was operated on for appendicitis in a hospital at Cairo (Ill.):—

A button-hook, a hat-pin, three keys, a lead pencil, a needle, and a toy pistol. It is thought that some of these may have been a contributory cause to the ailment from which he was suffering.

We hear that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is about to offer a prize to the person who suggests the best means of intimating to lobsters that there is a close season for them. At present, we understand, these poor ignorant creatures endure all the agonies of anticipated capture even when they might be leading a life free from care.



The Fun. "I HAVEN'T NOTICED LITTLE WILLIE IN SUNDAY SCHOOL LATELY, MRS. BROWN."

Mrs. Brown. "NO, ZEE, 'E BIN AN' TAKEN A POSITIVE DISLIKE TO THE NEW CURABLE. IT BE SUMMUT DREADFUL THE WAY 'E DO GO ON ABOUT 'IM."

A Way they have in the Navy.

"Now that His Lordship, after steering the ship of Indian state through stress and storm and bringing her to a haven of safety, is laying down his oars, let us thank the Captain for his good seamanship." — *The Empire* (Calcutta).

Journalistic Candour.

From a placard of *P. P. P.* :—

"THE POLICE FORCE FROM WITHIN. INCREDIBLE EXPOSURES."

From the musical programme in a Birmingham café :—

"CHARACTERISTIC NICE. 'Tua Pagoda.'"
What is there about him that is so typical?

WINSTON DAY BY DAY.

September 10.—The yacht *Honor* is successfully floated. The HOME SECRETARY while watching the proceedings falls overboard, but is successfully hooked and landed by F. E. SMITH with a porpoise line. "The first time," says "F. E.," "I ever caught a 5,000 pounder."

September 11.—Arrival at Beyrout. Baron DE FOREST insists on attending the Beyrout Festival. Intense disappointment on discovering he has come to the wrong place. The HOME SECRETARY, in order to appease him, sings "The Star of Eoe" with intense feeling and horrible brio. Baron DE FOREST faints.

September 12.—The party travel by train to Laodicea, where the HOME SECRETARY enjoys a lukewarm bath under the tank hose. Mr. HARRIS, of *The Times*, astonishes the natives by his tweeds. Mr. SMITH refuses to bathe. "No tanks," he says. Renewed collapse of Baron DE FOREST.

September 13.—*Manchester Guardian* bursts into lyrical rapture over the HOME SECRETARY'S holiday. "The HOME SECRETARY'S political foe," it wrote, "was no less abandoned in this glorious holiday, and 'FRED' did what 'WINSTON' did. Time and place were ignored, all social trammels flung aside, and the whole party, oblivious of the 'gallery,' enjoyed their holiday like 'troutlets in a stream.'" Panic among *Manchester Liberals*.

September 14.—The HOME SECRETARY and F. E. SMITH arrive at Ephesus on the cowcatcher of the engine. Ephesians endeavour to capture Baron DE FOREST to make new sleepers. F. E. SMITH repels them with innuendoes.

September 15.—Duck shooting at Soutledge. F. E. accidentally pours the contents of both barrels into the HOME SECRETARY'S legs. "No doing things by halves about me," he explains.

September 16.—HOME SECRETARY returns to Smyrna to have the pellets extracted. Mr. HARRIS of *The Times* obtains services of an elderly Minor Asiatic nurse named Gamp to attend him. F. E. develops wonderful bedside manner. Reads *De Forest Lovers* to the sick man.

September 17.—Recovery of the HOME SECRETARY, who, landing at Rhodes, and finding that the Colossus no longer exists, offers to stand there in its stead. "Do," says F. E., "and teach me how to do it. I'll be your Rhodos scholar." The *Honor* again runs aground.

September 18.—The HOME SECRETARY leaves for Constantinople, leaving the rest of the party on their *Honor*.

He is personally shown over the Treasury by Pegwel Bey. "Do you have Tammany methods here?" he asks. "No," says the Bey, pointing to the water, "we know better: this is the Bosphorus." HOME SECRETARY in convulsions.

Sept. 19.—Return of the HOME SECRETARY for England. Asia Minor in tears. Official mourning in Yildiz Kiosk.

MAIL-BAGS.

No. 1.—THE ACTOR-MANAGER'S.

DEAR MR. WILMINGTON,—I really must write to tell you how perfectly sweet you looked as the hero in *The Strong Right Arm*, and how noble! I was in the third row of the upper circle last night—did you see me? I was next to Papa. All the girls at school are mad about you, and we have got up a sweepstake on your age. I have chosen 26, and I do hope it is right. I feel it *must* be. Please tell us!

Your admiring friend,

DULCIE HOPE.

(Answer: Mr. Wilmington regrets to say he is a grandfather.)

DEAR SIR,—I have never seen a finer performance in my life than yours in *The Strong Right Arm*. The strength, the virility, the grip in it was tremendous. It electrified me. I have seen GARRICK, KEAN, MACREADY and all the great actors, but they cannot touch you, Sir, in dramatic power. I feel you are precisely the right actor to play the title-role in my five-act drama in blank verse, *Rameses the Great*. Probably, you read this when it appeared in the columns of the *Tootleham Guardian* in 1876. It was most favourably commented on in Tootleham and district. Believe me, Sir,

Your sincere admirer,

JONAS GOLDSWORTHY

(Retired District Councillor).

(Answer: Mr. Wilmington is unfortunately not a constant reader of the *Tootleham Guardian*. He fears that, owing to the political situation, it would be unwise to stage a drama dealing with Egypt just at present.)

MY DEAR WILMINGTON,—You are absolutely great in the comic scenes of *The Strong Right Arm*. I laughed till my sides ached. It reminded me of the good old times when we played together on tour in *A Trip to Margate*. You remember I always said you had the makings of a first-class comedian in you. Just now, dear boy, I am meeting with a streak of rotten luck. To be quite frank, I haven't a fiver to my name, and I owe more than that

for rent. Of course it would be only a temporary loan—next week I hope to be straight again.

Your old pal,

MARMADUKE DE MONTMORENCY.

(Answer: Mr. Wilmington has never played in *A Trip to Margate*. He encloses cheque for one guinea, and hopes it will help Mr. de Montmorency to become straight.)

DEAR MR. WILMINGTON,—I am so afraid you will think it forward on my part, but I can't keep my feelings back any longer. You must have guessed when you saw me in the pit night after night—I could see you were trying to look away so that people wouldn't suspect. Dear Mr. Wilmington, you are the lover of my dreams, my ideal of the man who should one day make me his wife. Please let me know how you feel about this.

Yours only, MABEL BINKS.

(Answer: Mr. Wilmington, while appreciating the honour, regrets that he is married at present, and engaged three deep beyond that.)

SIR,—I have just been to see *The Strong Right Arm*, and I find it difficult to give adequate expression to my indignation. Do you realise, Sir, that your play is lifted bodily from an unpublished drama of mine entitled *The Life and Times of Henry of Navarre*? Do you understand, Sir, that your play is the most unblushing, the most dastardly piece of plagiarism that has ever disgraced the British stage? Are you aware, Sir, that in this country the thief is punished, and punished severely, by the Law, and that a theft more deliberate, more scoundrelly, more—words fail me.

Sir, I await your explanation!

JNO. THOS. JONES.

(Answer: Mr. Wilmington has added Mr. Jones's name to his list of claimants to the authorship of *The Strong Right Arm*. Mr. Jones comes seventh on the list, and his claim will in due course receive every attention.)

"It would be cruel to inquire too closely into the exact validity of the stories connecting Edward II. with the Castle of Carnarvon. None the less, the connection undoubtedly exists, and the fortress at the mouth of the Conway has only obtained its historic rights."—*Observer*.

It would be still more cruel to inquire into the geography of the editor, and the exact validity of the story connecting the Castle with the mouth of the Conway.

An All-round Man.

"Gardener wishes situation; life experience, all branches; wife, cow or poultry."—*Adv. in Scotsman*.



"PRESERVING" THE COUNTRY.

BRITISH AUTUMN MANŒUVRES—ANY YEAR.

[Certain "gentlemen" are still to be found with so poor a notion of patriotism that they refuse to allow troops to pass through their coverts for fear that sport should be spoiled by manœuvres which are over in two months before their first shoot.]



Ernest H. Shepard

WE OFFER A SUGGESTION TO FOREIGN OFFICERS ENGAGED UPON "OBSERVATION" WORK IN THIS COUNTRY. -WHY NOT ASSUME SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE DISGUISES SO AS TO RENDER YOUR DETECTION IMPOSSIBLE?

THE ISLANDERS.

MR. SAMUEL HAIGH'S purchase of the Gull of Man has given the island market a long-desired fillip, and prices now rule high. We understand that the veiled lady who has long been making efforts to acquire the Isle of Man, but hitherto without success, is not, as some supposed, Miss TITTELL-BRUNE, but a not unknown authoress of hectic novels with a gigantic circulation. Her avowed purpose is to sink it.

MR. C. K. SHORTER (the "Spherical Sainte-Beuve") is said to be in negotiation for Lundy Isle, with the idea of dating his weekly literary *causerie* from that retreat.

A spirited contest for possession of the Cocos Islands is said to be in progress between Mr. GEORGE CADBURY and Mr. ST. LOE STRACHEY.

Several literary men are endeavouring to acquire Samoa, among others Mr.

BERNARD CAPES and Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON.

Offers for the Isle of Wight have been received from the German EMPEROR, who proposes, in addition to the purchase money, to bestow the Order of the Red Eagle on all the members of the National Liberal Club. Negotiations are still pending.

We have good authority for stating that a syndicate of titled Backwoodsmen are negotiating the purchase of Borneo. They have, however, found a spirited rival in Mrs. Wiggs of the famous Cabana Patch Company.

MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A., has recently acquired the Solomon Islands and will shortly pay a protracted visit to his new possession in the company of DAVID Pasha, Lord SWAYTHLING and Lord Mondschein of Slains.

MESSRS. LYONS, the eminent caterers, with a view to consolidating their position in the Pacific, have purchased

the Sandwich Islands at enormous cost. As the breadfruit tree grows in abundance and the islands are overrun with pigs, the effect of their purchase is anxiously awaited by several railway restaurateurs.

"The Silent Isle," Mr. A. C. BENNION's newly acquired property, of which he gives a charming account in his new volume, is, we understand, one of the Magdalene group, and is not one of the Isles of Sunset, of which Mr. BENNION is also the proprietor.

The Scilly Isles are being reserved as a home of rest for landowners who have been felled by Form IV.

"According to the rules Roundford, Roundford United, Leytonstone, and Wandstead are exempt until the semi-final."—*Evening Times*.

Still, the other clubs may as well amuse themselves by going in for the preliminary rounds.

HOLIDAY TIME.

V.—MAROONED.

"STROKE, you're late," said Thomas, butting me violently in the back with his oar.

"My dear Thomas, when you have been in the Admiralty a little longer you will know that 'bow' is not the gentleman who sets the time. What do you suppose would happen at Queen's Hall if the second bird-call said to the conductor, 'Henry, you're late'?"

"The whole gallery would go out and get its hair cut," said Archie.

"I'm not used to the Morse system of rowing, that's the trouble," explained Thomas. "Long-short, short-short-long, short-long. You're spelling out the most awful things, if you only knew."

"Be careful how you insult me, Thomas. A little more and I shall tell them what happened to you on the ornamental waters in Regent's Park that rough day."

"Really?" asked Simpson with interest.

"Yes; I fancy he had been rather overdoing it at Swedish drill that morning."

We gave her ten in silence, and then by mutual consent rested on our oars.

"There's a long way yet," said Myra. "Dahlia and I will row if you're tired."

"This is an insult, Thomas. Shall we sit down under it?"

"Yes," said Thomas, getting up; "only in another part of the boat."

We gave up our seats to the ladies (even in a boat one should be polite) and from a position in the stern waited with turned-up coat-collars for the water to come on board.

"We might have sailed up a little higher," remarked Simpson. "It's all right, I'm not a bit wet, thanks."

"It's too shallow, except at high tide," said Myra. "The *Armadillo* would have gone aground and lost all her—her shell. Do armadillos have shells, or what?"

"Feathers."

"Well, we're a pretty good bank-holiday crowd for the dinghy," said Archie. "Simpson, if we upset, save the milk and the sandwiches; my wife can swim."

The woods were now beginning to come down to the river on both sides, but on the right a grassy slope broke them at the water's edge for some fifty

yards. Thither we rowed, and after a little complicated manœuvring landed suddenly; Simpson, who was standing in the bows with the boat-hook, being easily the first to reach the shore. He got up quickly, however, apologized, and helped the ladies and the hampers out. Thereafter he was busy for some time, making the dinghy fast with a knot peculiarly his own.

"The first thing to do is to build a palisade to keep the savages off," said Archie, and he stuck the boat-hook into the ground. "After which you are requested to light fires to frighten the wild beasts. The woodbines are very wild at this time of the year."

"We shall have to light a fire anyhow for the tea, so that will be very useful," said the thoughtful Dahlia.

"I myself," I said, "will swim out

Myra told it to me afterwards, and we agreed that as a boy it had gone round the world several times first. Yet I heard her laugh unaffectedly—what angels women are!

Ten minutes later I returned with my spoil, and laid it before them.

"A piece of brown bread from the bread-fruit tree, a piece of india-rubber from the mango-tree, a chutney from the banana-grove, and an omelet from the turtle-run. I missed the chutney with my first barrel, and brought it down rather luckily with the ricochet."

"But how funny; they all look just like sticks of wood."

"That is Nature's plan of protective colouring. In the same way apricots have often escaped with their lives by sitting in the cream and pretending to be poached eggs."

"The same instinct of self-preservation," added Archie, "has led many a pill called Beauchamp to pronounce its name Cholmondeley."

Simpson begged to be allowed to show us how to light a fire, and we hadn't the heart to refuse him. It was, he said, the way they lit fires on the veldt (and other places where they wanted fires), and it went out the first time because the wind must have changed round after he had begun to lay the wood. He got the draught in the right place the next time, and for a moment we thought we should have to take to the boats; but the

captain averted a panic, and the fire was got under. Then the kettle was put on, and of all the boiled water I have ever tasted this was the best.

"You know," said Archie, "in Simpson the nation has lost a wonderful scout-master."

"Oh, Samuel," cried Myra, "tell us how you tracked the mules that afternoon, and knew they were wounded because of the blood."

"Tell us about that time when you bribed the regimental anchovy of Troop B to betray the secret password to you."

"I ignore you because you're jealous. May I have some more tea, Miss Man-nering?"

"Call me Myra, Scoutmaster Simpson of the *Spectator* troop, and you shall."

"I blush for my unblushing sex," said Dahlia.

"I blush for my family," said Archie. "That a young girl of gentle birth, nurtured in a peaceful English home,



"WILL YE LUK AT TH' SUN, YE JUIT? WE'LL NOT GET HOME TO-NIGHT."

to the wreck for the musket and the bag of nails."

"As you're going," said Myra, unpacking, "you might get the sugar as well. We've forgotten it."

"Now you've spoilt my whole holiday. It was bad enough with the cake last week, but this is far, far worse. I shall go into the wood and eat berries."

"It's all right, here it is. Now you're happy again. I wish, if you aren't too busy, you'd go into the wood and collect sticks for the fire."

"I am unusually busy," I said, "and there is a long *queue* of clients waiting for me in the ante-room. An extremely long *queue*—almost a half-butt in fact."

I wandered into the wood alone. Archie and Dahlia had gone arm-in-arm up the hill to look at a view, Simpson was helping Myra with the hampers, and Thomas, the latest arrival from town, was lying on his back, telling them what he alleged to be a good story now going round London.



HOW MISS REDCLIFFE BECOMES LA PLUS CHIC DE TOUT KENSINGTON.

brought up in an atmosphere of old-world courtesy, should so far forget herself as to attempt to wheedle a promising young scoutmaster, who can light a fire, practically speaking, backwards—this, I repeat, is too much."

It was Thomas who changed the subject so abruptly.

"I suppose the tide comes as far as this?" he said.

"It does, captain."

"Then that would account for the boat having gone."

"That and Simpson's special knot," I said, keeping calm for the sake of the women and children.

Archie jumped up with a shout. The boat was about twenty yards from the shore, going very slowly upstream.

"It's very bad to bathe just after a heavy meal," I reminded him.

"I'm not sure that I'm going to, but I'm quite sure that one of us will have to."

"Walk up the river with it," said Myra, "while Dahlin and I pack, and the one who's first digested goes in."

We walked up. I felt that in my own case the process of assimilation would be a lengthy one. A. A. M.

"It may be said of him, as 'Hamlet' said of his father:—

"His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world: 'This was a man.'"

Dorset and County Gazette.

Hamlet was full of these nice ideas about his father.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

June, 1908.—Announcement of the betrothal of Miss Tilkins, daughter of Senator Tilkins, to the Duke of the Niubuzzi.

July, 1908.—Senator Tilkins denies that there is an engagement between his daughter and the Duke of the Niubuzzi. She shall marry, he says, no one but an American citizen.

August, 1908.—The Duke of the Niubuzzi expresses his willingness to become an American citizen. Announcement of his engagement to Miss Tilkins, daughter of Senator Tilkins.

September, 1908.—It is officially announced that the engagement between the Duke of the Niubuzzi and Miss Tilkins has been forbidden by the King of Italy.

October, 1908.—The Duke of the Niubuzzi leaves for the North Pole.

June, 1909.—Return of the Duke of the Niubuzzi from the North Pole, and announcement of his engagement to Miss Tilkins, daughter of Senator Tilkins.

July, 1909.—Denial by Senator Tilkins that the Duke of the Niubuzzi is engaged to Miss Tilkins. The Duke of the Niubuzzi leaves for the Andes.

November, 1909.—Return of the Duke of the Niubuzzi from the Andes, and arrival in New York. He is in daily attendance at the Tilkins' mansion.

December, 1909.—Official announcement of the engagement of the Duke

of the Niubuzzi to Miss Tilkins, daughter of Senator Tilkins.

January, 1910.—The marriage of the Duke of the Niubuzzi and Miss Tilkins forbidden by the Pope. The Duke of the Niubuzzi leaves for the South Pole.

June, 1910.—Return of the Duke of the Niubuzzi from the South Pole, and announcement of his engagement to Miss Tilkins, daughter of Senator Tilkins.

July, 1910.—Senator Tilkins demands full Quirinal and Vatican rights for himself and family if the engagement proceeds.

August, 1910.—Although the Duke of the Niubuzzi expresses his readiness to kiss Senator Tilkins' toe, the opposition to the match in the highest quarters is too much for him.

September, 1910. Official denial that the Duke of the Niubuzzi is engaged to Miss Tilkins, daughter of Senator Tilkins.

Spanish Chestnuts.

"On the contrary, as the *Standard* said on board ship when asked if he had had his breakfast. —*Daily Mail*.
Why drag in Spain?"

"Billiard Table, 6in. x 3in., complete accessories." —*Adel. in Daily News*.

Unless the accessories include a long rest we cannot take it.

"Subconsciously Percy noted that papa's shoes were of terrible thickness, and numbered at least eleven." —*Harper's Magazine*.

It's a mistake to marry into a centipede's family.

IT'S SO SIMPLE!

WE gather from the report of the Whitehall Conference, held last Wednesday, on Land Valuation Form 4, that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE still persists in considering its language to be intelligible to the merest child. As, for instance, the following paragraph from the "instructions" defining "site value":—

"The full site value of land means the amount which remains after deducting from the gross value of the land the difference (if any) between that value and the value which the fee simple of the land, if sold at the time in the open market by a willing seller, might be expected to realise if the land were divested of any buildings, and of any other structures (including fixed or attached machinery) on, in or under the surface, which are appurtenant to, or used in connection with, any such buildings, and of all growing timber, fruit trees, fruit bushes, and other things growing thereon."

It is, of course, quite admirably pointed and terse; but still we have a feeling that the fourth-form boy, or, for that matter, the average householder, would better appreciate the full beauty of the passage if it were rendered in a more familiar dialect, and fortunately there is an available model at hand, as somewhat thus:—

This is the Site that LLOYD GEORGE taxed.

(We omit the *crecendo*.)

This is the Piffing Amount at command By which the Gross Value, to wit, of the Land

One fine day exceeded its fee simple's Worth

Attached at the time to that same Plot of earth,

Which the Seller, impelled by dictates of his heart,

Converted and turned into cash in the Mart

(The same being open—I quote from Form IV.).

That divested the Plot of the Buildings it bore,

Not to speak of the Structures and other things fixed,

Such as pigstyes and barns and machinery mixed,

On, in, even under the Landscape in view,

And connected therewith and pertaining thereto,

That embraced growing timber, fruit bushes and trees,

And any removable thing you could seize

On the Trumpery Site that LLOYD GEORGE taxed! ZIGZAG.

* Motto for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's Land Valuation Scheme: "Small profits, quick returns."

GUIDE TO BILLIARDS.

Attitude.—For ordinary strokes it will be found by practical experience that the best results are produced by placing the feet on the floor—not on the table—in an easy, natural manner. If this is done calmly and without premeditation the feet will spontaneously adopt an angle of 45 degrees to each other. This angle is called the "natural angle," a thorough knowledge of which is the basis of all good billiards. It is essential that the feet should be, as nearly as possible, a pair.

The weight of the body is now taken off the cushion rail, upon which it has hitherto been resting, and placed upon the legs. The body is then gently inclined towards the table, care being taken that the chin is not allowed to rest upon the bed.

While the stroke is being made the feet must be planted firmly on the floor. Should they show signs of mobilisation it is advisable to place a heavy weight upon them until the stroke is played. In clubs and public rooms the marker will be delighted to sit on the player's feet if necessary.

Holding the Cue.—In making an ordinary stroke the cue should never be held by more than one person at a time. Some players hold the cue loosely in the hand, a few inches from the butt-end. Others grasp it firmly at a point a few inches from the middle. The former arrangement is better suited to the Spring-Tip cue, which is rapidly ousting the old-fashioned article. The cue-arm is generally bent at the elbow, but splendid results in all-round cannons have been achieved with swinging shoulder shots.

Many good patent cues are now on the market. For weak people the Percussion Cap Cue or the Spring-Tip Cue may be recommended. The latter is an ingenious arrangement, which saves the player a lot of trouble. You merely take aim at the ball and press with the thumb a button in the butt. This action releases a coil spring behind the tip, which flies out in the direction aimed at, hits the ball, and returns to its place in a flash. Most people have found it impossible to acquire that steady, straight, piston-rod action which is desirable in good billiards. The Spring-Tip Cue dispenses with the necessity for studying this feature of the game. We understand from Messrs. Worroughes and Batts, the patentees, that it is impossible to cut the cloth with this cue. The Telescope or Guest-Cue—for long or short players—is very suitable for private house purposes.

* *The Bridge.*—The bridge is built

about nine inches from the ball to be played, and may be constructed in the old Roman style or on the cantilever principle. For people with long thumbs the latter is perhaps most suitable. Nervous players should not make bridges. They are advised to lay a piece of billiard chalk on the cloth about a foot from the ball, place the patent Spring-Tip Cue across it, take aim, and fire.

Addressing the Ball.—In addressing the ball the point is to make your remarks about your opponent's style of play and the position he has left for you as sarcastic and cutting as you can. During the address, if you happen to touch the ball with your cue, it counts one to your opponent.

Taking aim.—When tipping a cue the marker invariably leaves parts of the tip ragged and untrimmed. This is to assure correct alignment for the player when he looks along the cue—the untrimmed part of the tip forming the front sight, and the bridge providing the back sight. When taking aim it is not necessary for the beginner to know where the balls will ultimately settle, if he should succeed in striking them; this knowledge comes in the fulness of time.

Striking the Ball.—This is the most important feature of the whole game. Indeed, some authorities hold that if the balls were not struck now and again it would be almost impossible to play billiards.

What more than anything else distinguishes a good player is the correct contact of his cue tip with the ball. That contact which emits a crisp, clicking noise as the tip touches the ball is correct. And this crisp noise may be produced by slightly toasting the tip before fixing it to the cue. Players of a "soft" game use buttered tips, but plain toasted tips, when brought into contact with nicely warmed balls, produce the crispest noise.

Never give your ball a hint of the exact spot upon which you intend to strike it. Make a few feints before you hit out—so as to put it off. If, for instance, you wish to screw back, you must pretend you are really trying for a follow through; aim to hit your ball on the scalp, and then, before he has time to recover his guard, jab him hard in the belt. Always act quickly. Ivory balls are very tricky and suspicious.

Touch and Tone.—A good ear can be cultivated only with the aid of ivory balls. "I tried for a B-flat cannon, and got a losing hazard in G-sharp," is a common wail of those who play with composition.



Seaside Visitor (admiring a seagull). "HOW NICE AND CLEAN HE LOOKS."

Boatman. "AH, MA'AM, IF YOU SPENT AS MUCH TIME IN THE WATER AS HE DOES, YOU'D LOOK CLEAN, TOO."

THE PLANTAIN.

WHENEVER I meet, as I sometimes do,
A man who is all but bent in two;
Whose hand is tense, while his eyes look down,
And his brow's cross-hatched with an awful frown;
Whose lips are tightened to show beneath
Two furious rows of gleaming teeth,
I know him at once; "Well met," I cry;
"You're a Plantain-Demon, and so am I."

You should see me mark in a slow advance
My track on the lawn with a two-pronged lance.
I prod with might and I stab with main
The deep-set root of the tough plantain;
And then with a heave and a groan I prize,
And out, but never quite out, he flies;
He leaves an eighth of an inch or so
And immediately sets to work to grow.

Sometimes he fights, as a plantain can
When he rallies his strength against a man;
I settle the lance-head deep and true,
And it's up—come up! But the leaves slip through.
Then I set my jaws and I dig and dig,
While the earth flies out and the hole gets big,
And the gardener, watching the work, looks blue in
His gardening clothes, and the lawn's a ruin.

I was never a man to work by snatches,
So I stick to my task till the lawn's all patches,
And the weeds attest in a heaped-up hill
My dauntless force and my deadly skill.
But, oh, when after a week I come
To the scene of the fight my heart is glum,
For every patch where a plantain grew
Is alive with a new one, some with two!

So I set my jaws, and I set them tight,
And I stab with main and I prod with might,
And, although I own that I cannot see an
Advance in my more than Sisyphean
Self-set task as a plantain-spitter,
I won't give up, for I'm not a quitter.
I shall die some day, for such labours pith me,
And then you must bury a plantain with me.

"The Premier says the work of inspecting rabbits is carried out by properly qualified officers connected with the export trade.

"I can scarcely believe," adds Mr. Wade, "they would allow any rabbits to go into consumption that are unfit for food."

Sydney Herald.

Certainly no rabbits which have gone into consumption are fit for food.

Students of Esperanto are complaining that there is not a single "swear word" in the language. What a chance for a happy combination of the leading expletives of all nations!



A WASTE OF MATERIAL.

Sympathetic Nephew (to aeroplaneing Uncle, who has slipped badly). "WELL, IT IS ROTTEN LUCK FOR YOU, UNCLE, HURTING YOURSELF LIKE THIS FALLING DOWN SILLY OLD STEPS, WHEN YOU'VE GOT AN AEROPLANE!"

THE PHILOMELOGRAPH.

[“During the coming winter the nightingale’s song will be heard on the gramophone.”—*Evening Paper*.]

BROWN Attie bird, this is indeed a pleasure!
No more in darkling woods to wait about,
But all day long to have your liquid measure
Emerging from a corrugated spout;
Thrice happy thought! the youngsters whisper, “Daddy,
Turn on the nightingale!”—and lo! you play,
Rending the calm that follows “Yip-i-addy
I-ay-i-ay.”

Ah me, what ecstasies the pagan poets
Have missed by dying early! What wild treats
Till now have never been recorded! Oh, it’s
A shame to think of COLERIDGE and KEATS:
That he (the last), who loved your swift effacements
In labyrinthine gloom, could never write
On what you sounded like through Earl’s Court casements,
Ope to the night;

Could never fade away when cares were pricking
Through parlour windows where the firelight gleams,
And Jones pretends he likes your guttural cliking
Far better than the latest comic themes;
Could never feel that voice (if thus translated)
“On Ruth, amidst the alien corn-sheaves sad,
Worse than all else would probably have grated—
It was too bad.”

But we are happier; we can hear it mingle
With “all the well-known operatic stars;”
Ay, and with all the catchy tunes that jingle
In music-halls and restaurants and bars.
What sounds shall smite the air, what vocal *mélée*,
When wails for Itylus shall lead the van,
Fighting (across the way) demands for KELLY,
KELLY from Man!

And, oh! unhappy bride beloved of Proene—
You whom a lurid past forbade to frisk,
Eternally remorseful! now the cockney
Can buy your wood-notes on a metal disc;
Whate’er to ancient Greece you do (or did) owe,
If but the griefs within your bosom pent
Can utterly outmourn the *Merry Widow*,
I am content.

EVOE.

“FORTUNE-TELLING IN THE TEACUP.—Can any reader give instructions in fortune-telling by tea grounds, so that one can tell if they may expect a visitor, letter, present, etc.? Can I get a book with directions?—*FRANK*.”—*Farm, Field, and Fireside*.

Yes, you *can*, but it requires a very tricky combination of tea-grounds. It is much easier to get a visitor or a letter.

“Biscuit foreman wanted; to take entire charge of a small plant.”—*Advt. in “Scotsman.”*

We know several gardeners prepared to take entire charge of a small biscuit.



THE ARCH-DRUID OF DOWNING STREET.

A Musical Correspondent at the Bisteddofod writes.—"Mr. Lloyd George then obliged with 'Land of My Fathers.' The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his rendition of the famous Land song, gave its full site value to every note."

ANOTHER OPEN LETTER TO MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

THE subjoined would appear, from internal evidence, to have reached our office in mistake for that of a distinguished contemporary. Mr. Punch, however, whose politics are above question or party, has pleasure in publishing it, with the usual reservations, as a striking instance of—

(a) Yet another once-flourishing industry ruined by the most predatory Government of modern times: or

(b) The grumbling of a discredited Tory minority (according to the taste and fancy of the reader).

SIR,—Permit me respectfully to call your attention to an especially sad case (my own) whose present unfortunate position is directly due to the iniquitous measure associated with your name; though so far it has not, I believe, received even the consolation of publicity. Know then, Sir, that, as an occasionally literary man, it has been my custom, for many successive Augusts, to address, at the beginning of that month, some signed communication of general interest to the hospitable columns of a morning journal, which it would be superfluous for me, in this place, further to particularize. As these communications are invariably of such a nature as to evoke sufficient replies to last, with care, for two pages daily throughout the entire vacation, I have been in the habit of receiving, at its conclusion, a generous pecuniary reward from the grateful editor whom it has thus been my pleasure to serve. For this autumn, helped perhaps by the recent spells of wet weather, so conducive to composition, I had prepared a selection of topics of an exceptionally promising and provocative character, ranging in extent from queries such as "Should Women Aviate?" to "Is Food Dangerous?" In short, I had every reason to look forward to a remunerative season; and my small but deserving family, whose annual holiday by the sea is in great measure financed by my productive pen, were already anticipating the delights of salubrious Southend, when what, Sir, do I find? That paper to which I have already referred, whose chivalrous welcome was ever (in August) extended to the down-trodden and the verbose, is already filled, well-nigh from cover to cover, with real letters from real people on a real grievance. Sir, I need say no more. "You take away the means by which I live" (SHAKESPEARE). For this year at least, an indignant family must go without their ozone, because "the money to provide it remains un-

POPULAR SONG ILLUMINATED.



"SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND—"



"—WHERE HER YOUNG HERO SLEEPS (ETCETERA, ETCETERA, ETCETERA)."

earned, and unearnable, increment. This is what your so-called land valuation scheme has done for

Yours despairingly, A SIDE-VICTIM.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

[“To a certain extent every musician is a poet.”—Daily Paper.]

ALL down the street each day he calls
And turns his organ's handle round,
While blatant ditties from the Halls
Throughout this tenement resound.
His garb and trade appear to be
Twin proofs of grinding poverty.

And I have cursed him well * at times.

His music clothes with added pain
The painful task of wrenching rhymes
Out of a none too fertile brain;
I weep to think how often “Yip-i-adly” ’s given me the pip.

But now my anger waxes dim;
He stands quite high in my regard,
Since I can recognize in him
A kindred soul, a brother bard,
To-morrow, when he comes, I think
I'll go and offer him a drink.

HINTS ON YACHTING.

To own a yacht—think of it! A yacht of your very own, riding proudly at anchor in Mudsea Bay—tugging at her headstall, as it were, waiting for you to mount and, spurning the angry waves, to round the Noro on her, and be as ill as you like. If you are a true Briton, the call of the sea will come one morning in your life—on a Thursday, perhaps—and you will calmly inform your wife at breakfast that you are thinking of buying a small yacht.

Having chosen the kind of craft you can afford, you should pay for it, and immediately splice the main brace—but don't overdo it. Splice it once, and have done with it.

Let us now assume the yacht chosen, paid for, the main sprice blaced, the sheets well aired, the white sales over, and all mouseholes stopped, and everything is ready to put her in commission.

In Commission.—This ceremony need not deter the ardent yachtsman. It can be performed on, say, the first fine Saturday afternoon. Of course, you are going to make a week-end of it, and you can take the Bounderby with you—if they will go. They will; so with

your new yachting cap, at the coveted angle, one hand upon the tiller and the other at your mouth, you shout, "Let go that painter, Bounderby!" and, hey presto! the thing is done—providing Bounderby knows what you mean, and does it. Then with a "Yo, heave ho!" your craft slips over the shinting waters, and Mudsea, flashing like a jewel in the sun, lies under your lee. The call of the sea has now got thoroughly into your blood, and you don't care if it snows.

Setting the Dog Watch.—This expression seems to have got warped with age. But the dogs must be set to watch, as there are a lot of tramps knocking around at sea. Turn this job over to Bounderby, and sleep till eight bells, or when your wife says breakfast is ready. Avoid hot ham.

Boxing the Compass.—This is

splendid exercise, all contests being under B. of T. rules. (See also Spars.)

Spanker.—On second thoughts, don't bother about this. She is probably doing her best, and isn't used to cooking over a slush lamp.

Peak Halyards.—Oh, those peak halyards! How many a gallant mainsail has been lost for want of a few peak halyards. Take plenty of them. Fill your pockets with them.

On the Port Tack.—With strong-soled canvas shoes on, this should not be very painful, but if your feet are in "the altogether" at the moment remember that you are not at home, and that Mrs. Bounderby was strictly brought up.



VIRGINIBUS PLUVIISQUE.

"SHALL WE STOP NOW, DO YOU THINK?"

"WELL, P'KAYS WE'D BETTER. THE NIGHT'S GETTING A BIT THICKY."

Cleats.—These are her (the yacht's) hairpins, and will be found all over the place, after the manner of these feminine necessities.

Becalmed.—If this should happen on Monday morning, it will be deucedly awkward, especially if you are five miles from anywhere, and simply must catch the next train to town, which leaves Mudsea in fourteen minutes. There are two alternatives, so aptly expressed by Sir Peter Peary, the great amateur yachtsman, in five words, "Get on, or get out." As, obviously, it is impossible to get on, you must get out and push the silly thing.

Putting the Yacht out of Commission.—This is the easiest possible matter. You will probably not be on speaking terms with the Bounderbys by the time you have warped up at Mudsea, or have rowed ashore, or have

got off, landed, gone ashore or otherwise disembarked, as lawyers would say. This being so, and an immediate start for the station being imperative, the yacht is left to herself and the ceremony is complete. The subsequent transference of the *Saucy Susan* or the *Pretty Polly* to her former owner at half-price is another story.

AN ELEMENT OF DISCORD.

It was a big crowd. Any Cabinet Minister would have been proud to address it. I stood on the outskirts near a young man with a cigarette, a buttonhole, and a flexible cane, also a girl next to the cane. Near me was a stout person with a way of nodding his head triumphantly when attracted by something the speaker said, or shaking it in a menacing manner when he disagreed, and looking sternly at the orator as a man taking advantage of an audience unendowed with his particular critical capacity. He had on one of those hats which are not really top hats though lofty in stature, and are not correctly speaking bowlers, but rank in the social scale between the two, and belong either to Prime Ministers

who look like butlers or butlers who are mistaken by romantic and foolish people for Prime Ministers, which is hard on the butlers.

"Had him there," said the dignified gentleman, with the air of a man who has foreseen the inevitable, and hopes he does not appear wiser than his fellows.

The young man with the cane smiled confidentially, and sent a cloud of smoke down his nostrils, showing very clearly how little the argument weighed with him.

"Wot d'yer say?" asked a simple-looking little man in a dirty frock coat and soiled collar.

The dignified gentleman stared at him coldly.

"I said—he—had—him—there," he repeated slowly and turned away. It was very decisive.

"Where?" asked the new-comer in the voice of one craving for knowledge. "Where? That's what I want to know. Where?" He smiled.

"I suppose you think that's funny," said the dignified gentleman sourly.

The orator paused and eyed one part of his audience with some annoyance.

"If you want to 'ear yerselves talkin', go away," he said; and a murmur of approval ran round the crowd.

The dignified gentleman began to explain.

"Now stow it," interposed the orator. "Jest becose you sport an Aunt Sally 'at you think you can put in yer spoke where it ain't wanted."

We all looked ashamed, except the new-comer.

"Wot 's the matter with his 'at?" he asked indignantly, and criticisms were audible from all parts of the audience.

"I like it," said the new-comer stoutly, like a man prepared to defend a lost cause.

"I don't care tuppence for his 'at," cried the orator furiously. "wot I was sayin' was—"

"It's a darned sight better nor your 'at," resumed the new-comer, and turned with an encouraging smile to the dignified gentleman.

But the latter had vanished.

"Wot I was saying was this—wot we want is not opportunity, rightly speakin', or hideals—"

"Ear, 'ear!" from the new-comer with profound satire.

"Hideals," continued the speaker, ignoring him; "it's more than that—it's *power* we want."

There was a dramatic pause.

"Yus, it's *power* we want—I tell yer it's *power* we want—er—" (he coming a little confused and eyeing the new-comer desperately)—"it's *power*—"

The new-comer raised his voice.

"Yer wrong, Mister," he cried in a spirited fashion.

The orator turned helplessly upon him. We all waited expectantly.

"It's ideas yer want," screamed the new-comer triumphantly; and as rats are said to forsake a sinking ship so the throng began to melt away and disappear.

The sun was setting, grey shadows crept over the Park. The orator unfolded his stand in a moody silence.

I looked for the new-comer. He was nowhere to be seen. Then in the distance I heard his shrill, plaintive voice. As I passed another gathering, homeward bound, I caught a glimpse of an authority on Tariff Reform shaking his fist in the direction of the new-comer, whose face wore the look of a man craving for the truth.



Mrs. Jones (who, on quitting French soil, is anxious to use her last chance of encouraging her family to speak the language of the country). "ALLOUS! OU VOUS SREZ GAUCHE DERRIERE!"

THE LAST TEEN.

WHEN I was merely "M or N,"
Engaged in "*douce far niente*"
(Meaning I did but little then),
I thirsted for the moment when
I should achieve the years of men
And reach the glorious age of twenty.

Nor had my ardour lessened yet
When I discarded G. A. HENRY,
Learned to indulge without regret
The humours of the cigarette,
And, in a word, contrived to get
Most of the faults that come at twenty.

As leaps the bullet from the bore,
As leaps the matron's bosom when tea
Advances coyly from the door,
So leapt my heart a year before
When I observed how little more
I had to wait ere I was twenty.

But . . . be the years approaching lean
Or be they fat (*deo volente*).
They will not be as this has been.
This last and most delightful teen.
And I shall make a sad, sad scene
On Friday next, when I am twenty.

"The Muscleless Wonder."

"In jest I asked at the booking office for 'a bottle of Bass' and tendered the regular fare, but this joke seemed to be stale for the clerk, without moving a muscle, handed me a ticket with alacrity."—*Kilmorack Standard*.
We shall look out for this clerk at the Hippodrome one day.

"Butcher.—Smart young man, 21, requires driving or walking round."—*Advt. in Daily Chronicle*.
We should prefer one who worked without this form of persuasion.

A RIDING LESSON.

Interior of a Riding-School, a large gloomy oblong building, the floor thickly covered with tan. The Riding-Master, a weary and worn individual in the middle, directing the movements of three flushed, nervously excited lady pupils, mounted, two astride and one sideways, on three bored-to-tears-looking hacks.

Riding-Master. Now, ladies, I shall call you No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3. Walk your 'orses round the school. Sit straight in your saddles. 'Ands down and 'eads up! Bodies erect and HEAVY! *(Intones)* W-A-L-K!

[They do so, swaying easily in their saddles, but betraying their inexperience by constantly adjusting the reins in their fingers and their feet in the stirrups.]

No. 2 (pretty, learning to ride astride because her mamma has her eye on a sporting fiancé). I'm sure my horse is vicious, he keeps tossing his head in a most inconvenient manner.

No. 1 (riding side-saddle because she has a good figure). Tiresome creature! I'm so pleased you think my coat fits all right. It ought to, I had it built at Dobbin's.

No. 3 (stout but timid, taking lessons for her weight and paying for them out of her own pocket). I wish we could walk all the time. It feels so nice and safe. But I hope he'll notice we're starting ten minutes late and won't give us a short lesson. Each minute costs money.

Riding-Master. No. 2, you're 'anging on to your curb. No. 1, your left shoulder's stickin' out again. No. 3, try to remember your 'orse's mouth isn't cast hiron. Now we'll try the trot. Are you ready? *(Intones)* T-R-O-T!

[All clutch their reins tightly and bump painfully in their saddles, with set and suffering expressions on their faces.]

No. 2. Do got on a bit faster! I shall run into you if you don't.

No. 1. I can't, this creature doesn't take any notice of the cane.

No. 2. Dig your heels into him!

[No. 1 obeys, and promptly loses her stirrups.]

No. 3. Oh dear! Oh dear! This dreadful jarring may be good for my liver, but I'm sure it's bad for my spine!

Riding-Master. One, two—grip! One, two—grip! One, two—grip! No. 1, you must keep your stirrups by a light and easy play of the hinstop and hankle. Oh, yes, you can if you try. No. 3, don't come down so 'cavy—you're rising too 'igh. No. 2, don't 'old your reins so tight. I want you just to "feel your horse's mouth."

No. 1 (to *Riding-Master*). May I have another horse, please? This one has got such a cold. I nearly go over his head every time he sneezes.

Riding-Master. It's grip you want, not another horse, Miss. *(Intones)* Grip! Grip! Grip! GRIP! GRIP! G-R-I-P! No. 3, you're all over your saddle again.

No. 3 (pathetically). I can't help it: it's so slippery this morning.

Riding-Master. You're riding too "long," that's what it is.

No. 3 (aside). Good gracious! I've barely had half an hour yet! I know he wants to skimp my time. (To *Riding-Master*) Oh, no; I'm all right, really, thank you.

Riding-Master (intones). R-I-G-H-T I-N-C-L-I-N-E!

[The pupils blunder into each other.]
No. 1 (to No. 2). There! That was your fault. You jagged your wrong rein.

No. 2. I didn't! I jagged the left one.

No. 1. Well, the left is the wrong one.

No. 2. It may be for you, you're astride—but it's different for me. I'm sideways.

No. 3. Oh, do get out of the way—I shall be off in a moment! My horse won't stop, I've no influence over him at all.

Riding-Master. 'ALT! 'ALT! Very bad indeed. No. 3, why do you go hon when I tell you to 'alt? *(Picks up and returns sundry combs and hair ribbons to their panting owners, and makes them do it over again.)* That's better—much better. Now, ladies, we'll try the canter. Don't rise in your saddles. Sit down as if you're in harm-chairs, and when I say "Canter," raise your 'orse's fore hand.

No. 2. What does he mean by that?

Riding-Master. No. 3, let your feet go "home."

No. 3 (emotionally). Oh, I wish I could afford to!

Riding-Master. C-A-N-T-E-R!

[Horses amble dejectedly round the School in a slow canter, indifferent to their burdens of squeaks, feminine cries, and heavy thuds.]

No. 1. Heavens—my—hair's—coming—down!

No. 3. So—am—I! Oh—oh—I'm being bumped to death!

No. 2 (safely supported by pommel). Isn't it glorious? *(To No. 1)* Aren't you enjoying it, dear?

No. 1. Yes—(bump)—rather!—(bump)—if I can only—(bump)—get round this corner—(bump)—without losing my pedals—(bump).

No. 3. My hat's gone! Oh—I've had enough! I can't bear any more; I must tell him so!

[Glances at clock—sees there is still five minutes more to go, and heroically determines to stick it.]

Riding-Master. 'ALT! That will do, ladies.

[Whistles loudly, and grooms run in and sympathetically assist pupils to alight.]

No. 3 (tottering after the others, with a frenzied look on her white face). We've had three minutes short time again! It isn't fair, he ought to be spoken to about it.

Riding-Master. Good morning, ladies. You've done very well. Next time you two astride pupils must take your foot out of your stirrups and cross them on your horse's neck.

No. 1 (looking back aghast at No. 3 as they enter the dressing-room). How awful! Did you hear what he said?

No. 3 (desperately, collapsing into a chair). Yes—I heard.

No. 1. But I shall never be able to do it as long as I live. Shall you?

No. 3 (with a groan). No—but that can't be very long at this rate. Oh! why wasn't I satisfied with my size?

TO AN ELECTRIC KETTLE.

You are a kettle still in shape and name,
Though tethered now with insulated wire,
And if, perforce, your brightness I admire
Unsullied as it is by smoke and flame,
Yet am I bound to say that all the same
I much preferred you in the drab attire
You wore when Polly put you on the fire,
And thereby won you both immortal fame.

Yet still you sing, perhaps with louder pitch,
And songs unnumbered ceaselessly provide
When, summoned by an unromantic switch,
Continuous currents through your being glide.
Should I too sing more often and grow rich
If haply I might be electrified?

A SON OF MARS.

THE Colonel is a scarred, chipped veteran and, properly speaking, he belongs to our reserves. James and I purchase three shining beautiful new balls apiece every day, but they do not take kindly to actual service conditions, and sooner or later one of us is certain to call the grand old fellow out, and send him, as far as is possible, to the front. I have sometimes suggested that we should score, not by holes, but by number of balls up at the end of the round; there are so many places on this course where a young feather-brained article is apt to lose its head and go wrong. Of these places, the two worst, I think, are the oat-field at the third, whose proprietor I suspect of holding rubber shares, and the coppice at the ninth (it is called a coppice on the map at the club-house, but James and I have found quite a lot of other names for it). At any rate, it is at these two holes that we have sunk most capital; I, because of the strong sea wind and the disgusting lies—herbal inexactitudes, I mean—of the course; James through his rank bad play. The Colonel, however, though he has roughed it such a lot and knows almost every blade of grass on the links, has somehow survived, and yesterday he achieved the crowning triumph of his career. I was unusually unlucky, and pulled my tee-shot at the third into the oat-field and my brassy at the ninth into the coppice. Later on, at the sixteenth I hit a very fine long cleek shot just over the brow of the cliff. This a very difficult thing to do against the wind. My caddy and I both ran to the spot instantly, and heard a piteous squeaking that proceeded from a clump of gorse. This, however, turned out to be, not (as we had fondly hoped) the lamentations of my ball, but those of a young rabbit which was being butchered by a stoat.

So the Colonel was requisitioned once again on the seventeenth tee. He deployed rapidly to the right at first, and then, after a brief reconnaissance in the heather, entrenched himself strongly behind the bunker guarding the green. I lost that hole and was one down. The eighteenth demands a straight high drive of about 150 yards over a nasty patch of furze, and always into a head wind. James played a nice straight shot along the carpet that gallantly skirted the ladies' sand-box and went light-heartedly on into the undergrowth. "This," I said to the Colonel as I put him in station and gave him his sealed orders, "will certainly be your last campaign." Then I swung. The Colonel soared



Spartan Mother. "WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR?"
Slung Hero (who has been taught never to cry for bodily pain). "OH, I IVE SAT DOWN ON A BEE, AND—I'M NO AFRAID I MUST HAVE HURT IT!"

up straight and high, and passed rapidly beyond what poets would have called our ken. We searched high and low for him to left and right of the green, and even beyond it, where there is a fatuous and unprintable briar-bed. Then by chance James's caddy went up to the hole and looked into it—and there the grand old warrior lay literally clasp ing the flag to his breast.

He did a lot of pedestrian work (for a Colonel) while he served with the colours, but now that he has retired,

James and I are going to have him mounted. He was always something more than an ordinary Colonel, and we speak of him reverently now as The Nut.

Spaniels.—For sale, three healthy dog of B high, practically new, including tilt, price £8 10s. —*Advt. in "West Sussex Gazette."*

Just the thing when you're shooting under dogs.

"Coach painter seeks constancy."
Advt. in "Birmingham Daily Post."
 Ah, where can you find it nowadays?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

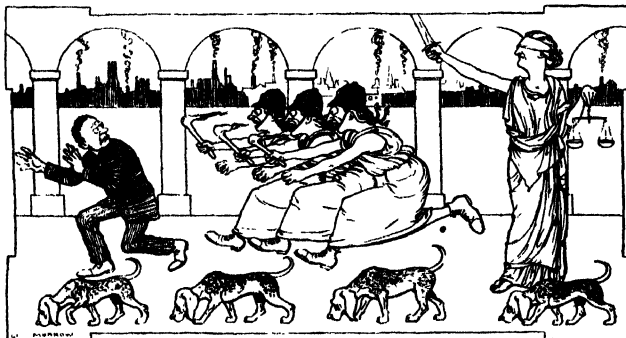
I HATE to have to confess it, but I am afraid that when Mr. FINBERG's book, *Turner's Sketches and Drawings* (METHUEN), came to me, it must have felt rather contemptuous. Mr. FINBERG has used these masterpieces of TURNER's as the starting points of many valuable and interesting journeys of conjecture, based on "the problem of the relation between form and content, between treatment and subject, between portrayal and portrayed." On most of these journeys I followed him happily enough, though at times it was heavy going; but at length I came upon this sentence: "If the work of art as operative is nothing but a connection of content, it can rely upon no other driving force than that of systematic rationality." When I read that, I realised that the book must have been laughing at me in its sleeve. I seemed to hear it saying, "Thought you knew something about TURNER, did you?" Well, I'm certain I'm not the only one. However, even if that sentence, and others similar, did not add much to the genuine enjoyment I got from the book, it will be very useful to me in other ways. It will be priceless next winter when airmen are weather-bound and table-talk flags.

Alfred Allington, the hero of *The Lost Halo* (METHUEN) and the son of a small boot-maker, was, at the age of twenty or so, preaching to the Bible Independents of Little Field Street on "Man's Nearness to God," and to his sister on the danger and sin of hypocrisy. So far *Alf's* hal- be said to have been too large for his head, but after he had written a book—which he wished to call "I and my God." I am sorry to say that his head was too swollen for his halo. Indeed so suddenly did he lapse that, already an epicure in emotions, he became also an epicure in wine. In those days even his materially-minded sister was shocked at him, but on recovering from his excesses (and very little was too much for him) he started on such a desperate game of Hunt-the-Halo that he upset many plans and people. We leave him on the way to join "a religious body with monastic aims," and as nothing except champagne inclined him to matrimony, I think that perhaps it was time for him to withdraw from ordinary society. Mr. PERCY WHITE is not at the top of his form in this novel, but he has drawn his characters with so much sympathy that I almost wish that there had been a final election to a Haloship. *Alf*, however, had to be less bibulous before he could be really biblical.

The Fortune Hunters (MURRAY) and the twelve short stories included in the same volume, having for the most part appeared already, might better have been allowed now for the most part to disappear. Their easy style and rare touches of very happy humour do not justify their reproduction. In Venice knaves compete to marry money and

are thwarted; in India and Scotland men see mysterious things which are not there; in England and Wales the course of love, after some hitches and a little delay, runs smoothly enough. In Cairo and elsewhere practical jokes are played in comical disguises. When so wide an area is covered, it would need the perfect cosmopolitan to check the accuracy of all the local detail, but even I know that "coolees" are generally spelt with an "i," and that "sirnaines" are not worn among the educated classes. Of Miss VIOLET JACON the old schoolmasters of my past would have reported that "she shows considerable ability but lacks application." I appropriate their phrase, and add that if she will take more trouble in future, will give less play to her easy knack of writing conventional short stories and more work to her good observation and imagination, she may count me in advance among her regular readers.

Verity Lads (WERNER LAURIE) professes to be a series of letters written by a Yorkshire boy of eleven, the son of a small shopkeeper, and somehow that gives it for me an air of unreality. Boys of eleven, though they may have all the mischief and ingenuity and ingenuousness and imagination of young *Harry Verity*, are not generally so capable of putting these things on paper. Still, perhaps in Yorkshire—my experience is limited—the young idea shoots earlier than elsewhere into phraseology of an undeniable quaintness and descriptive value. If you can accept this as a hypothesis (and, after all, why shouldn't you?) I can recommend Mr. KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN'S book as a very pleasant entertainment.



FRESCOS FOR PUBLIC BUILDINGS. — II. SCOTLAND YARD.

"JUSTICE LETTING LOOSE THE FURIES ON THE TRACK OF CRIME."

A MARCHING TOMMY'S APPEAL.

WHEN we used to straggle all acrost the way
(Same as droves o' sheep and pigs and cattle go),
Till the officers called, "Hi!
Let that motor-car go by,"
You might 'oot an' 'oot, but 'ad to run dead slow.

But now we keeps so careful to the left,
That you're able on your "Third" to thunder by,
Showerin' dust when it is 'ot,
Scatterin' mud when it is not—
Which is bad for our complexions, wet or dry.

So when we go foot-sloggin', toe and 'eel,
When we leg it, tramp, tramp, trampin' down the road,
If you'll keep your gear to "First"
You'll be blest instead o' cursed,
And 'ave done a bit to ease the soldier's load.

Commercial Candour.

"Having bought the pick of the market, I am determined to regain the confidence of my customers after 34 years' standing."
From a catalogue.

CHARIVARIA.

SEVERAL thousand sets of artificial teeth were stolen last week from the premises of the Invicta Teeth Manufacturing Company. For some time past burglars have been complaining of the difficulty of negotiating prison food, and here, possibly, may be found the explanation of the theft.

MR. PIERPONT MORGAN is having an edition of the catalogue of his miniatures reproduced in colour on vellum, and will present one copy to each of the crowned heads of Europe. One can understand now why Prince Danilo of Montenegro was so anxious to become a king.

In Sunday Paper circles surprise is being expressed that, at the sale of Dr. CRIPPER'S furniture, nothing was acquired for the nation.

The preparations for a General Strike are described as "A new Trade Union Step." Suggested title for this new Step:—"The *Pas de Patroism*."

"DEPARTURE OF AUSTRALIA'S FIRST DESTROYERS," runs a headline in a contemporary. We trust that they may prove to be not her destroyers but her saviours.

In California prehistoric human skeletons have been found with distinct traces of horns. Alas, my poor father!

Next year, it is announced, there will be held in London the first Universal Races Congress. It will take place, we suppose, in the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush.

There's some talk of SHAKSPEARE'S *Tempest* being produced entirely by child actors. Will its name, we wonder, be changed for the occasion to *A Storm in a Tea-Cup*?

A Yorkshire tailor, *The Express* tells us, has just completed a house which he has built entirely himself. He drew the plans, dug the foundations, prepared the stone, and executed all the brickwork, joinery, painting, plastering, and slating in his spare time. More remarkable still, it is said that he is going to live in it.

"The elderly woman of to-day," says *The Gentlewoman*, "is chic." That, we suppose, is as near as she can get to being chick.

We hesitated to believe the rumour that in the coming season all smart coats for ladies will have pockets, for we could see nothing absurd in this new fashion. The report, however, is turning out to be true, but the pockets, it seems, must on no account be used

last week from a shop High Holborn.

"Yes," said the untiring parish worker, "I had a difficulty in getting enough mothers to come to my Mothers' Meeting, so I invited a number of unmarried girls as well, and called them 'Probationers.'"

"A locust of the species found in Egypt has been captured," we read, "at Newton Abbot." This reflects great credit on the local constabulary, and we trust that any extradition proceedings will be strenuously resisted.



A MOVING APPEAL.

Tenant of New Flat (exultantly). "THERE'S NO DOUBT THESE TOP FLOORS ARE THE HEALTHIEST."
Remover's Man (humbly). "YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR. 'IGH AN' DRY, AS THE SAYIN' GOES. 'IGH AN' DRY, SIR.'"

or they will make the costume look baggy.

A large pike, known to almost every angler in the Wigston district of Leicestershire, which has been hooked and has escaped on numerous occasions, was captured at Kilby Bridge last week. The authorities are now being asked, in the interests of sport, to place another fish in local waters.

Winter is almost on us—and wise men realise it. About twenty overcoats were stolen by housebreakers

Royal sport indeed! Says a *Morning Leader* telegram.

"After three days' successful shooting Kaiser Wilhelm yesterday left the Archduke Frederick's Hungarian estate. It is said that the Kaiser was greatly satisfied with his sport, his most successful shot being a *stag of twenty antlers*." The italics are ours: the trophy the Emperor's—perhaps.

Streets Worth Walking Up.

DEAR MR PUNCH, My friend William reports to me from Northern France as below, and I pass the information on to you for what it is worth.

In the first place he has discovered a street, but has forgotten where, in which the houses are numbered One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten, Knave, Queen, King. I hope you will be kind enough to give him credence. I, knowing him, do not.

The second piece of information is verified by full particulars. "In Rouen," he declares, "I have seen with my own eyes and traversed with my own boots La Rue d'Hopital. First came the hospital, then a cemetery, then a stone-mason who specialised in gravestones, then a florist who specialised in wreaths, then a stationer who specialised in mourning cards, and last and least obtrusive was a café. The name of this last was Café de la Consolation."

YOUR INCREDULOUS CORRESPONDENT.

The Hope of His Side.

"Capt. Morrison has a powerful and steady forward stroke which resulted in his securing a number of brilliant leg byes and n. iden overs."
The Lancet & Daily Post.

FORM IV.

[Extract from specimen Return showing how some of the questions should be answered.]

Particulars extracted from the Rate Book.

Parish.	St. George's, Suburbia.
Name of Occupier.	John Smith.
Description of Property.	House.
Situation of Property.	9, Bandersnatch Avenue.

Particulars required by the Commissioners.

Parish or Parishes in which the Land is situated.	Lloyd George's—I mean St. George's, Suburbia.
Name of Occupier.	John Smith (as above).
Christian Name and full postal address of the person making the Return.	Still John Smith (as above), 9, Bandersnatch Avenue, Suburbia (as above).
Nature of Interest of the person making the Return in the Land.	A puzzled surprise.

Whether Freehold, Copyhold, or Leasehold.	Leasehold.
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If Leasehold, term of lease and date of commencement.	There you have me. I quite forget.
Name and precise situation of the Land.	9, Bandersnatch Avenue (as above). Turn down by the "Red Lion" and it's the fourth house on the left, opposite the lamp-post.

Description of the Land, with particulars of the buildings and other structures (if any) thereon, and the purposes for which the property is used.	Gravelly and very dry, except the paths, which are muddy and wet. One house, one cycle shed, and the greater part of a cucumber frame. House used for eating and sleeping and shelter from rain (partial only in case of attics); cucumber frame as retreat for cats; garden for the benefit of the gardener.
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If the person making the Return is also the Occupier, state the Annual Value.	That depends upon whether you want to buy it or to assess me at the amount declared.
---	--

Amount of Land Tax (if any) and by whom borne.	Am not certain, but I know most things are borne by me
--	--

Amount of Tithe Rent-charge or of any payment in lieu of Tithes and by whom borne.	One shilling in offertory for Clergy Fund, borne by my wife.
--	--

Whether all usual Tenants' Rates and Taxes are borne by the Occupier.	Yes, and more.
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By whom is the cost of repairs, insurance, and other expenses necessary to maintain the Property, borne?	Me; but why rub it in?
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Whether the Land is subject to any:—

(i.) Fixed Charges.	No; the charges appear to rise every year.
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(ii.) Public Rights of Way.	Access to front-door for visitors and postmen, to back-door for tradesmen and tax-collectors.
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(iii.) Public Rights of User.	As a depository of rubbish from neighbouring gardens.
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(iv.) Right of Common.	Pasturage for a large number of cats, snails, etc.
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(v.) Easements affecting the Land.	The armchair in which my wife sat on the grass-plot has made four holes in it.
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(vi.) Covenant or Agreement restricting the use of the Land, and, if so, the date when made.	My wife has promised not to put the chair on the grass again when the ground is soft. Last Saturday, after the rain.
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Observations.	[These are suppressed. Ed.]
Does the person making the Return own the minerals comprised in the Land?	Partly: the shilling I lost somewhere in the garden is mine, but not the sardine tins.

If so, state:—(a) Whether the minerals were, on 30 April, 1909, comprised in a mining lease, or being worked by the proprietor.	One of the sardine tins must have been opened about that date.
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(b) Whether the minerals are now comprised in a mining lease or being worked by the proprietor.	Would gladly lease or sell them; at present am working them into the soil as far as possible.
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If not, state the name and address of the proprietor of the minerals.	Not certain, but I strongly suspect that the sardine tins belong to Jones at No. 8.
---	---

Signature of person making this Return.	John Smith (don't you want my address again?)
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Rank, Title, or Description.	Medium height; well proportioned; hair slightly grey since filling in this form.
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WILD-GEESE.

THEY're shy as the otter, they're shy as the fox,
They're worse to approach than the craftiest hind,
You may freeze on the fore-shore or crouch on the rocks,
You may soak in the sea-fog or wait in the wind,
Though their magical music will give you no peace,
Yet your bag shall go empty, for aren't they wild-geese?

Honk-honk, honk-honk, the distant voices clank it;
The wet retriever trembles at your knee;

For he hears the lone notes falling,
Where the long grey tides are crawling,
Through the shouting West-wind's buffets or the dripping fog's chill blanket,
As the wild geese come shoreward from the sea!

You may stalk them at sundown, at dawning's first flame,
They've ears for the wariest, softest of treads,
And, stook-time or snow-time, the end is the same—
A picket gives warning and up go their heads;
Yes, your boots (wet as sponges in spite of their grease)
You may wear to brown paper in chasing wild geese!

Yet still, *Honk-honk*, a northern charm shall fold you,
Though Shot shall shake the raindrops from his sides,
Though you catch the drifting clamour
Through the sleet squall's sting and hammer,
Still the flight shall work its magic and the breathless stalk shall hold you,
When the grey geese come calling off the tide!



"HAD I ADDRESSED MY FRIENDS WITH HALF THE ZEAL
THAT I ADDRESS MY BALL ———"

FRITOWNS 1910

THE. IMPEACHMENT OF WOLSEY BY HIS HEADSTRONG FOLLOWERS.

A SUGGESTED ADDITION, BY THE RESTLESS TORY PRESS, TO THE TUDOR SCENES
NOW BEING PAINTED FOR THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



Fond Mother (whose children have been to an afternoon party). "ARE THE CHILDREN BACK?"

Butler. "YES, MY LADY; BUT THEY HAVE BEEN UPSET."

Fond Mother. "GOOD HEAVENS! IN THE PONY CART!"

Butler. "NO, MY LADY, THEIR—FR—THEIR DIGESTIVE FUNCTIONS."

TO THE FOLLIES.

WHEN life seems drear and hollow,
When Fortune wears a frown,
I haste to the Apollo
And plank my money down.
Outside the tempest volleys
Against uplifted brollies;
I care not, for the Follies
Are back in London town.

PÉLISSIER, prince of "potters,"
You earn our grateful thanks—
You and your fellow plotters,
Co-partners in your pranks—
For slating smart inanity,
Or Fashion's last insanity,
Or histrionic vanity,
Or madness *à la* Manx.

At times you're Cory bantic,
Then for a change you choose
To illustrate romantic
Or sentimental views,
Till pipes grow esoteric,
Potatoes atmospheric,
And haggises hysterical,
When bidden by your Muse.

From introspective thinking
In any minor key,
Good SYDNEY, grimly blinking,
You set my spirit free.
If laughing makes one fatter,
Then list'ning to your chatter,
O very harebrained hatter,
Has added pounds to me.

Nor must my brief laudations
Omit the genial DAN;
Or HARVEY's imitations,
Framed on a novel plan:
Or BEN, that priceless super,
Moustachioed like a trooper,
Who plays like MARGARET COOPER
Were she a superman.

"'Twould need the fire of Uriel
To hymn your female stars,
For MURIEL's most Mercurial,
And GWENNIE's surnamed MARS.
O GWENNIE, you're a miracle
Of mimicry satirical,
Yet, when your mood is lyrical,
There's not a note that jars.

There's ETHEL, quick and clever,
With laughter all afroth,

And EFFIE, cook who never
Spoiled anybody's broth.
And all these stars who sprinkle
The dome of Folly, twinkle
With ev'ry knowing wrinkle
To lure the human moth

Hail, merriest of mummors!
When drowsily resigned
To over-dripping summers
And life's unceasing grind
When worried by the wrecker
Who rules o'er the Exchequer,
You only raise my pecker
And mollify my mind.

"The ways of the printer are as 'peculiar' as those of a historic character of Brit Harts'. I spoke last week of *the judge* in connection with a burning question of local administration. The 'comp' put an 'f' for a 'j' and made it amusingly different."—*Wiltshire Chronicle*.

Who supplied the "d"? (We mean the one in *judge*—not the subsequent ones.)

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has been killing an adder. He has hitherto reserved his vengeance for subtractors.

HOLIDAY TIME.

VI.—A LITTLE CRICKET FOR AN ENDING.

WE came back from a "Men Only" sail to find Myra bubbling over with excitement.

"I've got some news for you," she said, "but I'm not going to tell you till dinner. Be quick and change."

"Bothers, she's going to get married," I murmured.

Myra gurgled and drove us off.

"Put on all your medals and orders, Thomas," she called up the stairs; "and, Archie, it's a champagne night."

"I believe, old fellow," said Simpson, "she's married already."

Half an hour later we were all ready for the news.

"Just a moment, Myra," said Archie. "I'd better warn you that we're expecting a good deal, and that if you don't live up to the excitement you've created you'll be stood in the corner for the rest of dinner."

"She's quite safe," said Dahlia.

"Of course I am. Well, now I'm going to begin. This morning, about eleven, I went and had a bathe, and I met another girl in the sea."

"Horribly crowded the sea is getting nowadays," commented Archie.

"And she began to talk about what a jolly day it was and so on, and I gave her my card—I mean I said, 'I'm Myra Mannering.' And she said, 'I'm sure you're keen on cricket.'"

"I like the way girls talk in the sea," said Archie. "So direct."

"What is there about our Myra," I asked, "that stamps her as a cricketer, even when she's only got her head above water?"

"She'd seen me on land, silly. Well, we went on talking, and at last she said, 'Will you play us at mixed cricket on Saturday?' And a big wave came along and went inside me just as I was saying yes."

"Hooray! Myra, your health."

"We're only six, though," added Archie. "Didn't you swim up against anybody else who looked like a cricketer and might play for us?"

"But we can easily pick up five people by Saturday," said Myra confidently. "And oh, I do hope we're in form; we haven't played for years."

We lost the toss, and Myra led her team out on to the field. The last five places in the eleven had been filled with care: a preparatory school-boy and his little sister (found by Dahlia on the beach), Miss Debenham (found by Simpson on the road with a punctured bicycle), Mrs. Oakley (found

by Archie at the station and re-discovered by Myra in the Channel), and Sarah, a jolly girl of sixteen (found by me and Thomas in the tobacconist's, where she was buying *The Sportsman*).

"Where would you all like to field?" asked the captain.

"Let's stand round in groups, just at the start, and then see where we're wanted. Who's going to bowl?"

"Me and Samuel. I wonder if I dare bowl overhand."

"I'm going to," said Simpson.

"You can't, not with your left hand."

"Why not? Hurst does."

"Then I shan't field point," said Thomas with decision.

However, as it happened, it was short leg who received the first two balls, beautiful swerving wides, while the next two were well caught and returned by third man. Simpson's range being thus established, he made a determined attack on the over proper with lobbs, and managed to wipe off half of it. Encouraged by this, he returned with such success to overhand that the very next ball got into the analysis, the batsman reaching out and hitting it over the hedge for six. Two more range-finders followed before Simpson scored another dot with a sneak; and then, at what should have been the last ball, a tragedy occurred.

"Wide," said the umpire.

"But—but I was b-bowling underhand," stammered Simpson.

"Now you've nothing to fall back on," I pointed out.

Simpson considered the new situation. "Then you chaps can't mind if I go on with overhand," he said joyfully, and he played his twelfth.

It was the batsman's own fault. Like a true gentleman he went after the ball, caught it up near point, and hit it hard in the direction of cover. Sarah shot up a hand unconcernedly.

"One for six," said Simpson, and went over to Miss Debenham to explain how he did it.

"He must come off," said Archie.

"We have a reputation to keep up. It's his left hand, of course, but we can't go round to all the spectators and explain that he can really bowl quite decent long hops with his right."

In the next over nothing much happened, except that Miss Debenham missed a sitter. Subsequently Simpson caught her eye from another part of the field, and explained telegraphically to her how she should have drawn her hands in to receive the ball. The third over was entrusted to Sarah.

"So far," said Dahlia half an hour later, "the Rabbits have not shone. Sarah is doing it all."

"Hang it, Dahlia, Thomas and I

discovered the child. Give the credit where it is due."

"Well, why don't you put my Bobby on, then? Boys are allowed to play right-handed, you know."

So Bobby went on, and with Sarah's help finished off the innings.

"Jolly good rot," he said to Simpson, "you're having to bowl left-handed."

"My dear Robert," I said, "Mr. Simpson is a natural base-ball pitcher, he has an acquired swerve at handy, and he is a lepidopterist of considerable charm. But he can't bowl with either hand."

"Cool!" said Bobby.

The allies came out even more strongly when we went in to bat. I was the only Rabbit who made ten, and my whole innings was played in an atmosphere of suspicion very trying to a sensitive man. Mrs. Oakley was in when I took guard, and I played out the over with great care, being morally bowled by every ball. At the end of it a horrible thought occurred to me: I had been batting right-handed! Naturally I changed round for my next ball. (*Movements of surprise.*)

"Hallo," said the wicket-keeper, "I thought you were left-handed; why aren't you playing right?"

"No, I'm really right-handed," I said. "I played that way by mistake just now. Sorry."

He grunted sceptically, and the bowler came up to have things explained to her. The next ball I hit left-handed for six. (*Loud mutters.*)

"Is he really right-handed?" the bowler asked Mrs. Oakley.

"I don't know," she said, "I've never seen him before." (*Sensation.*)

"I think, if you don't mind, we'd rather you played right-handed."

"Certainly." The next ball was a full pitch, and I took a right-handed six. There was an awful hush. I looked round at the field and prepared to run for it. I felt that they suspected me of all the undiscovered crimes of the year.

"Look here," I said, nearly crying, "I'll play any way you like—sideways, or upside down, or hanging on to the branch of a tree, or—"

The atmosphere was too much for me. I trod on my wickets, burst into tears, and bolted to the tent.

* * * * *

"Well," said Dahlia, "we won."

"Yes," we all agreed, "we won."

"Even if we didn't do much of it ourselves," Simpson pointed out, "we had jolly good fun."

"We always have that," said Myra.

THE END.

A. A. M.

A LYING SPIRIT ABROAD.

In vino veritas: but then, you see, George, James and I are teetotalers.

"I remember," said George, though I begged him to forget,—"I remember what a narrow shave my brother Thomas once had of getting married.

"Whether it was done for a jest," George continued, "or because he did not know what else to talk about as they were sitting out between the dances, I don't know, but there is no doubt that Tom said things that might be construed, with a little ingenuity, into an offer of marriage. I should say that Miss Bickerstaff, who had more years than money and whose name (through no fault of her own) was Jane, did not get many opportunities. Anyhow, she took this one, and in a couple of months Tom found himself in church saying all sorts of things he didn't mean. Fortunately for the moment, he found, when they got to the important part, that he had forgotten the ring, so the ceremony had to be put off."

"But . . ." I interrupted.

"No," George shouted me down, "they all thought of that at once, but found it to be impracticable. Besides, there were not any curtains in that church. Anyhow, in another month she made Tom have another try, but this time he was so busy remembering the ring that he forgot all about a parson to officiate, so another adjournment was found necessary. Jane Bickerstaff was determined to go through with it and said she would make one last attempt, this time herself looking after things. And so at the next date everything was in order half-an-hour before time, with ring and parson complete and some spare sections in the vestry in case of accidents. But it was not to be. Old Tom's carelessness was one too many for them, for this time—would you believe it?—he actually went and forgot himself."

"That is a remarkable story," said I, "but it seems to me to want developing in parts. I didn't know you ever had a brother."

"Now I come to think of it," said George, "I don't believe I ever had."

James, who had but recently woken up, now began to open his mouth.

"If it is going to be a yawn," I said, "yawn it by all means. If not, tell us what talking about Jane reminds you of, and let's get through with it."

"I don't suppose either of you fellows," said James, "have ever tried to come up to town from St. Albans by the 9.27 train?"

"But surely it's name wasn't Jane?" I said, reaching for the Bradshaw.



A Voice from the Stairs. "IS THAT SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO SPEAK TO ME, BRIDGET? BRIDGET. 'TIS NOT, MA'AM. 'TIS SOMEWAN WANTS TO HAVE THE WRONG NUMBER."

"I admit that its real name was Mondays Only, but whatever George had said, it was going to remind me of that train. Whether it was the affected art shade of its boiler or because it had once blown a lot of smoke into his signal-box, Henry de la Touche, the signalman at St. Pancras, took a violent dislike to the engine, and nothing would induce him to let it poke its funnel into St. Pancras station. Week by week it used to run up as far as the signal-box, but it never got any further. The engine-driver used to offer de la Touche a couple of nice bits of coal and as much hot water as he wanted, and the guard used to offer him a nice new green flag to play with, if only he would let them

through that once. But, no: de la Touche, who, mark you, was as fond of a green flag as any of us, would never give in and as regular as clock-work that poor old train had to turn round and go distantly back to St. Albans."

"But surely," said I, "that talk, though as homely and as pathetic and in its way as poignant as any I ever heard, cannot be true?"

"Ah, well!" said James, closing his eyes again, "if it cannot be true, it probably isn't."

I see that the reader is surprised to learn that two such liars as George and James ever existed. To tell the truth, they never did.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

OF STAGS AND OTHER GAME.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Here I am, putting in a lovely time, with Bosh and Wee-Wee, deer-stalking. My own friend, it's the game of games, the sport of sports! You've never lived, my Daphne, if you've never stalked!—*bien entendu*, of course, that you're one of the few women who look really fetching in a sporting rig, that your complexion is windproof, and that you've a nice, amusing partner. I don't say I've even seen a deer yet (this is in confidence), but *stalking* them is *divine*.

Lulu Mainwaring and I take cover behind some bushes or something on the hillside or somewhere, you know,—he holds both the rifles because I find mine a bit of a bore in more ways than one,—and sometimes we peep round the bushes to look for the game, and sometimes we forget to, and we talk all sorts of absurdities in whispers (it's *de rigueur* to whisper when you're stalking, or the deer will hear you).

Lulu is such a funny boy; so deliciously hopeless about himself and everybody else; so lively in a melancholy way, and so melancholy in a lively way; and so grateful to me for taking any trouble with him! I find him quite an interesting study. Then his eyes are just a little bit remarkable. I don't know *even now* whether they're grey or brown! At lunch we all talk *deer*—how far they can see and hear and sniff, how to manage the wind, and how to get near the beasts. Narty said he should adopt the Indian method, so as to get close up to the game, and disguise himself as an animal they're not afraid of. He says he shall come out to-morrow on all fours, got up as a sheep. "Why not come as an ass?" said Lulu. "No good," said Narty; "there's one of *those* on the premises already!"

Joshua has been going on in the old sweet way, forbidding everything and disapproving of everything else. You'd hardly believe, my dearest, how many 'nerts' an hour he's capable of. Just now his idea is to form a collection of pictures, and he's on a tour through some of the great confidential galleries "to form his taste!" *Isn't that lovely?* He *positively* wanted me to go with him. There's no limit to what these men expect of one. Wasn't it enough that in my innocent youth I was dragged through those galleries, a helpless victim, by my educational pastors and masters!

I gave him, however, a few hints as to how he might recognise some of the

best known masters without the trouble of consulting a guide, printed or otherwise. "If the picture is a woman *horribly* in need of corsets and pearl-powder," I told him, "it's RUBENS. If it's cows, it's CUYP; and if there's so much sunset light that you can't see *what it is*, it's CLAUDE. If it's a man in a flopping hat or a woman dressed in cardboard, it's VANDYCK. If it's boys with grimy faces and too much teeth, it's MURILLO. If it's hares and poultry standing on their heads among fruit and vegetables, it's WEENIX. If it's so big that you have to walk backwards through several rooms before you can make it out, it's either PAUL VERONESE, TINTORETTO, or SALVATOR ROSA. And if you see a group of people with their mouths wide open and no speculation in their eyes, it's a dead cert they're looking at a RAPHAEL or a TITIAN!"

Did I tell you of the sly trick that little cousin of mine, Rosemary, has played on us all? You remember she was with me in town in the summer, and I sent her home thoroughly *well engaged*. Jack Muschamp is a better match than she could have ever *hoped* for;—one of the Monmouthshire Muschamps, with a house in Grosvenor Square and two places in the country. His temper may be a weeny bit peculiar, but he only wanted managing; and, as to what people say about *madness* in the Muschamp family, a great many families have madness in them. Narty was saying the other day that we're *all* mad; the only difference is that some can hide it better than others! And then when everything was going on quite nicely, the day fixed, and the presents beginning to come in, the child gave them the slip at home and she's "o'er the border and awa'" with that young strolling artist who had been making love to her before her people asked me to have her. I'd a long rigmarole from her last week, trying to excuse her runaway match, and raving about their happiness and about love in a cottage, and all sorts of *belises* of that kind. "You absurd little idiot!" I wrote back. "What do you *mean* by writing me all that ricky stuff about love in a cottage? The 20th century knows *nothing* about love in a cottage. That cottage fell down ages and ages ago, child, and they've built a block of flats on the site,—and, I suppose, even *you* will hardly have the face to gush about *love in a cheap flat*!"

I'm just an ittey bit horribly envious of the *coup* Beryl Clarges has succeeded in bringing off. She positively persuaded the powers that be to let her have James Parkinson and Ada Batts,

the chief figures in the Forest Hill murder trial, down at Clarges Park for a week-end. She'd a big crowd to meet them, and everything went with a snap. I'm whipping my brains to think how I can get even with her.

Apropos de Beryl, I hear that, during a flying visit to town lately, for shopping, she was waiting for her car one day outside Fallalérie's, wearing one of the straight, waistless gowns in the new red, and several people came up to her and tried to post letters—in her *mouth*, I suppose: it's quite wide enough! Ever thine, BLANCHE.

MAIL-BAGS.

II—THE POET'S.

Hubert Valentine, Esq.,
119, Cheyne Walk, Ch. Isca.

DEAR SIR,—We have in course of preparation an anthology of English Masterpieces of Verse, which will be published in fortnightly numbers at the popular price of 7d. net, and by means of lavish advertising will reach the home of every peer and peasant in the U.K. This collection will contain gems from the pen of such well-known writers as MESSRS. AUSTIN, BROWNING, BYRON, FRAGON, LONGFELLOW, MILTON, PÉLIS-SIER, SHELLEY, SIMS, etc., etc., and we shall be happy to include your name in the list of authors if you will kindly fill in the enclosed form and return same with your cheque for ten guineas.

Yours faithfully,

THE ABSOLUTE LIMIT
PUBLISHING CO.

N.B.—This offer is open only until the end of the month. Take it now!

(Answer: Mr. Valentine feels himself unworthy of the honour. He suggests that application should be made to his fellow-craftsman, Mr. WILKIE BARD.)

DEAR MR. VALENTINE,—I quite went into raptures over your charming *Songs of the East* when I came across the poems yesterday at my bookseller's. Really, I was almost tempted to buy a copy. What a *great poet* you are! I think people ought to know more about you, so I want you to come and give a recitation to us at my Penny Reading on Saturday evening. Do come! It is quite easy to get here—you only have to change at York and at Morton Peveril, and then a motor-bus runs you from Haddon Bridge to within two miles of the rectory.

I think something light and amusing would be best for the recitation—our people always like that kind of thing,



Highland Postmaster (to party sheltering from rain). "WULL YE NO COME IN OOT O' THE RAIN, YER LEDDYSHIP, AN' I'LL GIE YE A WHEEN POSTCARDS TO READ TO WHILE AWAY THE TIME? THERE'S SOME GAY QUEER ANES BY THE LAST POST!"

and I am sure you could be *really jummy* if you liked to.

Yours very truly,

HENRIETTA McMULLEN.

(Answer: Mr. Valentine regrets that he is confined to the house with a severe attack of melancholia.)

DEAR MR. VALENTINE,—I wept all night over your beautiful *Songs of the East*! Oh, how exquisitely you express your thoughts! What a lovely mind you must have! My poor little manuscript—*Buttercups and Daisies* is the title—seems so paltry in comparison! Will you help me with it and put in some of those delightful little touches of yours? I am sure you could transform it utterly! I am at home to-morrow evening and the evening after! Let me know what time will be convenient! I am longing to have your help! Will you use your great influence to place it for me?

Your very sincere admirer,
LAVINIA BROWN.

(Answer: Mr. Valentine regrets that he is confined to the house with a severe attack of writer's cramp.)

SIR,—Should like to have your name in my autograph collection. Please send six specimens by return, in ready addressed envelope, and oblige,
Yours, etc., SAM SNELLING.

(Answer: Mr. Valentine has pleasure in enclosing six typewritten autographs.)

DEAR SIR,—Hearing you've been writing some songs of the East, I beg to say that if you want real snappy accomps. for them, yours truly is the man. I expect you know I turned out the big panto. successes, "*Won't you be my Goo-Goo-Goo?*" and "*Harriet, aren't you Married Yet?*" and in fact anything with my name to it has got the op. ses. with the managers. On the Oriental lay I'm just dead nuts, and if you do coster songs as well I can make your forch. Terms mod. and satisfaksh. guaranteed. "Prompt, punc. and pally" is the motto of
Yours truly, ALF. DAWKINS,
Composer.

(Answer: Mr. Valentine is afraid that his songs would provide but poor material for Mr. Dawkins' talents.)

THE POET'S PARADISE.

THERE was a time I feared the poet's bays
Were not for me, since rhymes were very coy,
And many an hour of wearisome employ
Left me still searching for the proper phrase.
Blank verse I viewed with reverent amaze,
Too modest to attempt the minstrel boy
In such a metre, lest I might destroy
The pleasure I derived from SHAKESPEARE'S plays.

But now my doubts have all been put to rest.
My Muse and I from half-past ten to five
Labour together daily, unoppressed
By details of technique, for we contrive
Verses that need not rhyme nor scare at all;
We're writing lyrics for the Music Hall.



WILD LIFE ON THE MOORS.

Sportsman (being photographed in the act). "LOOK HERE! EVEN IF IT WILL APPEAR IN ALL THE PAPERS I CAN'T KEEP LIKE THIS MUCH LONGER."

SARAH IN OUR "COLL."

Who would ever have thought to find SARAH in a London music-hall? No one, ten years ago, or even five years ago perhaps—but to-day there is nothing strange about it: nothing "bizarre," as LITTLE TICH, one of the most illustrious of her new colleagues, says of the gas meter in the bath-room. Everything is changing (except SARAH herself), and the Halls are changing most of all. "Indignity" has passed from the actors' dictionary—and a very good thing too—and it is now considered as desirable to delight or thrill an audience that smokes as an audience that (by order of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN) may not. But it was left for SARAH—supreme as ever—to put the crown on the new movement: to supply the Halls with their apotheosis. In spite of the passage of time SARAH is still the greatest star in the Thespian firmament, and SARAH is doing her "turn" at the Coliseum, amid variety performers, twice daily, and filling the House more consistently than it can ever have been filled before. She gives the Second Act of *L'Aiglon*, where the

little Duke of Reichstadt plays with the wooden soldiers. It would be too much to say that SARAH is a realistic youth, but even if she is not altogether *la guerre*, she is *magnifique*, and the audience remains spellbound. And they have had to endure something too before the Great Attraction arrives—at about 4 o'clock and 9.30 o'clock—for if one expects the Balalaika orchestra, it must be admitted that nothing but some very small minnows have been engaged as programme-associates of the great Tritoness.

SWEEP.

AULD Sweep, your muzzle's grey
As the rime at skreigh o' day,
Ye're no fit to tak the brae,
Grass, nor ploo,—
You that wis sae gleg an' bauld,
I' the het an' i' the cauld,—
Ay, ye're wearin' gey an' auld,
Sweep, the noo!

Ye'd come, I ken it fine,
Limpin' far ahint the line,
Sittin' doon at dykes, to whine
Sair perplexed;

Hirplin' on aye, stiff an' lame,
Till the Laird wad pit ye hame,
Wi' the cairt that taks the game,
Maybe vexed!

Ye're deaf an' slaw an' blin',
An' ye're by wi' muir and whin,
Pickin' up or drivin' in,
Brae an' douce;
An' ye're a' rheumatic pains,
Gin the wet gets to your banes,
Sae ye'll need to bide your lanes
Bon the hoose!

The young dog's fleet an' spang,
An' he'll rin the hale day lang,
Yet it's sweir am I to gang
Wantin' you,
For traivel East or West,
Aye the auldest freends is best,
An' ye're alder than the rest,
Sweep, the noo!

"The ship, which cost about £2,500 and was insured for £24,000, belonged to the German Airship Navigation Company."—*Leicester Daily Post*.
That's the way to do business.

Why is an earth-keeping aeroplane like a sulky trout?
Because it won't rise to a fly.



THE PRODIGAL FATHER'S RETURN.

BILL TAFT. "SAY, IF THAT'S POPPA'S NOTION OF 'LITERARY CALM,' I WISH HE'D NEVER COME HOME."

Mr. Roosevelt, replying on September 13 to a request to comment on the Democratic victory in Maine, is reported to have declined, his reason being, "I have just returned from a hygienic tour to steep myself in literary calm."



Cyclist (who has been inadvertently crowded into the ditch by immaculate youth cub-hunting). "I'LL TELL YOUR GOVERNOR NOT TO LET YOU 'AVE THE PONY AGAIN ON NEARLY-CLOSIN' DAY!"

MR. PUNCH'S AUTOGRAPH SALE.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CATALOGUE.

HEWLETT, MAURICE, A.L.S., to JOHN SENHOUSE, Esq.

... I doubt if after all I can allow Sanchia to educate the numerous sons that are coming to you. I shall send them to Eton. After "Rest Harrow," "Floreat Etona" will be such a good title. £3 3 0

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE, A.L.S., to a member of the R.S.P.C.A.

... Let me, with all the emphasis of which I am capable, deny that there was cruelty. It is true that several eggs were left after I had shot both the male and female ostrich; but KERMIT and I sat on them ourselves and hatched out all but one. They are fine strong birds, and until their day arrives will continue to be the pets of my younger children. As for the egg that would not hatch, I am keeping it for President TAFT. £1 10 0

SHAW, G. BERNARD, A.L.S., to a correspondent who had sympathised with him over a hostile notice. 1 p.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your letter. The article did not trouble me. My best reviewers and most intelligent critics are not yet born. Yours faithfully, [Signature.] £2 2 0

WARE, FABIAN, Editor of *The Morning Post*, A.L.S., to the Right Hon. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Sept. 23.

... Hope you saw our first leader this morn-

ing, in which we compared your superb reticence about the Conference with the blazing indiscretion of EDWARD GREY, and went on to say—"The Foreign Secretary is in home politics far too violent a partisan to care anything for national interests or to observe the ordinary dictates of political prudence and decency." That's the way to touch off a responsible Minister. We're getting on, aren't we? 2½d.

CAINE, HALL, A.L.S., to Magistrate's Clerk, explaining why a dog licence had not been taken out. 8 pp.

... I assure you that there has been a great mistake. Is it likely that for the sake of saving seven-and-sixpence, the price of but three pit-seats at my play in London, which is drawing crowded houses every night (so much so that I think of re-naming it *The Nocturnal Congestion*), I should deliberately defraud the revenue? Surely you must see this. A leader of thought in my position is hardly likely so to imperil his position. I therefore demand that the fine be set aside. £0 5 0

GEORGE, D. LLOYD, A.L.S., to the HOME SECRETARY.

... You will notice in the papers that I have been doing what I can to get a holiday reputation too; but not to much purpose yet. Cricketh offers few opportunities compared with Asia Minor, and the Master of EL-BANK, though a good fellow, is not an F. E. SMITH. But I killed a snake yesterday—a real one—and next week. £10 0 0

Jokes of the Week.

"Form fours."—Serviceable land valuation joke with military flavour. Suitable for regimental clubs. Nearly new.

"*Ne Sator ultra crepidam*."—Beatable court-martial joke with Latin accent. Has been popular at "At homes," but now slightly démodé.

Mr. Punch begs to thank the 11,937 correspondents who have brightened his life with the above.

Do we eat too much?

"At the close of the session the party lunched at University, Queen's, Trinity, Wadham and New Colleges." *Daily Chronicle*.

"The entire was as follows:—

Salmon and Cucumber,
Roast Beef and House-catch Sauce,
Roast Fowls, Trifle,
Jellies.

Stewed Fruit and Custards
Liquors. Claret, Whiskey."

Habit and Color Value Guard.

This would seem to be quite the best entrée to satiety.

"SPRADIARIUS VIOLIN FOR SALE CHEAP! Almost new."

Add. in "*The All-Story Magazine*."

The product of STRADIARIUS's later days in the Tottenham Court Road.

AFRICAN TRAIL GAMES.

(A PICTORIAL COMMENTARY ON MR. ROOSEVELT'S GREAT BOOK.)



The State of Ma(i)ne; or Stars and Stripes in Africa.



THE HEARTY-BEAST.

"The hartbeest, according to their custom, continually jumping up on the ant-hills to get a clearer view of me."



"I killed a couple of 'tommies,' one by a good shot, the other running, after I had missed him in rather a scandalous fashion while he was standing."



KERMIT'S WART-HOG.

"He ran into her on horseback after a sharp chase of a mile or two, and shot her from the saddle."

THE RESUMED RELUMED.

"NEVER seen me smoke a pipe before? Oh, come, I say, that's absurd. I used to smoke lots in the old days—this is one of 'em; I fished it out again from the top shelf in the cupboard—m-puff, m-puff, m-puff. Thanks, I've got a match-box—m-puff, m-puff, m-puff. That's got it. Well, you see, I found I was smoking too many cigarettes. Oh, dear no—not my wife. She didn't object—never said anything about it. I just made up my own mind, you know, got out the old pipe, and there I was. Of course it's much healthier than cigarettes. You don't inhale, and it's better in every way. May I have one of your matches? That was my last one. Thanks—m-puff. Sorry; I blew it out. May I have another? I'll take half a dozen if you don't mind. M-puff, m-puff, m-puff. There, it won't go out again, I'll bet. No, it isn't bird's-eye or honey-dew. It's a mixture of my own. My tobacconist makes it up for me. *Vade Mecum* Mixture, he calls it. It's the only cool tobacco in the world, and it's capital stuff for keeping afloat. Most tobacco will go on going out, and—where's my prodder? It was on the table half a minute back. You know the thing, with three sorts of things all tacked on to it, one for stuffing the hacey down, and another for prodding it or raking it out, and the other thing for— Well, upon my word, I never knew what the third thing was for. Oh, there it is, on the floor. Thanks. I'm afraid I've stuffed this pipe too full. I'll dig it out and put in another fill. There, that ought to be better. M-puff, m-puff, m-puff. Got it this time. Yes, we have had a perfectly beastly summer, and then these new taxes coming in on the top of it. No, I haven't got any land myself, but I know a lot of chaps who have, and they tell me—m-puff, m-puff. Bother the pipe, it's out again. M-puff, m-puff, m-puff. I think that's fixed it. Fact is one mustn't be careless about lighting a pipe; one ought to see that the thing's really caught on before chucking the match away. It's a knack, I suppose. Some chaps have it and some haven't. I generally manage to—m-puff, m-puff, m-puff—no, you don't—m-puff. It's all right, but it was a near—m-puff. There, it is out after all. Still, it did pretty well that time. Yes, she's drawing all right. I cleaned her out yesterday—blew half a wine-glass of sherry through her. The pipe's right enough. M-puff, m-puff, m-puff. There—m-puff—she's going like a furnace. Oh, the Conference—m-puff—I never took much stock in that myself. It's bound—m-puff, m-puff—it's bound to bust up soon. Of course—m-puff, m-puff, m-puff—they all pretend it's going on quite smoothly, but—m-puff, m-puff—she's out again; no, she isn't—m-puff, m-puff—yes, she is, I've only

one match left. There, it's out. Never mind, I'll take another half-dozen of yours, old chap. It's wonderful what a lot of matches you get for a penny nowadays. It beats me how they can manage to do it. Of course that's no reason for wasting 'em. There's the first one broken—that's the worst of those wooden matches, and the wax ones make such a filthy snell. There goes another—oh! it's on my thumb. Here's the third for luck—m-puff, m-puff, m-puff—got him. Let me see, where was I? Oh, yes—the General Election. You mark my word: it's certain to come in January. I met a chap yesterday—no, it was Tuesday—well, anyhow, he was a Member of Parliament—m-puff, m-puff, m-puff. It's no good, old chap; I simply can't keep the thing afloat. I'm out of form to-day. A cigarette? Well, as you are so pressing, I don't mind if I do, just this once. M-puff—well done, little one! Now we can talk."



Irishman (as someone knocks at his door). "SURE, IF I DON'T ANSWER, IT'S SOME WAN TO GIVE ME A JOB, AN' IF I DO IT'S THE LANDLORD AFTER THE RENT."

TO THE MAN ABOVE.

["Stout people should shorten their time of rest if they want to grow slim, for weight is put on very rapidly during sleep." *Weekly Paper.*]

There are, my friend, who'd feel inclined to swear,

If, late returning from your toil, you took

Your jocond flute and, beating out the air

With feet 'neath which your floor (their ceiling) shook,

Poured, as I plainly hear you pouring now,

Your soul out in a dickens of a row.

Who'd find entirely destitute of charms

Your tuneful instrument's entrancing tones,

And, nightly wrenched back from the gentle arms

Of Morpheus by the heavy feet of Jones,

Would (as I've mentioned) very likely say

"Tut Tut" in quite a disagreeable way.

Not such am I! For I have had to see

A pleasant plumpness that became me well

Change to a hideous rotundity,

Which many an anti-fat has failed to quell,

And often am malevolently eyed

In carriages where there are five a-side

Although you play for weary hour on hour,

You will not find me prone to rage or sulk,

For only sleeplessness possesses power

To ban the further bulging of my bulk.

So since your music bids my fat begone,

Give me excess of it. Play on! play on!

"The engagement is announced of Miss Mr. and Miss M. S., to Mr. S. L., of Auckland."—*Weekly Graphic and New Zealand Mail.* It often comes to that in the end.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MAN FROM THE SEA."

MR. LOCKE struck the wrong note for me in the First Act, when he persuaded *Ruth* and *Daisy* to skip into the *Dean's* garden at *Durdleham*, announce with a swing of the racquet that they were about to play a set, and then skip out again. There are certain stage conventions which I am just learning to overlook; as, for instance, that every man who has read a letter taps it before he puts it back in his pocket; or that it is impossible for a man to tell the time without extending his watch in the palm of his left hand and supporting both with his right. But when a stage lawn-tennis player skips into no matter how realistic a drama, then, as far as I am concerned, the illusion goes. *Ruth*, I am sorry to say, was always skipping about the stage. The impression this creates of youth and high spirits and happiness is not a lasting one.

MR. LOCKE himself was as conventional. When one character said to another, "I wonder who *Mrs. Averill* really is. Nobody seems to have heard of her before she came here"; when *Mrs. Averill* and *Marion Lee* discussed the case of a village girl who had fallen, and the former was very tender and forgiving, and the latter said in a loud voice that she could never forgive anyone—anyone—who sinned in that way; when the *Dean* mentioned that his brother-in-law, *Jan Redlander*, was just coming back from Australia, and *Mrs. Averill* (in the front of the stage) started and pressed her hand to her heart; well, well, well, Mr. LOCKE knows how to get the crank of the machinery across the footlights.

It was a pity that he couldn't get to work upon his theme—the struggle of a good woman's heart with her conscience—without all this business. The problem *Marion Lee* had to solve was whether she should tell the *Dean* (put like that, it always made me smile—I suppose because I cannot imagine a dean being told anything serious) the story of *Daphne Averill's* past. *Daphne* had been married to a villain in Australia; he left her to go to prison, and she came away to live in *Durdleham* with *Dr. Averill*. *Marion's* conscience tells her that she must denounce this; *Daphne* makes the old, old plea that it is a "special case." *Marion* was true to her conscience until the last moment, when her love for *Jan Redlander* made her true to her heart.

That is the idea of the play, but there is really lots more plot than that. How *Pontifer Pye* overheard a private conversation between *Jan* and *Daphne*;

how he found a letter in *Marion's* blotter addressed to the *Dean* and delivered it; how *Jan* pretended he was married to a lunatic; how a telegram came saying *Daphne's* convict husband was dead—a pageant of real life on the stage is presented to you in pictures like these.

MR. ROBERT LORRAINE and Miss NINA BOUCICAULT did their best—a very good best—with the parts of *Jan* and *Marion*. The author did not seem quite certain whether the breezy rover who had looked beneath the veiled curtain of the eyes of savages was himself or *Jan*. Perhaps *Redlander* was a great reader of the modern novel. At any rate he



MR. ROBERT LORRAINE (*Jan Redlander*). "Do you hear the sea calling in the shell?"

MISS NINA BOUCICAULT (*Marion Lee*). "Well, really it's rather difficult to hear anything while you are on the stage. If you'd stop talking for one second I might have a chance."

recited several pretty little pieces by MR. LOCKE (notably one about a shell), which he must have learnt by heart in the silence of the South Seas. And somehow I found it hard to believe in *Marion*; it seemed impossible that *Jan* could have fallen in love with her or she in love with anyone. But *Daphne* I accepted thoroughly, and I offer my thanks to Miss BERYL FABER for her fine performance. M.

The Matchmaker.

"A telegram from Lille states that the police are on the track of a new case of espionage. Someone has attempted to bribe our alter officers."—*Daily Graphic*.

"It is a picturesque fourteenth century building, and one of the finest specimens of Elizabethan architecture in Stratford-upon-Avon."

So said *The Daily Mail* twice in the same article, in case you thought ELIZABETH flourished in the sixteenth century.

"The enervating influence of a Laocœonian latitudinarianism would be fatal to its existence."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Right O.

THE APPLAUDEUR OF PLUCK.

He was sitting on one of the seats on Primrose Hill reading a review of the cricket season, and now and then he sighed and glanced at me. At last he spoke. "It's a hard thing," he said, "to have seven dull months before you."

I agreed.

"No fun in life for me," he went on, "until next May."

"I'm very sorry," I said. "Are you ill?"

"No, not ill," he said; "merely without any motive, any real interest."

"But winter has plenty of entertainment," I suggested.

"Not for me," he said. "Cricket's my game. I care for nothing else."

"Oh," I said, "I see. Do you play much?"

"No, I don't play at all," he replied, "I look on. I never miss a match at Lord's, and if there's nothing at Lord's I go to the Oval. I have a kind of semi-official position."

"Indeed," I said. "What is that, may I ask?"

"It's not paid," of course," he answered. "And the M.C.C. have nothing to do with it. As a matter of fact, I lead the applause on both grounds."

"That must keep you busy," I said.

"Oh, I don't mean all the applause," he explained. "I don't clap everything. The applause that I lead is not for strokes, but for heroism."

"I don't quite understand," I said.

"Well," he continued, "you must often have seen a batsman get a nasty knock from the ball? Yes? Well, then you have noticed that he stops a moment or two to rub his leg, or stamp, while very often the wicket-keeper pats him on the back?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then, when he has done and resumes batting, there is a ripple of applause round the ring, isn't there? I lead that."

I congratulated him.

"Yes. I felt that such courage and endurance ought to be recognised, especially after attending a match or two where no notice was taken of it; so I took up the thing seriously."

I congratulated him again.

"But this has been a bad summer," he said. "Too wet. The ball rarely rose. A dry summer is the time! But it's all over now, anyway. No fun till next May."

"What about football?" I asked. "That's full of injuries."

"Oh, I can't stand football," he said. "It's too cold. Besides, injuries are part of the game. No, I'm a cricketer all through, that's what I am."



Patrol Leader (naking up old gentleman). "FORGIVE MY TROUBLING YOU, SIR, BUT WOULD YOU MIND MEEPIEG EAST AND WEST, AS WE EXPECT THE ENEMY FROM THE NORTH AND ARE BADLY IN WANT OF COVER?"

DIFFIDENCE AT DINNER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am profoundly perplexed over certain problems raised in my mind by an article, printed in a recent number of *The Spectator*, on "The Shyness of the Superior." Personally, being a shy man, I found the article extremely soothing; indeed it offers an explanation for my shyness which I myself had hitherto been too shy to formulate. "Now and then," says the author of the article, "stupidity has a terrific effect in inspiring shyness. To be obliged to spend a given amount of time—say, the length of a dinner—in company with some one upon whom it is our duty to leave a fairly agreeable impression, and who is evidently very stupid, is enough to turn one to stone." How heartily do I echo this valuable remark! It has occurred to me, nevertheless, that though in my own case—may I say, in our own cases, Mr. Punch?—this particular form of prandial petrification could never be confused with that induced by other causes, the diagnosis might,

with some people, be less obvious. I suggest, therefore, that you should enliven your pages with a competition in which awards are offered for the best guesses in answer to propounded situations such as the following:—

MR. BERNARD SHAW dines with the Editor of *The Spectator*.

Which of the diners (if either) is shy?

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER dines with the Author of *The Eternal Question*.

Which is the more out of countenance?

MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST dines with MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

Which is the stonier?

SIR HENRY LUNN dines with a refractory Swiss hotel-keeper.

Which is the more sheepish?

MR. BONAR LAW dines with Mr. CHIOZZA MONEY.

Which of the diners feels it his duty to leave a "fairly agreeable impression," and what are the consequences?

REV. SIR WM. ROBERTSON NICOLL dines with REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.

Both of course would be tongue-tied; but whose tongue would be tied the tighter?

MASTER WINSTON CHURCHILL dines with his old nurse.

Which is the humbler?

THE GERMAN KAISER dines with

No, that would be too easy.

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch,

Yours, etc., DIFFIDENT.

MR. HAROLD SPENDER in *The Daily Chronicle*:

"We are angling for big fish on an invisible ledge of rock some twenty fathoms—sixty feet—beneath our keel. How do we know that that ledge is there?"

It isn't. A fathom is six feet.

The story of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and the snake having proved so popular, keep your eye on our columns next week for the true incident of Mr. HALDANE and the hippopotamus. Special to this paper.

"This bold cliff of trap-rock was, and remains, the site of an old volcano of the Carboniferous Age."—*The Scotsman*.

Some of these old volcanoes are very touchy about changing their site.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN I took up *The Lantern Bearer* (METHUEN) it was with a glow of pleasant anticipation, partly because I had been waiting thus great while for somebody to call a novel by that very title, and partly because Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK, who has now done it, is a writer for whose work I entertain the highest regard. But I am bound to admit that the result is just a little bit disappointing. You know, of course, who the original lantern bearers were; the boys of STEVENSON's delightful memory, who went about with lighted bull's-eyes beneath their buttoned coats, spiritually upheld by the smell of blistered tin and the consciousness of the hidden flame. Mrs. SIDGWICK's lantern bearers are her hero and heroine; and the light they carry is the fact

shared with me a conviction that her latest creations were by no means so human.

The County Coast Series (FISHER UNWIN), to which *The Cornwall Coast* is the latest addition, merits a cordial greeting. The reader—be he bent on motoring, cycling, pedestrianism, or even on learning something of a country of which he knows little—is in no danger of indigestion from the information provided for him. To Mr. SALMON's book on the Cornish Coast I give an especial word of praise, and even if he had not done his work so well I should have found it difficult to criticise an author whose point of view is so admirable. Mr. SALMON has a tender regard for Cornwall; and while pointing out its beauties is at pains to show that they can be easily damaged. Until, however, a change sweeps over the Duchy it is no place for the tourist who delights in brass-bands, and who marks his devastating



IMPROBABLE SCENES.

I.—GOVERNMENT OFFICE CLERKS SPOILING TO GET AT THEIR WORK.

that they have been secretly married. *Helga Bryne* was the daughter of a German mother and a father who had been ruined by an unscrupulous partner named *Ashley*. The *Brynes* were very poor, so much so that, till she was nineteen, and the story began, *Helga* had never even been to a party. But she goes to one in the third chapter, and, having been warned all her life to avoid all intercourse with the hated *Ashleys*, the very first young man she meets, and promptly falls in love with, is—who do you think? Quite right. So *Clive Ashley* and *Helga* are united by the registrar, despairing of their parents' consent. Which was wise, as far as it went, because shortly afterwards old *Mr. Bryne* hit *Mr. Ashley* on the head in public, and there was a lot of trouble. And then, just when matters were nicely involved, and I was thoroughly interested, the whole thing comes to an abrupt end, with everybody blessing everybody else, and preparing to live happy ever after. Much as I enjoyed the story, I protest emphatically against Mrs. SIDGWICK (of all people!) letting me down with so abrupt and inartistic a jar. I incline to think, indeed, that the author of those adorable *Severins*

course by a litter of paper and banana-skins. Clearly we see that Cornwall remains the land for those who wish to spend their holidays free from meretricious accompaniments, and that to take away its restfulness is to take away a large part of its charm. But I am at variance with the author when he suggests that such a custom as the Helston Furry dance "might as well be decently buried." For although it is true that the country-people smile at these ceremonies they love them all the same, and there are less drastic ways of treating ancient customs than by abolishing them. Excellent photographs add to the attractions of the book, and I hope that this particular SALMON will not be out of season for many a year.

From the report of a tariff tripper, as reported proudly in *The Sheffield Daily Telegraph* :—

"Here we had a look round the shops. The price of foodstuffs compares easily with our home prices, clothing and boots especially."

If Tariff Reform means boots for breakfast, why not say so?

CHARIVARIA.

THE SPEAKER has been elected permanent Master of the Blencathra Foxhounds. We congratulate him on this graceful tribute to the way in which he has managed the House of Commons.

Speaking at the Church Congress, the Bishop of BRISTOL expressed the view that motoring had done much for the Church. Yes, but not so much as it has done for the Churchyard.

At a meeting of the Yarmouth Guardians, it was stated that an inmate of the workhouse had received a land valuation form to fill up. This is but a foretaste of the time when all land-tax forms will have to be addressed to the workhouse.

"Do not lose courage," said Mr KEIR HARDIE to the Egyptian Nationalist Congress. "The Young Egyptians will one day see the statues of MUSTAFA KAMEL and FARID BEY in the streets of Cairo. Well, they will need all their courage if the statues should be anything like the majority of those one sees in the streets of London."

One of the most interesting revelations made at the Congress was the name of MUSTAFA KAMEL's brother. It is ALI BEY JAHMY KAMEL. He sounds a rollicking fellow, and we are prepared to like him.

In a race across the Atlantic the North German Lloyd liner, *George Washington*, beat her competitors by five hours, and the captain, on being interviewed, stated that he had not forced his ship unduly. We should like to hear the ship's own view about this. If there is anything in a name, we ought to get at the facts.

Leicester has lately been *en fête* to welcome her home-coming citizens. Now Colchester is preparing to give a banquet in honour of the return of her natives.

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL in her new book mentions the case of the Duchess of CLEVELAND who was so proud of her small feet that she went to extravagant lengths in her endeavours to attract attention to them. This reminds us of the Irish lady who was similarly gifted. She used to wear extra big shoes in order to compel people to notice the smallness of her feet.

It is really rather thoughtless of



"NOW THEN, MISTER THREE-A-PENNY, WENT OUT OF THE BLOOMIN' MARKET"

MEAN BY KNOWLES

MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON. The names of the authors of the pieces she produces at her Little Theatre are not to be divulged until after their *premieres*. This means that many critics will not know until it is too late whether the plays are good or not.

The suggestion of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES that "a candid person should make out a list of the sayings and doings that provoke the loudest laughter at the theatres he visits" has been acted on by *The Express*, which sent a representative round the play-houses to take notes of the current jokes. Even outside the ranks of War Correspondents there are brave men on our Press.

Meanwhile Mr. JONES has suggested, as a result of the journalist's revelations, a tax on foolish and banal jests in theatres. It might be called the Undeveloped Brain Tax.

We are glad it is not dying out, for it is such a quaint, picturesque old custom. A Peer wedded an Actress last week.

"Brazil having laid down a ship of

32,000 tons, it follows as a matter of course," says *The Naval and Military Record*, "that in the near future the naval authorities of England, Germany and America will go one better." That should come to just 32,001 tons.

"BOMBARDED WITH BROWNING'S" is a sub-heading in *The Pall Mall Gazette's* account of the Berlin riots. It sounds strangely like an echo of the old days of the Robert Browning Clubs.

With reference to the new Post Office regulation as to flats, *The Daily Mail* says: "A new factor has been introduced into the dispute by the suspicion that some postmen are voluntarily climbing stairs rather than offend the tenants by standing on the strict letter of the regulation." To stand on their letters (whether strict or not) would indeed be a gratuitous insult to the tenants.

A newsboy tenor made his *début* in London at a National Sunday League concert the other night. We understand that it is hoped to train a choir of them, to be called "The Evening Pipers."

TO SUMMER.

[Probably off by the time these lines appear.]

WELCOME, Stranger, though your face
Looks a little out of place
In the order of the dancing Seasons' cycle;
Though you've missed the last cuckoo,
And there's only left a few
Of the fatted geese beloved of Holy Michael.

Never mind the gathered sheaves
Or the lisp of falling leaves;
Don't you fret about the narrowing hours of daytime.
Try and fancy, just for fun,
That your race is yet to run,
That you're starting, bright and punctual, with the Maytime

If you *could* arrange to stay,
We could keep you fairly gay
With the kinds of sport you seldom take a part in;
Very rare those visits are
When you dodge the calendar
And illuminate the Mass of good St. Martin.

Can't your flitting be deferred
Till the driven partridge-bird
Drops like mamma on the stark October stubble?
Won't you smile on Reynard's track
Till the parched and tongueless pack
Deems the game is really hardly worth the trouble?

Won't you melt the morning rime
Till the Long-tail in his prime
Leaves his feathers round the wistful jaws of Rover?
Won't you please—it's getting near—
Stay and warm our Christmas cheer?
Won't you kindly wait, in fact, till Winter's over? O S

THE STAY-AT-HOME.

I.

I HAVE some depressing news for you. Your old friend George is become intolerable.

In a way it may be said that James began it, but I am loth to attach any of the blame to him, because James happens in real life to be myself. Speaking then from an entirely unbiassed point of view, George's behaviour in the matter is despicable, and James's patience and forbearance throughout is most praiseworthy. Let us praise James and despise George.

The burning question was that of travelling abroad. James in the beginning of things had shown considerate and kindly solicitude for George in this respect. "George, old boy," he had said, "you ought to travel a bit. Your mind wants broadening. You want to get out of your own country and see a little of the Continent." Was George grateful? Not in the least. Indeed, he behaved in a manner as childish as it was disgusting, and certainly unworthy even of him. He refrained from asking James's advice as to what countries he should visit, though he well knew that James was only too willing once more to describe to him every foreign journey he had made. In fact, he did so in spite of George's pettiness, and it is only one more proof of his magnanimity . . . but you grant all that

It appears that James had been to the South of France, Switzerland and the Isle of Wight. The last he had visited on a half-day trip, at his own expense, the other two places in the capacity of a paid tutor. The general impression, however, left on the mind of those who were fortunate enough to catch sight of the tutor and the tutored *en route*

was distinctly that James was not only standing everything, but was also sole lessee and manager of the countries visited. I should perhaps not have mentioned that last fact, but forgot in the excitement of writing who James is in real life.

"You have never been abroad, have you, George?" pursued he on this occasion.

"Oh, yes," said George, without conviction, "lots of times."

"I had a delightful chat with your father last night," continued James irrelevantly. "All about you. We started at the cradle and ended at the end of last week. We hardly left a day unaccounted for. Tell me, apart from Ireland, have you ever really been abroad?"

George did not answer.

"And have you even been to Ireland more than once?"

Still the pigheaded George did not answer.

"Really, George, you ought to go abroad. You are becoming insular and narrow. You ought to go and see a little of Europe. I don't want to boast . . ."

"Then don't," said George briefly.

II.

George is an evil-disposed person, full of the worst guile. I will not have James abused in any way, but I do think he was a little weak to be deceived by George's polite manner when, about a month later, he approached him again on the same subject. With a little alertness he might have discovered that George had got a job out of England.

"James," he said sweetly, "I want a few tips from you about travelling." James nodded graciously.

"It is awfully nice of you to be so awfully nice. I am sure you will tell me all I want to know about the world. It is a real pleasure to talk to a cosmopolitan like you, not one of those self-satisfied, conceited, narrow-minded braggarts who have never been outside Europe. I am going abroad."

James gathered up his face into a businesslike frown. "My dear boy," he said, "it will be the making of you." Then he dealt at length with the South of France and Switzerland. Since he had heard of George's Ireland he had dropped his own Isle of Wight.

"That is all very interesting," commented George, "but I was talking about the world and travelling. Have you ever been to Rio de Janeiro?"

"Have I ever been to Rio?" said James, ridiculing the question and hoping for the best.

"Yes. And where exactly is it?" pursued the obstinate George.

"Where is it?" said James, hard put to it to gain time. "Why don't you go to some place with an easier name, to begin with?"

"I have always wanted to go to Africa," he answered with a most deceptive expression.

"You might do worse. I almost wish I was coming back to the old place with you."

"Rio? But where exactly is it?"

"In the more Eastern part of Africa," said James, plunging. "I could show it you in a minute if I had a map."

"When I looked at the map this morning," said George slowly, "it was in South America. Tell me, have you ever been there really? What! Is it possible that you have never been outside Europe? Really you ought to travel a bit. You tend to become very continental and confined. To see something of the world would make quite a man of you. Now I . . ."

"At times," James said to himself, but not so quietly that he might not be overheard, "at times old George's face seems to be almost repulsive."



THE TEUTONISING OF TURKEY.

GERMAN KAISER. "GOOD BIRD!"



Booking Clerk. "NOW THEN, SIR, WHERE TO?"
Gaffer. "WELL, I HAVEN'T QUITE DECIDED. D'YOE KNOW IF ONE CAN GET DECENT BEAN-SIE LIES AT SANDSHOT?"

A FITTE OF FURS.

(Induced by the study of a catalogue.)

WHEN I behold some charming girl
 Escaping from a bus-squash,
 With cherry lips and teeth of pearl
 (Compare the ads. of Tusk-Wash).
 I think—and, oh! my heart's a-whirl
 "I would I were a musquash!"

I crave to be the pendent fur
 'The pointed fox or sable —
 It is not likely to occur,
 But would that I were able
 To constitute the comforter
 About this Maud or Mabel!

That, though in life through leagues of
 cold

The hunters made me skip it,
 The husk that was my spirit's mould,
 With many an alien snippet,
 Until the goods were pawned or sold,
 Might dangle from her tippet.

Might even touch her swan-like throat,
 Her cheeks like apple-blossom—
 I say, when girls like this I note
 With peltry flung across 'em,

I think, "Oh, happy, happy stoat!"
 "Oh, fortunate opossum!"

If they could know the end, the prize
 That waits for hair so dapper,
 The minks would come with moisten'd
 eyes
 Obedient to the trapper,
 The marten's vision ere demise
 Would be to make a wrapper.

Yes, ev'n the skunk would turn, mayhap,
 With mute surrender, if he
 Could know, in death, beyond the trap
 (Which only lasts a jiffy),
 His hide, embalme'd on beauty's lap,
 Would cease to be so whiffy.

EVOR.

"The strike of the tramway employees at
 Perth, Western Australia, has been settled."

In *The Daily News* this is headed
 "Northern News in Brief." Wherever
 the strike did take place it seems
 clear that our contemporary's staff
 knew (collectively) that there were two
 Perths: an upper Perth and a lower
 Perth.

THE CULT OF THE GROWNUP.

DEAR MR PUNCH, For a holiday
 task we had to write an essay on any
 subject we liked. I chose "The Cult
 of the Grownup" because in a maga-
 zine there was a prize essay on "The
 Cult of the Child" with bites out of
 poets and people and I only had to
 change it a little to make the things
 fit. It isn't cheating because I had to
 change it and I left out a lot and I
 made up the end myself. I hope I
 shall get the Prize for my essay and if
 you put it in the *London Charivari* you
 will have to send me some money. I
 copied all the stops from the other
 essay. I put Not's like in literature
 for you to understand

With love and kisses

Your loving little friend

EVANGELINE SMITH. (Aged 11½)

THE CULT OF THE GROWNUP.

Grownups! How sweet they are!
 So soft and tender to cuddle! So lov-
 ing, and trusting—ready to confide to
 you all their innocent thoughts! One
 shudders to remember that there are

children who say they can't bear grown-ups, they can't be bothered with them, they are so quiet and tiresome. Oh, the hard hearts! Strange indeed that children, who will have to be grown-up themselves, should have so little patience—so little feeling for the beauty of the dear old lives! And then their aloofness!¹ How often when you are talking to them their eyes take on a dreamy, far-away look and you know the big minds are wandering with the stars or the servants!² Perhaps the great charm of grownuphood is its sleep—the long lashes brushing the big smooth cheeks, the busy hands at rest, the large feet still. But I must not forget to mention their eagerness to be helpful. Mother is working at her knitting perhaps, and you ask her to run and fetch your handkerchief or to pick up the bricks you have spilt. How delightedly she hastens to obey! And even if she only says "No! whatever are you thinking of?" it isn't really unkind.

Notes.

¹ Some aren't but it doesn't matter in literature.

² You can tell what that means from what comes next.

³ This was "Fairies" in the other Essay.

P.S.—Sylvia always wants to do the same as me so she wrote an essay too only she would call it plain Grownups. She cried when I said hers wasn't good enough to print so I had to send it. If you don't want to put it in you can say something nice like the Aunties in the Magazines to fill up.

GROWNUPS.

Grownups are not all the same. Some are nice and some are no better than toads. I like the nice ones. All grownups are cross sometimes and then they think it is us. That is their natyer. They want their own way. They are a lesson to us all.

SYLVIA SMITH. (Age 7).

"Mamet, after a careful survey of the clouds, when appealed to by a 'Burton Daily Mail' representative, declared that he would ascend at 'trois heures,' meaning, doubtless, 3 p.m." Why couldn't he have said so like an honest man?

THE ANIMAL INVASION.

(Special.)

THE tremendous success alleged to have been achieved by the terrier Tim in Mr. HALL CAINE's drama, *The Bishop's Son*, is likely to lead to far-reaching results in the casting of old and the construction of new plays.

Already we understand that Mr. GALSWORTHY is hard at work on a dramatised version of his novel, *The Country House*, in which the central rôle will be allotted to the dog John.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE is said to be considering a military drama written by

at Stonehenge in the most distressing circumstances. But as Mr. FROHMAN, who presents *The Worst Bloodhound in the World*, is notoriously tenderhearted, the author has consented to replace this harrowing scene by one in which the Major's bloodhounds are seen caressing the fugitives outside Salisbury Cathedral.

An unusually strong cast has been retained by Mr. HUBERT FRENCH for the production of *The Brown Dog* at his Repertory Theatre. It includes Mr. Robert Dingo, Mr. George Griffon, Mrs. Brown-Chow, Miss Airedale, Mlle. Schipperke, and Master D. Dinmont.

Finally, by the exercise of that clairvoyant faculty for which Mr. *Punch* has long been celebrated, we are enabled to present our readers with the following interesting article from *The Spectator* of April 1, 1911:—

Though we only occasionally notice plays in our columns, the performance of *Hamlet* at the Sirius Theatre last Saturday, in which the title rôle was assumed for the first time by a Great Dane, is so exceptional an event as to warrant our offering a few words of heartfelt congratulation to the hero of the moment. Since SALVINI no actor has appeared more richly endowed for the interpretation of heroic and tragic rôles than Mr. Woof. His presence is dignified, his countenance is instinct with a noble melancholy, and



"DIRT-EE! DIRT-EE!!"

SCENE—A Football League Match.

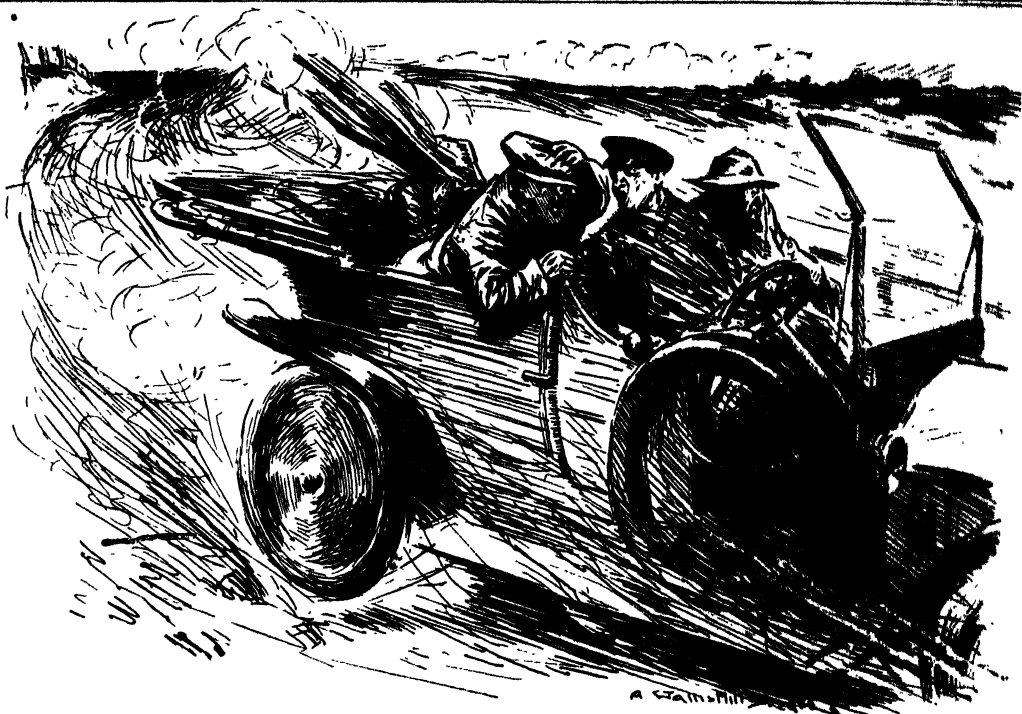
THE GREAT SPORT-LOVING PUBLIC HAVE JUST APPLAUDED A SUCCESSFUL FOUL ON THE PART OF ONE OF THE HOME SIDE, AND HAVING NOW DISCECTED A SIMILAR MOVE ON THE PART OF THEIR OPPONENTS INDULGE IN PROPER INDIGNATION.

an officer of the Welsh Fusiliers, in which the part of hero is allotted to the famous goat which accompanies that regiment on the march.

That ardent Baconian, Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., is, we are assured, engaged on a sensational melodrama entitled *The Great Impostor*. By a happy inspiration the part of the good genius of the plot is assigned to a learned pig.

Major FRANK RICHARDSON's remarkable drama, *The Worst Bloodhound in the World*, is now finished, and will shortly be produced at the Cynodrome. The scene is laid on Salisbury Plain, and the last Act in Major FRANK RICHARDSON's original version culminated in the capture of the fugitives

his voice is at once deep and penetrating. The scenes with *Ophelia* were rendered with a touching devotion; but it was in the final dogastrophe that the canine histrion reached the full measure of his artistic stature—he stands nearly four feet high—and brought down the house by a display of pathos that was nothing short of soul-shaking. The part of *Ophelia* was charmingly played by Miss Mimi Catterwall, who imparted into her impersonation a feline charm which was all her own. We sincerely hope that readers of *The Spectator* will avail themselves of the opportunity presented by the engagement of Mr. Woof and Miss Catterwall, which only lasts for a fortnight.



REASSURING.

Terrified Rider (in hired Motor-car). "I SAY—I SAY—YOU'RE GOING MUCH TOO FAST."
Chauffeur. "Oh, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, SIR. WE ALWAYS INSURES OUR PASSENGERS."

THE AUTOGRAPHER.

HE was sitting forlornly on the shore at Swanage, toying with an open knife. Fearing that he might be about to do himself a mischief, I stopped and spoke.

"No," he said, "I'm not contemplating suicide. Don't think that. I'm merely pondering on the illusion that England is the abode of freedom."

"But isn't it?" I asked.

He laughed bitterly.

"What's wrong?" I said.

He jerked his thumb towards the stone globe which is to Swanage what THORWALDSEN'S Lion is to Lucerne, or the Sphinx to the desert.

"Well?" I said.

"Have you seen the tablets?" he asked.

"No," I said.

"They've put up two tablets," he explained, "with a request that any one wishing to cut or write his name should do it there rather than on the globe."

"Very sensible," I said.

"Sensible?" he echoed. "Sensible? But what's the use of cutting your

name on a place set apart for the purpose? There's no fun in that. Things are coming to a pretty pass when Town Councils take to sarcasm. Because that's what it is," he continued. "Sarcasm. They don't want our names anywhere, and this is their way of saying so. Sarcasm has been described," he went on, "as the language of the devil; and it's true."

"But why do you want to cut your name?" I asked.

He opened his eyes to their widest. "Why? What's the use of going anywhere if you don't?" he retorted. "You'll find my name all over England—on trees at Burnham Beeches, on windows at Chatsworth, on stone walls at Kenilworth, on whitewash at Stratford-on-Avon, in the turf of Chancetonbury. You'll find it in belfries and on seats. I should be ashamed of myself if I didn't inscribe it—and permanently, too. But this is too much for me. I came here only because I heard about the stone globe; and then to find those tablets! But I haven't wasted my time," he continued. "I went over to the New Forest the other

day, and to-morrow I'm going to Stonehenge."

"That's no good," I said.

"No good? Why, I've bought a new chisel on purpose for it. I'm told the stone's very hard."

"You won't be able to do it," I said.

"It's enclosed now, and guarded."

He buried his face in his hands.

"Everything's against me," he groaned.

"The country's going to the dogs."

"But surely you'll visit Stonehenge just the same?" I inquired.

"Why?" he asked.

"Well, it's very impressive and wonderful. A Druidical temple, you know. A——"

But he cut me short. "That doesn't interest me," he said. "I don't want Druidical temples as Druidical temples; I want Druidical temples that I can have my way with. Good afternoon."

He turned away, and I left him still moodily regarding his knife.

"Ralph de Palma to-day drove a cat racing car ten miles in 8 mins. 31.1-5 sec." —*Dallas Daily Express.*

That must have taken some of it off.

LITTLE CONVERSATIONS.

ONE of the accusations which the older generation is in the habit of bringing against the younger is that the art of conversation is being allowed to die out in England, owing to the fact that the youth of to-day is unable to express itself clearly. After a careful study of the subject we have come to the conclusion that our elders are (as usual) unduly pessimistic. The dialogues below, selected at random from those in which an average man might participate in the course of a single day (a Monday, for example), seem to show that even in this hustling age numerous opportunities are seized for the free interchange of thought.

I.—WITH AN EARLY-MORNING CALLER.

"Your hot-water, Sir."
 "Honk."
 "It's eight o'clock, Sir."
 "Honk."

II.—WITH A TICKET COLLECTOR.

"But do I look like a man who would travel without a ticket?"
 "Can't help that, Sir."
 "Neither could I—it's the way I was born, I suppose . . . I've told you why I can't give you my ticket. It was a week-end one, and the return half is in a waistcoat pocket at the bottom of my bag. A thing that might happen to anybody."
 "Must have a ticket."
 "Well, what do you want me to do? I can't undress my bag on a public platform; it's very indelicate of you to suggest such a thing."
 "You might feel in your pockets again."
 "But I tell you I had a different waistcoat on when I went down on Saturday. If you would only bring your brain to bear on the subject you would remember that it was a much colder day, and naturally I was wearing something with flannel at the back. To-day being quite hot . . . Oh, here it is in the ticket pocket of my coat. No, don't apologise."

III.—WITH A TAXICABMAN.

"Have you change for a shilling?"
 "No."
 "Then I shall have to give you eightpence."
 "'Ow much do you want?"
 "Fourpence."
 "Look 'ere, are you trying to be funny?"
 "Not just now. I will try if you like. We'll both try."
 "If I start making you look funny, my lord, you'll be sorry I began."
 "Enough. Here is your fare—

eightpence, and because you mistook me for a peer, which I am not, here is another penny for a bar of chocolate. Good morning."

IV.—WITH A "KROMESKI À LA RUSSE."

"Well, I'll try another bite if you like; but I wish I knew who you were. Why this impenetrable secrecy? Tell me of your past life in Russia—how did you spend your days before they shot you? Did you float lazily over the gleaming minarets of Moscow, or did you gallop madly along the wild steppes of Siberia? Or were you a fish? Be open with me; I am your friend. . . . Ah, now I remember you. Sir, you're an impostor. You've never been in Russia in your life. We have met before; you were in multi then, and I knew you for the common rissole that you are. Waiter! lead this away and bring me some cheese."

V.—WITH A POLICEMAN.

"Name and address, if you please, Sir."
 "Hang it all, I was barely moving."
 "A furlong in eleven seconds and a fifth, Sir."
 "Look here, you can't expect me to work that out. How much an hour does it come to?"
 "About forty miles."
 "Oh, well, there you are; now you've given yourself away. I can prove you're wrong. Because this car can't go more than fifteen miles an hour. I've had it specially tested."
 "P'raps it's hungry or something to-day, Sir. Eleven seconds and a fifth."
 "Yes, that part may be all right, but you've probably worked the sum out wrong; getting furlongs into miles is very tricky work. I quite understand, because I was never any good at algebra and things myself. Rather lucky my spotting the mistake, though. If I hadn't had the car specially—"
 "Hurry up, Sir, please. I can't stand here all day."
 "But aren't I telling you that she can't go more than fifteen miles? She did once do twenty, but that was down River Hill when the brakes wouldn't work."

"Name?"
 "Oh, well, if you will take this high-handed line . . . But I warn you, I shall probably write to *The Times* about it."

VI.—WITH A LAWN-TENNIS PARTNER.

"Yours! . . . Sorry!"
 "Sorry! I thought—"
 "Mine! . . . Sorry!"
 "Sorry!"
 "Oh, I am sorry!" . . .

"Awfully sorry!" . . .
 "Really, partner, I'm ashamed—"
 "Oh, but I'm just as bad." . . .
 "Oh, sorry!"
 "Oh, sorry!"

VII.—WITH "HER."

"Good-bye. I've never enjoyed myself so much."
 "You must come again."
 "I should love to. What about to-morrow?"
 "Oh! . . . I'm afraid we shall be out to-morrow."
 "Well, then, Wednesday and Thursday and Friday and Saturday and Sunday and Monday and Tuesday."
 "You see . . . I'm not sure . . . we may be going away."
 "Then what about the week after?"
 "Oh! . . . It's like this—it's just possible we're going abroad. . . . Perhaps I'd better write to you."
 "I only wish you would!"

VIII.—WITH A CONSCIENCE.

"Well, we've had another jolly day."
 "H'm! You managed to make a young fool of yourself once or twice."
 "You always say that."
 "And why don't you take life more seriously? How have you helped your country to-day?"
 "Oh, shut up! I want to go to sleep."
 * * * * *
 "Are you awake?"
 "Well?"
 "I've just remembered—my country will get five pounds out of me for furious driving . . . That's a nasty one for you!"
 "Oh! Good night." A. A. M.

"The parrot and cockatoo at Maidenhead innovation was the Kaiser's orders that everything possible should be done to prevent the troops imbibing alcohol in any form."

Bristol Times.

A nice thought, but it would not deter us.

From a letter in *The Pioneer Mail*:

"In a recent match with John Roberts he beat the veteran by some 6,000. His average per stroke was 83, a truly wonderful performance for a boy."

Indeed, yes; counting revokes, clear-boards, and everything, we have never seen more than 10 made in a stroke.

The journalists who were wantonly smitten by the sabres of the police in the recent Berlin riots have their consolation. After all, the pen is mightier than the sword, though you can't hit quite so well with the flat of it.



On various Party. "OLD YER BLOOMING RAH, AN' GIVE THE OLD GEYSER A CHAUNT, CAWN'T YER?"
Performer (happily). "THANK YE, SIR. (Snuff.) YE'RE THE ONLY GENTLEMAN IN THE 'OUSE."

A LOVE SONG.

Oh, my love, my love! Would you know what sort of person my love is?

Very fair is my love. Her face is like the full moon on a fine night.

Her features are as rarest verse, perfect in expression and form;

Her eyes shame the Mediterranean blue on a picture postcard, she is of medium height,

And her hair is of a rich auburn, so vivid as almost to be warm.

My love rises in the morning, and the sun immediately becomes dim;

She moves in her garden, and the female rose hangs in shame upon her stalk,

She trills as she goes, and the blackbird gloomily confesses that it's one too many for him,

While the peacock may be observed in a secluded corner trying to copy her walk.

How dainty are the feet of my love—she tells me that she takes small threes;

Which (*vide* the peacock) does not interfere with the unembarrassed freedom of her gait;

Her arms are like roseate marble, delicately veined in a manner suggestive of a new stilton cheese;

Her le—— But I do not wish to be indelicate.

My love's breath is a breeze laden with all spices of Araby except muskiness

(Oh, my love, my love, would I could inhale the fragrance of your sighs!);

Her voice I regard as the entire limit—sympathy without huskiness—

She can say "Boh!" in a manner to draw tears from your eyes.

Now that my love is away, I am become a subject to the gravest apprehension;

I droop as a lily; I wilt visibly; I am as melancholy as a Gibraltar cat;

As for my appetite, I have nothing of the kind about me worthy of mention,

For fear partly that something may happen to her, partly that she may meet one comelier than I (I'm always afraid of that).

But when my love returns (catastrophe barred) I shall grow giddy, I shall stagger like one overcome with strong drink;

And, if she allows me (as I devoutly hope she will) to fortify myself with an affectionate and elaborate kiss,

Then will I fall before her little pink toes (at least, I suppose they're pink)

And I will recite to her these verses, and that will indeed be bliss.

THU-DUM.

"Mr. Richard Burdon Haldane, Secretary of State for War, is well beyond his fiftieth year, but he thinks a day's walk of sixty miles on country roads just the thing for his health, and often indulges in such a bit of strenuous exercise in spite of his years and two hundred pounds' weight."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

Our promised story of Mr. HALDANE and the hippopotamus is now indefinitely postponed. We cannot compete with our contemporary.



Teacher (examining pupil in arithmetical signs). "NOW, BOYS, CAN ANY ONE TELL ME WHAT THAT STANDS FOR?"
 Smart Boy. "PLEANK, MISS, KINSES—AND ALSO USED ON BEER BARRELS!"

ALTER IDEM ("SAME HERE").

[The figures recently published show that some 42,000 "illiterates" polled at the last election. The lament of a contemporary, that such voters could not have weighed the evidence on the questions involved, has touched one "literate" to song.]

O HORRIBLE! Most horrible! My flesh
 Creeps, and a shudder shakes my very soul,
 Noting the awful perils that enmesh

Who comes unfettered to the fateful poll.
 Breathless, his country watches; ah, the loss
 If he should boggle darkling at the deed!

A nation waits expectant of his cross,
 And he—he cannot read.

Think of it, brothers. Down *The Daily News*

Dripped the old platitudes and diatribe,

Daily The Chronicle expounded views

Beyond my pencil's power to describe,

The Telegraph had lessons for us each;

The Mail remembered what *The Globe* forgot;

Even *The Times* itself made bold to teach;

And he—he knew it not.

O miserable flotsam! Seas of ink

Bore him unconscious on their useless tide,

Unable at their worst to make him sink

In floods of yeasty phrases misapplied.

And so, poor clod, untutored and astray,

He gave his suffrage to some empty name,

Not knowing aught of truth or where it lay;

And I—I did the same.

THE ENQUIRING MIND.

ROUND the old Inn table they sat, talking fish. The Man in the Waterproof Cap spoke of the rainbow trout that he had killed, and the salmon he might have killed but for the fact that he did not kill them. The Man in the Old Norfolk explained that the trout referred to could not have been rainbow, and that no salmon ever lived in the Man with the Waterproof Cap's river. Having given his reasons, he passed on to the split cane rod, avowing that no good fish could be killed with any other. Bottle Nose, in a wordy argument, refuted this, and told them all about perch. With him the Man in the Waterproof Cap joined issue.

They had been doing this for hours, and might have gone on doing it for more hours, but for the Quiet Man in the Corner. In every Inn there is a corner, and in every corner a quiet man. He is never interested in fish, and his patience, if long, is finite.

"Excuse me interrupting, gentlemen," said this one, politely, "but during the last two and a half hours I have learnt all that can be learnt about fish save one thing. You are, I take it, experts in the matter?"

There was a modest chorus of "No, no," but if ever a "No, no" meant "Yes, yes," this one did. It was plain that they were jointly and severally willing and ready to reveal all the known facts and many of the unknown concerning all the trout, salmon, perch, pike, chub, minnow, shark, and fish that be.

"Would one of you mind telling me," continued the Quiet Man from his corner, "why it is that sardines never have heads?"

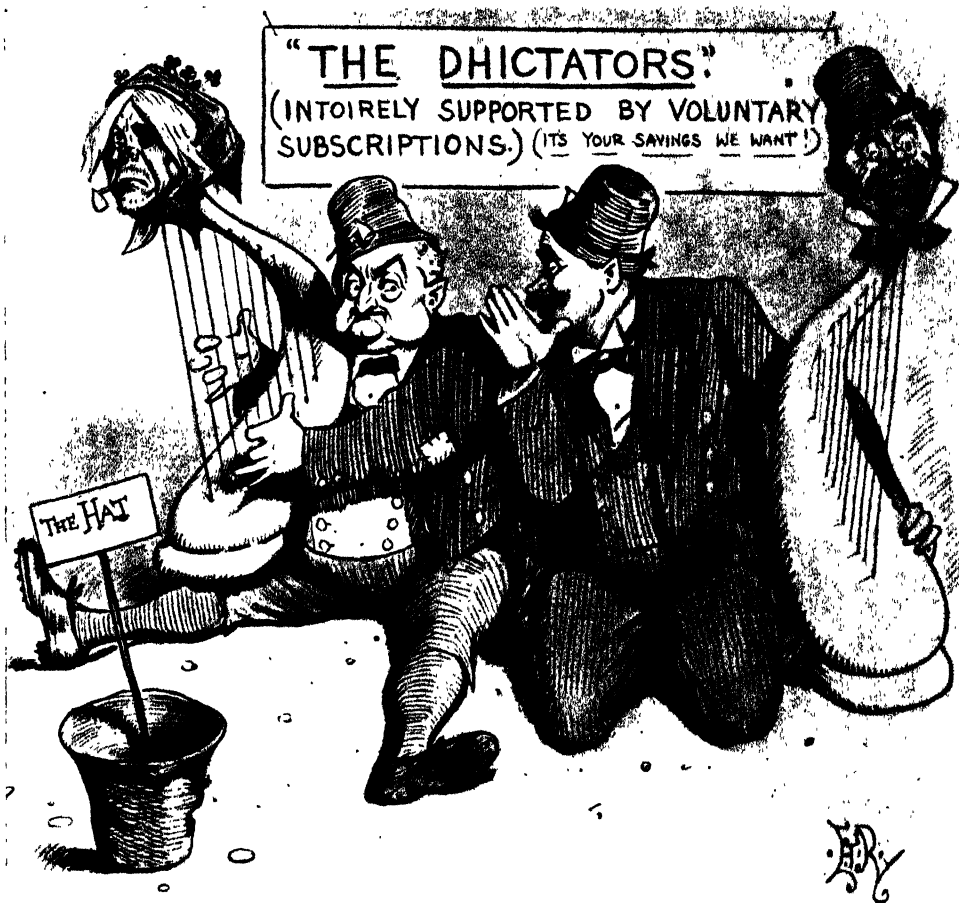


THE PAID PIPER.

JOHN BULL. "HOW WOULD IT BE IF I PAID YOUR PIPER, AND LET HIM PLAY WHAT TUNE HE LIKES?"

TRADE-UNION OFFICIAL. "I DON'T SO MUCH MIND YOUR PAYING, BUT I CALL THE TUNE!"

[The new proposal to withdraw the formal "pledge" cannot materially affect the situation.]



TOURING THE STATES; OR, THE MENDICANT DICTATORS.

John Redmond. "THE ENTERTAINMENT DON'T SEEM TO BE GOIN' LOIKE IT USED TO WANSE, TAY PAY! MONEY SEEMS TOIGHTER THAN YE MOIGHT EXPECT!"

T. P. O'Connor. "IT'S THE BASTE O'BRIEN, SO IT IS, JOHN, ME BOY! HE'S DOIN' US A POW'FUL DALE OF HARBUM, CARBON' ACROSS THAT WE'RE A GANG UV SPALPENS! BEDAD! O'D NIVER HAVE DELAYED AN OIRISHMAN CUD INTERFERE WITH COMPATRIOTS ENGAGED IN GETTIN' MONEY OUT UV SOMEBODY ELSE!"

THE LAY OF THE JOYOUS MILKMAN.

I USED to walk upon my round,
By urgent poverty constrained
And not to mortify the flesh,
And always customers were found
Who said to me, appearing pained,
"Milkman, this cow-juice is not
fresh;"
But now that sort of talk is off,
Thanks to Professor METCHNIKOFF.
I still ring at the usual hour,
And if they voice the same complaint

I just reply, "Don't make a fuss,
I'm quite aware the milk is sour;
Frankly, I don't pretend it ain't—
It's better for your tummy thus;
And who are you to dare to scoff
At wise Professor METCHNIKOFF?"
The Golden Age has blossomed, and
Smooth is the way that erst was
rough;
Where once we walked we drive
in gigs.
We milkmen are a thriving band,
For people gladly buy the stuff
On which we used to feed the pigs;

Wherefore our thanks are due to Prof
(Meaning Professor) METCHNIKOFF.

"Mr. Clement Shortt, our best
authority on Brontë literature," says
The Liverpool Daily Post. "If it had
made the name longer it might have
been Shorter. (Don't thank us; we
can do that sort of thing quite easily.)"

"To-day Mr. A. Bonar Law, M.P., celebrates
his 52nd birthday, having been born at New
Brunswick."—*Manchester Evening News*.
That seems to settle it.

AT THE PLAY.

"D'ARCY OF THE GUARDS."

I HAVE been trying to fathom the mind of Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER. I have asked myself very curiously why he should have dragged out from his dusty pigeon-hole a play so thin in dialogue, so mechanical in stage devices, so ancient and obvious in design as *D'Arcy of the Guards*. It could never have been just because it provided him with a picturesque uniform and an Irish brogue. That would be to insult his own dignity and the intelligence of an audience nurtured on the problems of a PINERO, the subtleties of a SUTRO. No, we must look deeper than this for his purpose.

Without consulting him, I think I have discovered that the clue to it lies in the character of *Pamela Townshend*, as brought out by the most remarkable feature of the play, namely, the way in which document after document of the gravest importance kept falling on the ground to be picked up by the wrong person. They fell like leaves in Vallombrosa, like the constant dropping of water that makes for petrification. There was the letter announcing that *Captain Townshend* of the Philadelphia Dragoons proposed to break through the British lines in disguise and visit his sweetheart and sister in the house where *D'Arcy*, of His Majesty's Foot Guards, was quartered. This gets on to the floor and so into the hands of *D'Arcy*. Then there was the document which set forth the plans of a secret night attack upon WASHINGTON's lines at Valley Forge. This gets on to the same floor and so into the hands of that charming rebel, *Miss Townshend*. In the former case *D'Arcy*, who is a gentleman first and an officer afterwards (if ever), declines to peruse the missive; and, when its contents become known to him through no fault of his own, in a spasm of gallantry saves the enemy from being captured and hanged for a spy, so placing that enemy's sister under a deathless obligation. In the latter case, this very lady, defying all the laws of honour and gratitude, determines to take full advantage of her discovery of the secret plan of assault, and, when caught with it in her hands, pours the contents of a pistol into the body of *D'Arcy*; and while he lies there apparently a corpse (I thought he was dead till I remembered that there was another Act to come, and no Actor-manager ever misses the finale) despatches her nigger-servant to warn the army of WASHINGTON. As for the damage done to the gentleman, she sets herself heartily to repair this by five weeks

of assiduous nursing, followed by a nuptial engagement; but in the matter of the document she never entertains a suspicion that her honour has suffered any sort of taint. And this is the sex that demands the vote!

You perceive now the intention of Mr. ALEXANDER in producing *D'Arcy of the Guards*. Under the guise of a simple costume-play there lurks a serious purpose. It is the latest and most brilliant move—the more subtle for its atmosphere of vacuous innocence—in the crusade against Women's Suffrage.

The shortness of the play did not save it from tedium, especially in the dialogues between *D'Arcy* and that good crouny, the Doctor of his regiment, who always had the air of saying good things and hardly ever said them; nor were the passages between *D'Arcy* and *Pamela Townshend* much



POUDRE D'AMOUR.

Pamela Townshend Miss EVELYN D'ALROY.
Colonel D'Arcy Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

more entertaining, though Miss EVELYN D'ALROY always gave charm and distinction to her scenes. Mr. ALEXANDER, in a part that needed at times a little more of the manner of Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, played perhaps in rather too subdued a key for an Irish officer with the reputation of a dashing dandy. Miss MARGERY MAUDE was very sweet and natural.

As for the gentlemen of the Foot Guards, they carried very bravely their picturesque uniforms, which seemed to have incurred no speck of dust or soil in the course of this bloody campaign; but the secret Council of War, held uproariously in a house inhabited by at least four rebels, recalled to me the pathetic observation of Lord NORTH, when a list of officers was submitted to him for the command in America: "I know not," he said, "what effect these names may have on the enemy, but I know they make me tremble."

"THE BISHOP'S SON."

Can it be that the cult of Mr. HALL CAINE is in decline? Not, surely, for

lack of stimulus on the part of the god himself. Yet it was only the other day that he was putting to us *The Eternal Question* ("Am I not the double of SHAKESPEARE?") and already it seems to have been answered in the negative. Anyhow, that *rechauffe* has been replaced at the Garrick by another of his melodramas, *The Bishop's Son*. This, his "latest play," as the programme says (it is really, of course, his old *Deemster* in a fresh disguise), was being offered on its second night to indifferent and very thinly populated stalls. Mr. BEVERIDGE acted well. He is just my idea of a really good Bishop of Sodor and Man struggling with adversity. Also there was a nice part for a fairly intelligent rough-haired terror. I liked him. He said nothing that made me laugh in the wrong place. O. S.

* Mr. HALL CAINE, anxious to save me from error, writes as follows:—"I could wish to tell you that the statement made in many news papers that it [*The Bishop's Son*] is a revised version of my earlier play called *Ben-my-Chree* is entirely without foundation. Whatever the faults of *The Bishop's Son*, it is at all events a new drama, founded on my novel, *The Deemster*, from which a portion of the earlier play was taken, but having no other resemblance to it, whether in scene or in dialogue."

This authoritative statement relieves *Ben-my-Chree* of a good deal of responsibility.

The Egyptian Gazette publishes the following weather report for Alexandria, straight from the Kom-el-Nadoura Observatory, which is one of the nicest and most trustworthy observatories we have ever met:

Direction of wind	...	Calm
Force of wind by kilom. per hour	00	
State of Sea	...	Calm
Barometer corrected	...	749.0
State of Sky	...	1/2 clouded
Humidity relative	...	65
During 24 hours		
Max. Temp. in the shade	28.8	
Min. do.	29.0	
Heat of the sun	19.3	
ending 8 a.m.		
Rainfall	...	50
Evaporation m.m.	...	5.0

It is difficult to see how one can leave off one's chest-protector when the weather is so uncertain.

"Of course, if it came from Ahad Singh, Raven went on, 'it could only have been a letter written before his death, which was posted subsequently, either intentionally or by mistake.' He little knew how absolutely correct was his surmise."—"Daily Mirror" Serial.

He must have known he was getting warm, between those two alternatives.

"It is interesting to state that, in treating a hairy mole, the hairs are removed, and do not return for a considerable time at least."

British Medical Journal.

This is a nice way to treat our poor dumb (and blind) friends.



True Passenger. "GUARD, WHAT ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE DOING IN THIS CARRIAGE? IF I PAY SECOND-CLASS FARE, I EXPECT TO TRAVEL WITH SECOND-CLASS PEOPLE."

A MAYOR'S NEST.

"JUST our luck. Here it's the finest afternoon of all the holidays, and we've got to stay indoors," said Norman, kicking dents in the mahogany legs of the landlady's chair.

"And whose fault is it?" asked Margaret.

"If Peter hadn't come and told us the niggers had begun we shouldn't have thought of leaving the man until we had unburied him," said Norman.

"It's beastly unfair to drag me into it," said Peter angrily. "I told Mother so. You know very well I didn't put a spadeful on him. All I did was to try to do you a good turn by telling you about the niggers. How should I know you'd buried a man? And yet I have to suffer for your—your——"

"Misdeemeanours is a good word, Peter," said Margaret kindly. "But really, Norman, it wasn't *Peter's* fault."

"It was, partly," protested Norman. "And yours as well. Who did his feet, and who said, 'Put it on gently, so as not to wake him?'"

"Ah, but who really began it? Who said, 'Here's an old blighter asleep—let's bury him for fun?'" asked Margaret.

"You're both to blame," said Peter, "and it isn't fair that I should be kept in. I had no more to do with it than Joan—yet she's jolly well enjoying herself on the sands, while I have to suffocate in this rotten room. I'm going to get out of the window."

"Although you may be as little to blame as darling Joan, Peter, that's no reason why you should break your little neck getting out of a first-floor window," said Margaret. "I expect Joan is enjoying herself, bless her innocent heart!" she added, looking dreamily at a white cloud passing across the deep blue sky.

"How should we know the tide was on the turn," said Norman. "We're not clerks of the weather, nor yet met-metropologists. And he wasn't in any real danger—he only shouted once or twice when the water touched his neck, and the boatmen ran to him at once. He was hardly even damp."

"I wonder," said Margaret musingly, "whether it would have mattered much if he *had* been drowned—I mean, he didn't look to me as if many people could love him."

"You'd have been hanged, that's all—and a jolly good thing, too," said Peter. "As it is, you'll very likely have to go to prison, for I heard father say he was Mayor of some place."

"Ah," exclaimed Norman, with some bitterness, "that's why they're so severe on us! Snobbery!"

Peter rolled off the sofa and lounged sulkily over to a corner, where he rummaged among some sailing boats and sand-shoes. "I say, who's sneaked my crab?" he was here on Tuesday.

"Dear little Joan took it out this morning," said Margaret, "she thought it would like a swim, but she tells me that she dropped it somewhere on the way, and never saw it again. I wonder," she added pensively, on a sudden suspicion, "if that can possibly be the same crab that they found in the Mayor's pocket when they were unburying him?"

MAIL-BAGS.

No. III.—THE HOUSEMASTER'S.

Richard Calthrop, Esq.,
"North Close."

DEAR SIR,—Your a/c re Hildebrand for last term to hand, and before sending you cheque for same I beg to enquire, as a business man, how you arrive at the item, "Breakages, £8 16s."? This is ridiculous! Hildebrand is my only son, and I know him through and through. No boy could possibly be more well-behaved and orderly. He would not hurt a fly. He has a beautiful and studious disposition.

Kindly itemise a/c, and oblige

Yours faithfully,

ALBERT WORPLETON.

(Answer: Practising gymnastics on the gas-burners, 17s. 6d.; aviation experiments with a Persian kitten, £2 2s.; proving that a cricket ball will penetrate stained-glass windows, 15s.; studying the action of the catapult on the Vicar's prize poultry, £1 11s. 6d.; introducing a stray cat to my dog in my drawing-room, £3 10s. Total, £8 16s.)

DEAR SIR,—I feel the time has arrived when I ought to take dear Leslie away from his governess and put him into a public school, but I have heard such dreadful accounts of them and I want to be perfectly sure that if he were entered at North Close he would be as carefully looked after as if he were under my own eye and kept out of draughts and protected from all the nasty-rough bullying boys and have his companions very carefully chosen for him. Can you satisfy me about this, and also see that he uses a toothbrush twice daily and that he changes his socks whenever he comes in from a walk? And I should be happier in mind if I knew that he was carefully watched and not allowed to over-study and that he was only to speak French at mealtimes with the other boys.

Of course I should not dream of allowing him to play football, but in the summer term I could let him play rounders or take part in cricket if a soft ball were used. Please satisfy me on these points, because dear Leslie is so sensitive and so delicately constituted, and I am certain that he is a genius. Yours very truly,

ALICIA EFFINGHAM.

(Answer: Mr. Calthrop greatly regrets that a stringent house rule prevents him from taking geniuses into North Close.)

DEAR SIR OR MADAM,—During the last week we find that we have des-

patched no less than *forty-three* sample packets of our Lemonade Powder, as advertised, to (presumably) guests at your house sending in coupons. To-day's post brings us *twelve more enquiries* for free samples from your address. We are pleased to get answers to our advertisements, but each sample costs us threepence, and we feel that this kind of thing is not business. Can you, in confidence, kindly explain same? We are, dear Sir or Madam,

Your obedient servants,

OSONICER, LTD.

(Answer: Mr. Calthrop's guests express great satisfaction at the quality of the lemonade powder, and have very reluctantly contributed 10s. 9d., which Mr. Calthrop encloses.)

DEAR SIR,—I must say that I am highly dissatisfied with Reginald's last half-term report. I cannot understand how you could possibly allow him to obtain only four marks out of a hundred in the Scripture History examination, and only five out of two hundred and fifty in the English Essay. When I placed Reginald in your care I particularly told you that I should require you to devote special attention to these two subjects, as I desire my dear boy to follow his father's footsteps in the Church. He has splendid brains, like his father, but he is very sensitive and requires constant attention to bring out the best that is in him. So I wish you to take him under your charge during the summer holiday and give him thorough coaching in his two weak subjects. I think a bracing seaside resort, such as Horne Bay, will be most suitable; and I should like you to teach him also swimming, elocution and the violoncello, as these make nice accomplishments for a curate.

Yours truly, MILDRED MURBY.

(Answer: Mr. Calthrop regrets that during the summer holiday he takes a holiday.)

DEAR SIR,—We are anxious to enlist the sympathy and influence of prominent educationalists for the great work of our National Co-education League, and should very much like to include your name in our list of patrons. We are sure, Sir, that your long experience will have led you to the conclusion that the system of co-education must inevitably be for the welfare of boys and girls alike, and also for the satisfaction of those whose noble privilege it is to direct and control the minds of the young.

Yours faithfully,

MATTHEW POTTERINGTON

(Author of *The Soul of the Boy*).

(Answer: Mr. Calthrop, speaking from long experience, finds more than ample scope for his energies in the direction and control of boys alone.)

MR. PUNCH'S AUTOGRAPH SALE.

CHAMBERLAIN, The Rt. Hon. AUSTEN, typed letter, signed, to Mr. CHRIMES, of Wolverhampton. "Private."

... What we suffer from is either too little leading or too many leaders; I leave it to you to decide which. My own view is that a Party should choose an enthusiastic leader, not necessarily from the ranks of golf players, and stick to him. Right or wrong, he should be loyally followed. As it is—but I have already written too much. You have my sympathy... 7/6

HOUSMAN, Mr. LAURENCE, A.L.S., to Mr. G. B. SHAW. Sept. 25, 1910.

... Will you not join us? No one can make the Consor see stars as you can. The whole thing's such infernal rot. Here is THACKERAY, on the one hand, with *The Four Georges*, and on the other every Electric Theatre with pictures of living royalties, and none too flattering either; and if I try to introduce GEORGE IV. in a drama I'm done. 5/-

CODY, Col., of Laffan's Plain, A.L.S., to Mr. ROBERT LORRAINE. Sept. 20, 1910.

DEAR MAN FROM THE AIR,—You can't think how much I admire you. I wish you would tell me how you do it. To act like you is swaggen enough, but to fly too! That is too much. What does one do to get so light? I keep on drinking soda water and eating puff pastry; but all in vain. Do help me.

Yours reverently, W. F. CODY. 9/-

SMITH, Mr. F. F., K.C., M.P., A.L.S., to Baron DE FOREST, Hereditary Baron of the Austrian Empire.

MY DEAR MAUPICK—There is really no end to the meanness of Party politicians. Would you believe it, some of my constituents are actually making themselves nasty about my trip with WINSTON and you! Really people are getting ridiculously fastidious nowadays. I think of replying to Liverpool in the classic words:—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more."

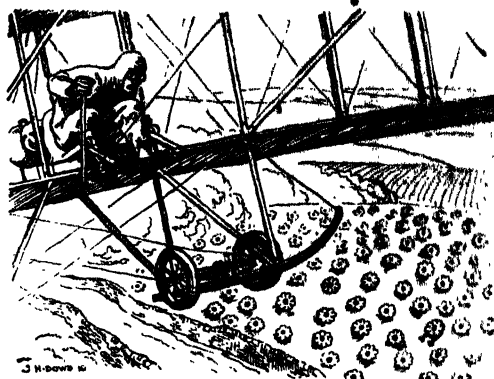
Yours ever, FRED. 1/6

TREE, Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM, A.L.S., to Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

ME DEAR BHUV,—Shure I'm tould that your Oirish accent in *D'Arcy of the Glens* is almost as good as me own in *The O'Flynn*. What a pity TAY PAY went off to America without hearing you! Couldn't you manage to take the piece over to Ireland and play it at Dundalk the next time TIM HEALY speaks there? Yours affectionately, BEN. 1/8

"An epicurean correspondent writes:—In connection with the Chilian centenary celebrations referred to by you in a recent issue, I did not notice any mention of the national Chilian dish at the shipboard dinners. Perhaps you are not aware that there is such a thing as a cazuela, which is looked upon as the Chilian national dish, the same as the olla podrida (English version) or cocido (Spanish name) is the Spanish national dish."—*Journal of Commerce*.

Quite true; we were not aware.



"THE NEW ARM," AND HOW TO ELUDE IT.

ON APPROACH OF AIR-SCOUT—

FORM FLOWERS!

THE REVENGE OF THE MOWER.

HAVE you ever heard of the Mowing Machine
Which once got up in the twinkling light
Of a star or two in the dead of night,
With its steely knives all sharp and clean,
And its box—I think it was painted green—
And crossing the lawn alone, alone,
With its whirl subdued to a muffled tone,
Arrived—but stay, I must tell you first—

What was the curious personal reason
That caused a machine like that to burst
Out of its shed

When the night was dead,
And so mysteriously to pass
On its muted wheels across the grass,

Like a burglar crawling his hands and knees on,
Intent in the dull October weather
To break a house and the law together.

This Mower had come from far away;
It was made, in fact, in the U.S.A.
Though Fate had sent it to go and roam
To a wretchedly starless, stripeless home,
To live its life in a giddy whirl
Of Duke and Marquis and belted Earl,
Still in its every thought and deed
It stuck to its old New England creed;
And though it was forced to be a server
In a British garden, it kept its fervour
Unmixed and strong (but I don't say blatant)
As a patriotic American patent.

Now there came to the house one day a man
Who was made on a spruce and tidy plan.
He owned a moustache and a rose-pink fair skin;

Had a decent amount of luck at cards,
And sometimes honoured the Coldstream Guards
By wearing a scarlet coat and bearskin.
His manner of speech was something slow,
With its "Yaas, bai Jove," and its "Dontcherknow;"
And his wits were certainly not too witty;
But you don't want wits when you look so pretty—
In short, he was neither more nor less
Than a frivolous lad in faultless dress.

It chanced that day that the conversation
Dealt with the great American nation,
And Algy (shortened from Algernon),
This Guardsman, tidy and neat and trim,

Great Scott, how he went and carried on!
Some demon certainly prompted him.

He wondered how talking through the nose felt;
He said he didn't like oyster-stew;

He didn't think much of Colonel ROOSEVELT;
He didn't love Yankee girls (I do),

Because, he observed, they always knew
As much as, usually more than, you.

Their men, he stated, were badly dressed,
With a most deplorable taste in collars;

He hated the silly way they "guessed,"
And loathed their habit of piling dollars.

He didn't leave them a single virtue:
Their manners pained and their language hurt you.

In all their pursuits they were far too keen—
And every stupid and wounding word

Being said in the garden was overheard
By the angry American Mowing Machine.

So that's why the Mower rose at night
With its wheels well oiled and its blades all bright,
And that's why Algernon's soldier-valet,

When he went next morning to wake his master
With some tea and toast to tickle his palate,
Recoiled in awe

From the proof he saw

Of the Yankee-hater's deserved disaster.
For the Mowing Machine had chewed the pup,
Had chopped him small and had mowed him up;
And had left, for Algernon's form and face,
A tuft of grass on the pillow-case!

"But some beautiful hats, in which black and white are solely used, will be worn, though at the moment they are prebably of white and black."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

Just the sort of little difference which distinguishes a real lady.

"Barbara dropped her embroidery. Her dark eyes swept the porch absently."—*Penny Magazine.*
The best of these long lashes.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE are certain amateur critics (we have all met them) who are quite hurt if an author dares to write two consecutive books in one style. His individual manner of expressing himself they recognize now as a mere mannerism, and they have a vague feeling that he is doing it on purpose, in order to annoy them. So SHAKESPEARE must have had critics who said, with each new play, "Saine old blank verso"; so Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN must have had critics who said, "Vieut jeu" to his fourth book and proceeded to explode him as a slave to his mid-Victorian style. Whereat (alas!) Mr. DE MORGAN girded up his loins, and said, "Very well, then, I'll just show 'em," and produced this remarkable *tour de force*, *An Affair of Dishonour* (HEINEMANN). Perhaps, though, I am wrong; perhaps Mr. DE MORGAN was tired of himself, and wanted a holiday. Well, he has had it—a few gloomy months in the seventeenth century; now let him get back to work. For me there can never be too many *Joseph Vances* and *Alce for Shorts*; for me this *Affair of Dishonour* was as nearly as anything too much. I admired greatly its skill, but there were times when I was almost—well, when I found that I could cheerfully drop a few pages. To think that the father of *Sally* could ever bring me to such a melancholy condition!

Putting aside the *Dreadnoughts*, I have found the Germans of my acquaintance very decent fellows, of passions much like my own, not without their faults, mainly distinguishable by their prettier taste in beer. Yet none can write of them without exaggeration unbounded. Thus, I. A. R. WYLIE assumes that I regard the Teuton as an egregious monster, and, hoping to bring us nearer together, describes him as a paragon of all the virtues. Things are so much better ordered in his country that even his servant class, out courting, refrains from "exuberant signals of affection," lest "a blot be cast on the landscape." To make the praise conclusive old England is constantly, if unconsciously, belittled. To take the least instance, our idea of celebrating Christmas appears to this author to consist of nothing but quite enough church and much too much plum pudding. Had *My German Year* (MILLS AND BOON) been confined to its interesting facts and pleasant illustrations, I should not be complaining. It is written from competent observation and with descriptive powers of an attractive and humorous order. But as an essay in criticism it so fails as almost to irritate. Were I to take its judgment as final I might be content, for the prosperity of Germany, that the Germans are there, but should rejoice exceedingly, for my own gregarious pleasures, that they are not here.

On page 221 of Mr. W. H. HUDSON's new and beautiful book, *A Shepherd's Life* (METHUEN), it is written, "Some friends of mine whom I went to visit over the border in Dorset told me of an enthusiast . . . who had recently died in the village. 'What a pity you did not come sooner,' they said. Alas! it is nearly always so; on first coming to stay at a village one is told that it has but just lost its oldest and most interesting inhabitant." This passage expresses also the feeling of Mr. HUDSON's readers. They too regret that he has not always been wandering about this green England, from earliest times, eliciting memories and sentiments, shrewd, poignant, and entertaining, from the sons and daughters of its soil. No one has ever done it so well. In reading *A Shepherd's Life* and the series of other wayfaring, observing, gossiping books that have preceded it, one thinks of Mr. HUDSON as the finest patriot, in the best sense of the word, that we have. No one so understands and loves his fellow-men and his native land, and no one writes a more limpid and melodious English.



IMPROBABLE SCENES.—II.

HOUSE-AGENT POINTING OUT THE DEFECTS OF A HOUSE TO A PROSPECTIVE TENANT.

If you had come to me and said,

"What would you give again to know The thrills you felt when first you read A Haggard twenty years ago?"

I should, I think, have answered, "Sir (Or Madam as the case may be),

The joys of youth do not recur

At least, they never do with me.

"I know that land in Afric's core, Named from a hint in Holy Writ.

The vasty caves, the treasure store, With skeletons a-guarding it;

I know the men who find it—one

Weds the fair queen—a prize well earned. I loved them; but their day is done, At least so far as I'm concerned."

Thus I'd have answered you. And yet Here's EVELLEIGH NASH has proved me wrong. The recipe is labelled "stet";

The ancient thrills are going strong. And though my hair is turning white

Age surely loses half its sting

If RIDER HAGGARD still can write

Books like his last—*Queen Sheba's Ring*.

"Shall I say that I was comforted when I looked up from my letter, to meet two brave blue eyes that shined in their brightness and sweetness that one at least was glad that I had not gone to the war?"—*London Magazine*.

What did the other one think about it?

"The best-known absentees were V. L. Johnson, the famous Birmingham sprinter (who was, however, present). . . ."—*Daily Mail*.

The Press cannot lie.

CHARIVARIA.

Now that an agitation for payment of the Members of the House of Commons has been started, the Members of the House of Lords are considering their own position in this respect. They appreciate, we understand, that the present moment is not favourable for any extravagant demands, and according to our information a claim merely for their beer money will be put forward at first.

The latest report about the Turkish Loan is to the effect that France will float it in consideration of Turkey ordering five gunboats from a French shipyard. The hitch was said to be due to France attempting to make the Turks take a few of her Government matches as well.

From Bombay comes the news that SAVARKAR has objected to the jurisdiction of the Court, and has now definitely refused to take any part in the proceedings. This spiteful attempt to spoil a trial on which so much money and pains have been expended really does not do credit to SAVARKAR.

The state of health of ABDUL HAMID is said to be more than precarious. His experience, however, as the Sick Man of Europe will, we suspect, stand him in good stead.

Prince HENRY XXIV. of Reuss-Koestritz, Reuter tells us, died last week at Ernstbrunn. It is rumoured that with his successor in title an entirely new series will be started, beginning with HENRY I.

There was a quite inexplicable absence of excitement among British cricketers when the Orient liner *Oriway* brought back the ASCHES last week from Australia.

The motor-car race for the Vanderbilt Cup on Long Island was a brilliant affair this year, four persons having been killed and twenty others injured.

It has, after all, been left to private enterprise to find employment for Lord KITCHENER. He is to be best man at the wedding of General Sir ARCHIBALD HUNTER (protector of King MANOEL at Gib.) and MARY Lady INVERCLYDE at St. George's, Hanover Square, on the 1st prox.

We are sorry to hear that the bees in Warwickshire are threatened with

famine. We should have thought that it would have been possible to persuade many kind-hearted local ladies to adopt one during the winter.

There would seem to be no limits to the influence of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. A telegram from Capetown referring to the forthcoming Royal opening of the new wing of Parliament House states, "It is expected that hotel and house accommodation for visitors will be taxed to the utmost."

A propos of the prohibition of Mr. LAWRENCE HOUSMAN's play, we hear that a movement is on foot among all persons called George in favour of making a presentation to the Censor for insisting that that name should



Young Savant (who has borrowed his father's microscope).
"IF YOU PLEASE COOK, WILL YOU LEND ME A FLIP?"

be associated only with all that is noble and good.

It seems almost incredible that the opening of Mr. BEECHAM's Opera Season at Covent Garden should have been postponed owing to the indisposition of two of the artistes. Where, oh where, were those pills which would have been worth more than a guinea to the box office?

"FRANK DANBY" published a new novel last week. A certain amount of interest attaches to the event as this is the first book this authoress has written since she decided to give up writing.

The *Observer* points out that the circle has not yet been squared, "and is not likely to be." But who knows? This may be one of the triumphs of aviation. In Paris, not so long ago,

an aeroplane might have been seen circling a Square.

Babies' feeding-bottles are to be provided on the new refreshment corridor train running from Liverpool Street to the Essex coast towns, and thus a reform for which infants have been crying for years is now consummated. The Great Eastern Railway now fulfils on land the functions which we imagine the Bibby Line to fulfil on sea.

During a hunt at Sidley Bridge an otter hound and a terrier were lost in a big drain, where they remained imprisoned for seventeen days. To prevent the recurrence of such an accident it is suggested that only dachshunds be employed in the future, as these dogs are of the ideal build for passing through pipes with ease.

One of Messrs. PICKFORD's delivery vans loaded with goods was stolen from a street in Southwark the other day. We understand that with a view to prevent such petty thefts in the future the vans will be attached to the driver by means of a little chain.

Absolutely the latest hat for women, we read, is "The Aeroplane," with large outstanding wings set freakishly at the back of the hat. It is to be hoped that this forecasts the possibility of all absurd hats shortly taking flight.

A correspondent writes to point out what seems to us undoubtedly to be a breach of good taste. While a large number of music-lovers were waiting outside the pit and gallery entrances on the occasion of the production of *Elektra* last week, some ladies appeared with money-boxes, and endeavoured to collect contributions for "Homes for the Mentally Afflicted."

By the way, another correspondent expresses the view that *Tiefland* is reminiscent of WAGNER to such a large extent that the title might well have been rendered "Tiefland" in the English translation.

To the joy of the Republicans the Portuguese Revolution received its imprimatur on Friday last, when *The Daily Mail* published a long telegram from the new PRESIDENT. It is expected that the other Great Powers will follow the lead of our contemporary in recognising our youngest Republic.

MOTOR MEMS.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Expert.)

AUTUMN is advancing and there can no longer be any doubt that the days are beginning to draw in, making lighting-up time almost startling in the earliness of its incidence. The cautious motorist, however, will find no difficulty in adapting himself to the daily change of hour and in avoiding the attentions of the police, whose only idea would seem to be to earn promotion by piling up a long list of fines secured from those who, though they do happen to drive cars, are yet entitled to the ordinary courtesies generally extended by one human creature to another. Motorists are a long-suffering race, and there is among them too great a tendency to endure the policeman's scorn, the magistrate's contumely; but some day the breaking-point will be reached, and then there will be a rude awakening for Dogberry and Verges and all the rest who have attempted to trample motorists under the iron heel of self-sufficient authority. In the meantime, however, every driver of a car should provide himself with the ingenious little machine supplied by the Self-Adjusting Automatic Lighting Syndicate, of London, Paris and Berlin. It would not be fair to describe all the details of the patent. Suffice it to say, that by an entirely novel application of the Marconi system the machine is kept in permanent wireless relation with the sun, so that at one hour after sundown precisely the six tiny ignition-semaphores are set working and the light thus generated is communicated to the lamps of the car. The machine takes up very little room; it is made out of the new Compressed Pumper-Nickel material, and can be fixed on the steering-wheel. It is said that it sometimes explodes in a thick fog, but the patentees point out that the *e* is a distinct advantage in possessing a portable fog-signal, and that so far no motorist has been killed by such an explosion, even if it has occurred, which they strongly deny.

A NEW CAR.

I had an opportunity the other day, by the courtesy of the All-British Red-Map Imperial Auto-Car Company, of inspecting their new 1911 type of car. Mr. Blosenheim and Mr. Isidor Dollarstein, the courteous and genial Managing Directors of this magnificent concern, were good enough to attend at the chief works and to show me everything that was to be seen. The Air-Cleaver, as the car has been christened, is made of consolidated zinc-copperine, all the joints being strengthened with bar-gold imported for this purpose from the Company's mine on the Rand. The engine of course has a sliding sleeve with detachable silver cuffs grooved in concentric rings. A universal spring-shackle acts by means of a worm-drive constructed on the mono-bloc system, and the carburettor, being fitted with six pistons and five sparking plugs, transmits energy in a straight line to the propeller-shaft right through the gearbox to the live axle. At the North-East corner of the splendid chassis there are twelve self-supporting troughs raised or lowered in synchronism with the opening of the throttle, thus securing a perfected petrol-electric all-metal exhaust. The wheels are of the hay-cart type, first brought into notice by this firm. There are four clutches in a line and the brake-pedals are placed on the rear of the frame, thus avoiding the confusion inseparable from the ordinary type. The flow of the petrol is regulated by a formula which assumes that

$$x = \sqrt{\left(\frac{y^a - b^4}{z + y^m}\right)(r^2 + d)},$$

where *r* is, of course, equivalent to the friction given off at

top speed. The price of this car, with Maharajah body complete, is only £2,000, and I can highly recommend it to my readers.

THE INCOMPLETE BACHELOR.

I WONDER what it is, this subtle *Something*
That other men possess, and I do not!
This hidden charm, this lure, this really rum thing
That casts a spell where I but cast a blot!

'Tis not the sunny smile you see them wearing;
No glamour of a chin set firm and fine;
No trick indeed of form or manly bearing --
For glance at Brown's, then feast your eyes on mine!

Yes, gaze at Brown the promenade patrolling,
The seaside nymphs look round with rosy cheeks;
With sparkling eyes they watch their hero strolling --
A distant nod will haunt their dreams for weeks!

Full credit would I give, not seek to dim it --
But no, the tailor's skill it cannot be;
For look at Jones! his waistcoat is the limit!
Those trousers, too, all baggy at the knee!

And yet observe him where the many muster;
The women sigh, you hear their young hearts beat!
Why, Jones, the centre of a radiant cluster,
Might be the Curate at the local Treat!

And what of me? I mingle with the others,
Hither and thither hustled, jostled, shoved;
Plain, homely clay -- no use to eager mothers.
Merely a man! One of the World's unloved!

MISUNDERSTOOD.

I MET her in the golden gloom talking to some one who looked like Briseis.

"Cassandra!" I said.

She turned round, and I was surprised to notice that she still wore that harassed look which (so they say) never left her upon earth. For here everything looked jolly: there was no stint of floral decorations--asphodel and so on.

"You come from earth?" she asked eagerly; "from England, perhaps?"

I confessed it.

"Ah, then," she cried, "perhaps you can help me. You know that we take in the papers down here?"

"Excuse me," I said, "I thought this was Elysium."

"Nevertheless," she answered, "we do, and whenever I open one of your Liberal Dailies, what do I find? 'The Cassandra-like prophecies of Mr. J. L. GARVIN, or *The Morning Post*, or *The Times*, or LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, or the Tariff Reform Parrot, or some one else.' And what do they mean by it?" she almost shouted, stamping on the ground with an indignant sandal. "They mean 'untrue.' Was ever a woman so maligned? When Apollo" (here she blushed slightly) -- "when Apollo laid that curse upon me, it was to the effect that my forebodings should all be realised, but that no one should believe in them. As if that was not enough to worry a poor girl. And now that I am dead they use my name as a synonym for a liar. It's too bad. Could you not publish a short history of the Trojan war for the benefit of Liberal journalists, or at least ask Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE to supply them with classical dictionaries? They might as well say that Hector dragged Achilles round the walls of Troy. But hush! here comes Agamemnon."

I promised to do what I could, and retired discreetly.



DIMINUTION..

"THE DYING PIG" (MR. JOHN REDMOND). "THEY WOULDN'T LOOK AT ME WHEN I WAS FULLY INFLATED. LET US DWINDLE."

[MR. REDMOND'S new Home Rule demands as outlined in a Press interview are milder even than the spurned Devolution scheme.]



(Husband, who fancies himself as an amateur, is, with his wife, paying his first call in a new neighbourhood. He tells a humorous story with excellent results.)

His Proud Wife "Now tell them your other story, dear."

A VICARIOUS REVENGE.

"It looks," said my wife, who is sometimes unnecessarily observant, "as if *Punch* had rejected you *again*."

"Well, well," I said with a sigh, "of course, if the editor deliberately chooses to discourage genius and pander to the depraved taste of the mob, that is not my affair. I can scarcely be responsible for the consequences to him and his paper. But I am afraid, sorely afraid that it means that Archibald will have to forego his long-promised visit to the dentist this year. That's all. It seems hard that he should have to suffer; but still—" I made a gesture expressive of resignation.

"Perhaps, dear, if you wrote to the editor and told him—" said my wife.

"What?" I exclaimed, with a glow of noble warmth, "throw myself on his charity after this?"—here I brought my fist down with a thump on my saucer and flooded the tablecloth with coffee—"Never! I would rather send my literary work to the —, or even the — than that! But who's the other from?"

"Mr. Gubbins, I think, dear," was the reply from my wife, who was gathering up the coffee in a napkin;

"and I do wish you'd be more careful."

"H'm," said I (and few know what a world of savage scorn that simple ejaculation can convey), "Mr. Gubbins shall receive our most attentive consideration. Let me see the MS."

My wife opened the envelope and handed me the contents. The composition certainly had the quality of length. "Evidently a case of sustained effort," I observed, "and from the arrangement of the lines I should presume it to be in verse. Let us consider it in detail."

The opening lines ran as follows:

Jan. 11.	1 lb. g s'rup	...	5
"	3kg. powd....	...	62
"	Blkg. br.	1 42

"Apparently a dialect poem," said I. "Can you suggest any intelligible interpretation?"

"This mean treacle, dear," said my wife, "and *that's* baking powder. The other's blacking brushes, though what on earth cook's been doing with the perfectly good new ones I got her in October I *can't* think."

"An unpromising theme," I murmured. "Still, in the hands of a master of realism, much can be done even with such rude materials. The

metre, too, seems to be a trifle irregular. Possibly Pindaric. However, let us see how he develops the subject."

The next lines were:—

Jan. 12.	2 pkt. carbolic sp.	1	34
"	1 tin s'dmes.	...	0

"He is wandering from the point," I said sorrowfully. "Now it only he had made some attempt to stick to the treacle —"

I read some more, but failed to detect any coherent narrative running through the lines. The style was monotonous, the scansion faulty, and there was no trace of any discrimination in the choice of expressions, or of that "criticism of life" which, we are told, is the essence of true literature.

"This composition," I said, sighing and shaking my head, "seems to me to be absolutely devoid of merit. Give me a sheet of note-paper, a pen, some ink and some blotting paper."

Then I wrote as follows:—

"[NOTE.—A stamped and addressed envelope or wrapper must accompany all communications which may require an answer.]

Mr. — presents his compliments, and regrets that he is unable to accept the enclosed contribution."

After that I felt better.

OUR WATERING-PLACE.

At a meeting on Monday of the Town Council of South-westborough, Councillor Hadd, in an emotional speech, declared that the close of the holiday season had shown them that their position as a seaside watering-place was now practically untenable. Owing to the gradual slope of their shore the sea had always been distant, but it had lately receded and was now two or three miles away. (*Groans.*) They never got anywhere near it. No one in the place could swim. Most of them had never been in a boat in their lives.

Tourists were attracted here by their advertisements of witching waves, silver sands and beach picnics, and then were furious to find nothing except a stretch of sea bog covered with seaweed and decaying shell-fish. When the tide was out they could see the water only through a telescope. Legally the name South-westborough-on-Sea amounted to embezzlement.

Councillor Tisdall proposed carting away an acre or two of the rubbish on the Front and making an artificial strand of some sort. They could contract with a London builder for a few tons of sand and bed out some rocks and fossils and things—anything to make the place look natural. Then they might have some fresh fish sent down from town every morning. They would have to engage a fishwife, of course. He knew of a most respectable person who had been a charwoman and who could easily be taught the proper cries. For instance, he suggested, "All alive, O!" which he believed was the technical term used when selling fish. (*Cries of "Fresh cra-a-ab!" "Mackeril—nice mackeril!"*) He moved a farthing rate for the purchase of shrimps and sea anemones. (*Murmurs.*)

The Chairman begged to support this forward movement. He would have water pumped up from the sea to the proposed strand every morning for maritime purposes, and a char-à-banc run twice a day to take tourists down to the shore. He suggested building a wreck or two and engaging a tame mermaid on trial. And could not something be done to the atmosphere? Invalids were supposed to come down for the air, but at present they couldn't get near the ozone. And why not a regatta? (*Loud and astonished cheers.*) They might hire some craft from some watering-place where there was some sea, and engage a professional swimmer down from London. The yachting didn't matter, he thought; no one ever looked at that at a regatta. They only wanted good fireworks in the evening—no one cared for more than that. Just put a few cutters or yawls, or whatever you call them, out in the offing, and let them hang about there all day; that was all—except firing off a gun occasionally. Guns were, for some reason or other, always fired off at a regatta. Personally he hated the sea, but they might put him down as commodore, if they liked—anything to give the thing a lift. (*Loud cheers.*)

Councillor Snell applauded this sportsmanlike and plucky offer. He had an idea. (*Murmurs of surprise.*) Why not have a local man to attempt to swim the Channel next year from South-westborough? (*Emotion.*) It was no use objecting—he knew that the town was nowhere near the coast of France, and that nobody in the place could swim—but how would the public find that out? And what was wrong with a projected aeroplane flight to America? Look at the advertisement it would give the town! It would bring in thousands of tourists, even if not an aviator on the ground flew a yard. (*Sensation.*)

Councillor Hickie announced himself as an out-and-out Progressive in this matter. He thought a move might be made by building an island, or something of that sort, and letting it out by the hour to trippers—anything

picturesque; though it would be much better really to have a wall built round the coast; the sea was a hideous object about there. Then they ought to have a shipwreck now and then, with a gallant rescue—something the Press could write up. And they wanted some old sea salts to amuse the visitors. They could stand around in the streets and hitch up their trousers.

The purchase of a fog siren and a fully-equipped flag-staff having been moved,

The meeting adjourned to the "Three Jolly Seadogs."

A PLEA FOR UNSELFISHNESS.

Thick as the leaves in autumn down they flutter,

Two at a blow by one dark morning's post:

Missives that make me weep into the butter,

And shed from nerveless hands the untasted toast;

Letters to say some poor good fellow

Has fallen into "the sore and yellow,"

Has got engaged—has given up the ghost.

A melancholy train—like carts of coke hauled

Up to the hymeneal pyre they go:

Was there some magic in the summer (so-called)

That made them pop like that? I do not know.

But anyhow the fools are bottled,

Caught by the neck and fairly throttled,

And o'er their graves the orange-flower shall blow.

Not that I blame them wholly—men are mortal:

And who shall say what loveliness, what wiles,

Have made them dare the irrevocable portal

And set their feet towards the blessed aisles?

But what I do complain of, demme,

Is when they paint their Blanche or Emmie:

Their lack of human feeling—that's what riles.

As if 'twere not enough to lose *in toto*

A fairly decent friend (for all his faults),

When some young thing (oh! yes, I've seen her photo)

Has haled him to the matrimonial vaults:

As though 'twere bliss, or even pleasant

To have to buy a wedding present

Here in the hourly hail of duns' assaults;

That then on top of this they'd have me listen—

Well read, at any rate—meander through,

Till tears of boredom on my eyelash glisten,

Their raptures on the radiant object who,

Since ADAM first commenced his farming,

Is "quite the most divinely charming,"

They all say that—of course it must be true.

And (not a hint of care nor trouble taken

To have the sorrow of our parting eased)

They hurl their bombshell in my eggs and bacon,

They tell me how their hearts to heaven are seized

(He scarcely knows, does poor dear Simpson!

If life in other spheres yet limps on),

And then, ye gods, they ask me to be pleased.

No, no, my comrades, this is rather too much:

If ye have dared to tread the bridal track

Into the jaws of death, the Stygian gloom-hutch,

Think of the souls on earth who cry "Alack!"

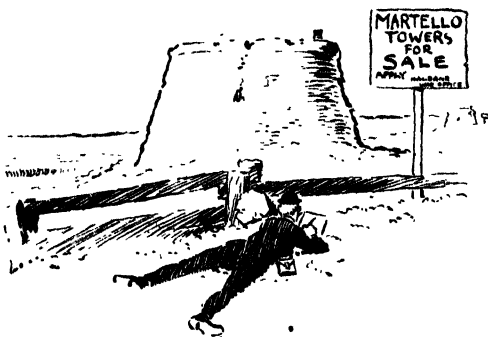
When next my breakfast table bristles

With these funereal epistles,

Let them be short at least and edged with black.

EVOR.

A LEAF FROM A GERMAN OFFICER'S DIARY.



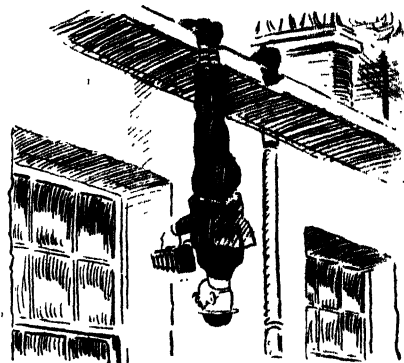
IN THE MORNING EARLY I TO THE SOUTH COAST CAME. I SKETCH AND MAP FORTIFICATIONS, AND THE UNCHALLENGED ESCAPE MAKE.



WHEN I TO THE RAILSTATION RETURNED AM, I FIND A TROOP OF O. L. B. EVIDENTLY PRACTISING SHALLOW COAST INVASIONS. SEVERAL PHOTOGRAPHS TO OBTAIN I AM ABLE.



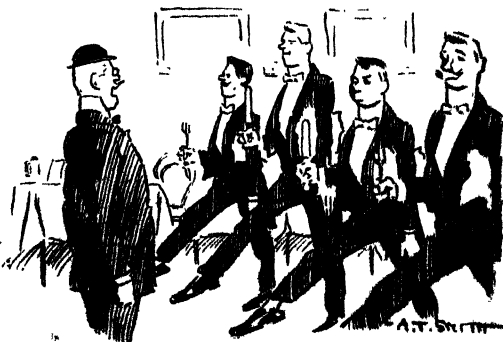
TO LONDON RETURNED. THE WAR OFFICE CAN EASILY BRIDED IN THE SECRET WAY TO THE ROOF TO SHOW DURING THE LUNCH HOUR (HALF-TWELVE TO THREE).



AND OF THE LATEST PATTERN OF "THE RED LARK" MOST EXCELLENT PICTURES SECURE.



AFTERNOON AT THE ALDERSHOT MANOEUVRES, WHERE OF THE BRITISH ARMY THE PASSWORDS OBTAIN.



BACK TO LONDON. DINE AT THE HUNDWURSTHOP, BRILL THE STAFF (ALL SECRET-SERVICE CHILDREN OF THE FATHERLAND) FROM SHUT-TIME TO HALF-THREE.

AN AUTOGRAPH BOOK.

"Oh," said Miss Middleton, "you've got a letter and I haven't. How mean!"

I glanced at the bulky-looking envelope in front of me, and then handed it to her across the table.

"Take it. Your need is the greater. Besides, I got it every Monday."

"Is it a report of the mine where all your money is? Perhaps they've found some gold this week."

She opened the envelope and drew out an autograph album.

"There you are," I said. "That's what it is."

"How funny. I didn't know you went in for these."

"I don't. They go for me. At least, that one does. I've had it for months and months, and every week-end I say to myself: 'Why didn't I bring it down with me? I might have done it this week-end.' And then I telegraph to London for it, and it comes down, and on Tuesday I take it back with me. That's all. It follows me about of its own accord now."

"Write in it this morning, and I'll help you."

"You mean you'll criticise me."

"Well, I'll sort of sit on the table and tell you what words rhyme."

I groaned, and asked for the marble-malade.

"Very well," I said, "we'll do it."

"Now then," I said after breakfast, as I sharpened a pencil, "I've had an idea in my head for a long time, and it is this. I am going to give a list of all the things I can do, and end up by saying that the one thing I can't do is to write in autograph books. Do you see?"

Miss Middleton was extremely silent. "Do say something," I begged, "if it's only an expression of contempt."

"I was thinking of all the things you can do."

"They will transpire. The idea may sound rather bald, but wait and see how it works out. Now then, let's begin."

"With which of your numerous accomplishments shall we open?"

"Yes, that's the trouble. Well, suppose we start like this:

I can ride, I can row, I can 'ski.'

"Can you ride?" interrupted Miss Middleton.

"Very badly. I can never get away from the thought that I should be much safer underneath the horse than on the top of him. Do you know that feeling?"

"Can you 'ski'?"

"No . . . Well, then we go on. I can—I can—yes, that's got it:

I can ride, I can row, I can 'ski'

I can dance and play football and fight."

"Can you yodel?" asked Miss Middleton with great interest.

"Look here," I said in some annoyance, "when I say I 'can' do these things I mean that I don't mind trying to do them. But I do mind trying to write in albums. And what I mind most of all is when a person says she's going to help me, and then finds fault with everything I do."

"Oh, I am sorry. I didn't mean to do that. Now I really will help. . . I can—I can—"

She looked at me thoughtfully. I went on writing.

"How's this?" I said—

"I can ride, I can row, I can 'ski,'

I can dance, and play football, and fight.

If I once get a hint of the key,

I can join (if desired) in a glee;

I can play little pieces at sight;

I can sew and make d'oyleys and cook—

But I do draw the line at attempting to write

In your autograph book."

Miss Middleton listened with her head on one side.

"That's very nice indeed. Only I wish I had known before that you were so fond of trying to make d'oyleys and join in glees."

"It's like this," I explained queer again. "There are a whole lot of things I can do which won't rhyme with anything, like picking a pin out of the back of a chair with my teeth, and so I can't get those in; so it's only fair to make up for them by putting in a few things which I don't do, but which do rhyme. If you like I'll put an asterisk against some of them, and say 'Liar' down below."

"Sorry," said Miss Middleton. "Now the second verse."

"The second verse might strike a different note. We might explain how we had remained quite calm through many terrifying adventures, but how that even we were appalled at the sight of an autograph book."

"But that's lovely, because then we can really let ourselves go—

I have heard the rhinoceros roar."

"That's the spirit," I said, and went on—

"I was once introduced to a Dean."

"This is sheer vulgar pride," said Miss Middleton. "Now all you want is something about an infernal machine and a wild boar, and there you are."

There, as she said, we were. It took a little longer than that, however; but when finished the verse went like this:

I have heard the rhinoceros roar;

I was once introduced to a Dean;

When I'm savagely charged by a boar,

I make no exclamation but "Lor!"

I have faced an infernal machine,

I was calm when all Sicily shook—

But I blench at the pages of yellow and green
In your autograph book.

"There!" I said proudly. "I think that was worth doing."

"How well do you know the lady?"

"Oh, quite well. Why?"

"Then she knows that it isn't—isn't—quite—"

"Whoever tells the truth in an autograph book?"

"It would be rather fun to do it for once," said Miss Middleton.

"You call this helping, but you're doing your best to hamper me. Very well then, we'll have a third verse."

This was the third verse:—

Just a word—do not ask, if you're wise,

Whether all of my statements are true;

If you do you will learn with surprise

That it's all of it—*all of it*—lies;

Yet I doubt if that matters to you.

You have got what you wanted—why, look!

Here's a page full of veros, original, new

In your autograph book!

"I hope that satisfies you," I said to Miss Middleton, and I opened the book and wrote the verses in carefully.

"They had better be signed 'Long-fellow,'" said Miss Middleton, looking over my shoulder. "All the others are." A. A. M.

"Violet" is instructed as follows in *The Church Family Newspaper*:

"On the widow lady and her daughter leave two of your own cards and two of your husbands, if they are out, and if they are at home you must leave the same number in the hall as you pass through on your way out."

This is not at all our idea of the "modest Violet."

Seen on a ticket labelling tomatoes in a shop in Leeds:

"BEST ENGLISH
CAN'T BE BEAT."

If this is really their best English we are sorry.

"The average height of an Englishman is 5 feet 9 inches; of a Frenchman, 5 feet 4 inches; of a Belgian, 3 feet 6½ inches."

(*Glasgow Evening Citizen*.)

The Belgians are too small.

The Shop-Soiled Girl is the title of the latest transpontine melodrama. To be followed, we hope, by *Salvage Sale Sal* and *Little Miss Fitt*.

"How little they know of England"—the familiar line returns to memory.

Morning Post.

Not so much of your "familiar"!

THE MAKING OF A JOURNALIST.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S REPORT COURTEOUS TO T. P.'S ARTICLE IN "THE MUNSEY."

AN "intimate study" of the famous and self-sacrificing patriot journalist forms the most attractive feature of the October number of *Bindell's Magazine*.

"T. P. O'CONNOR," it says, "is not merely an individual, but a type and a world-force. He embodies the *cri de cœur* of a nation in chronic revolt. And yet by a tragic irony almost too deep for tears this Celt of Celts lives in permanent exile in the heart of cruel London."

"His early days, however, were spent amid the green hills of Erin, where he was the life and soul of every gathering, social, political and athletic. At the national game of hurly, at all meetings held by the votaries of terpsichore, 'T. P.' shone conspicuous by his indefatigable and resilient energy. Yet the cult of athletics never interfered with his literary studies. At the age of ten he had committed all the polysyllabic epithets in JOHNSON'S *Dictionary* to memory, and modelled his style on that of the great monarch of the florid quill, GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA."

"Gravitating to London in the early 'seventies," he soon leaped to eminence by the wonderful skill with which he combined a truculent patriotism with the keenest appreciation of the noble qualities of the English aristocracy."

"This heroic tolerance he carries to such miraculous lengths that he has actually been known to shake hands with a Tory peer and to drink tea in the same room with a duchess."

"His early environment was narrow and strait-laced, but by a great effort he has so far emancipated himself from these cramping influences that he occasionally visits the theatre and has been known to admit an acquaintance with the works of GEORGES OHNET."

"One of the most beautiful traits in his character is his ability to enjoy or even make a joke at his own expense. Thus, once when I asked him to what quality he attributed his marvellous success, he replied with a joyous twinkle in his eye, 'Sure, me friends call it *bonhomie*;' GOLDWIN SMITH called it "heartfelt flummery;" but I call it blatherskite."

"When he is among his intimates—and their name is legion—he often bursts forth into song and dance. I am not a musical critic, but I have never heard a richer or more ingratiating baritone than 'T. P.'s."

"His wit is wonderfully ready. Once I remember expressing my surprise that a people like the Irish could con-



TOO OLD AT FOURTEEN.

"WELL, JIMMY, I SUPPOSE YOU'LL SOON BE LEAVING SCHOOL?"
 "GARN. LEFT LONG AGO. BEEN AHT O' WORK NINE MUN-F."

sent to PARNELL'S dictatorship. 'Och, why wouldn't they?' was the immediate response. 'Sure, the Irish love a Dictator. That's why they love me, for I've been dictating everything for the last twenty years.'

"Until he took to motoring, 'T. P.' was a fearless bicyclist. TIM HEALY wants him to take to aeroplaning, but so far he has resisted the temptation. His favourite drink is barley-water, and he smokes Irish cigarettes with impunity."

The Spectator on the Bishop of RYON:

"He pointed out . . . that while the increase of longevity tended to increase the proportion of the old, the decline in the birth-rate tended to diminish the supply of the young."

How can anyone say after this that our Bishops are overpaid?

The Trials of Royalty.

"PRINCE ALBERT AS 'STROKE.'
Daily Mail,
 "PRINCE ALBERT AS 'COX.'
Daily Express.

"A curious *con'temptus* occurred this week at St. Anne's harvest thanksgiving service. A good congregation gathered for the service, which was to be followed by a sermon by a visiting preacher. The service was prolonged, but no preacher arrived, so the curate said a few words on thankfulness."

Nottingham Guardian.

Very nice and human of him.

"This was in striking contrast to the scene outside, where all was bright and animate, the countryside looking resplendent and at its best, in the early autumn garb." *Herfordshire Standard*.

You really get this effect better in London.



Horticultural Contributor (to near View, upon conclusion of the Harvest Festival decorations). "Well, Sir, we've had the church looking saucy before, but never anything like this."

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

THE end draws near again, and very near,
The first few fluttered beech leaves fall and gleam —
Light skirmishers that dog the dying year —
But still I see you, down below the weir,
A shadow in the stream!

Here have you lurked since Spring, in sportive guise,
Rallied the meadows to young April's rout,
Here first I marked the marvel of your size,
Here wooed you with each fleeting season's flies —
O alderman of trout!

Here, when the madcap cuckoo made his mock,
And the rathe wild-rose blushed in earliest June,
The day the mayfly hatched above the lock —
You nearly had it, didn't you, old cock,
Save that you stopped too soon?

Here have I waited as the dawn spread high,
Hoping in vain the prejudice or pique
That makes you—obviously—reject a fly
Would send you hurtling through the startled fry
To grab a proffered bleak!

Here, likewise have my steps at eve been drawn,
And, as the moon made way behind the wood

(The same old moon that watched the hunting faun),
I've found the lob-worm garnered from the lawn
Did just as little good!

And now the end is near; we part a space,
You to your mud, and I to mine—in Town;
May Easter find us at the trysting-place,
There where the dancing bubbles spin and race,
To meet the first March Brown!

LITERARY NOTE.—We give no credence to the rumour that *The Quarterly Review* intends to print serial novels. The first is said to be a new story by Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, of some 350,000 words, and it is hoped by beginning it at once to complete the serialisation by 1915.

'RHODE ISLAND REDS. February 1910 Hatched, Pullets and Cockerels, strong healthy birds, Pullets have laid 3s. each, Cockerels 4s. each.'—*Advt. in "South Gloucestershire Chronicle."*

We are holding back until they begin to lay half-sovereigns.

A Cardiff engineer has invented a system by which all the lamps of the city can be lit simultaneously by the pressing of a button. Applicants for the job of pressing the button should send in their references and testimonials to the Chief Clerk.



LISBON, OCTOBER 4, 1910.

MANUEL. "AY ME, I SEE THE DOWNFALL OF OUR HOUSE!
THE TIGER NOW HATH SEIZED THE GENTLE HIND;
INSULTING TYRANNY BEGINS TO JET
UPON THE INNOCENT AND AWELESS THRONE."—*Richard the Third.*



SOME NICE NEW DANIELS "COME TO JUDGMENT."

THE FOUR NEW JUDGES: THE POLISHED AVORY, THE H'AFFABLE HORRIDGE, THE BLOSSOMING BANKS, AND THE BLUSHING LUSH AT ONCE SALUTE AND BID FAREWELL TO THEIR FRIENDS AT THE BAR.

WILD DELIGHTS.

A LADY'S paper suggests the diversion of "throwing the cap" as remedy for the bored. It appears that "you divide the guests into two sides and choose a leader, who stands in the middle and tosses a cap. If it falls the right side up, the people on one side laugh as heartily as they *can* [the italics are all our own]. Any one on the other side seen to smile has to join the laughing side. When the cap falls wrong side up, it is the other side's turn to laugh and win the people over."

In case the guests at country house-parties prove recalcitrant or irresponsible to cap-throwing, there are some variations to fall back upon, perhaps equally intellectual and adapted to adults. For instance, a Horse-collar Drive should be highly effective where these articles of harness can still be requisitioned and the coachman is not yet ousted by the chauffeur. You persuade the lady or gentleman with the most obvious countenance to stand on the hearthrug and make a face through the horse-collar, until some one of the party grins in sympathy. The person who does so must relieve the first performer, and so on in turn, the winner being the one whose grimace is provocative in the shortest time.

Another invaluable stand-by, needing no accessories, is the Progressive Yawn. A pointless story must be told by the worst raconteur of the company. The people on one side will then yawn as cavernously as they can, and capture those of their opponents involuntarily gaping.

We expect no reward for inventing these relaxations for the long autumn evenings, beyond the conviction that we

have added to the list of national pastimes that have gone far to make Britain Great.

CUPID'S DARTS.

(Which are a growing menace to the public.)

Do not worry if I scurry from the grill-room in a hurry,
Dropping hastily my curry and retiring into haulk,
Do not let it cause you wonder if, by some mischance or blunder,

We encounter on the Underground and I get out and walk.

If I double as a cub 'll when you meet him in the stable,
Do not think I am in trouble or attempt to make a fuss;
Do not judge me melancholy or attribute it to folly
If I leave the Metropolitan and travel in a bus.

Do not quiet your anxiety by giving me a diet,
Or by base resort to *vi et armis* told me to your arms,
And let no suspicious tremor violate your wonted phlegm, or
Any fear that Harold's memory is faithless to your charms.

For my passion as I dash on in that disconcerting fashion
Is as ardently irrational as when we forged the link,
When you gave your little hand away to me, my own Amanda,
And we sat in the verandah till the stars began to wink.

And I am in such a famine when your beauty I examine,
That it lures me as the jam invites a hungry little brat,
But I fancy that, at any rate, I'd rather waste a penny
Than be spitted by the many pins that bristle from your hat.

A TRIUMPH OF THE TURF.

[Author. I've brought you a tortoise story.
Editor. Is it about a hare?

Author. No, it's about a tortoise

Editor. Well, we published a story about a tortoise only the other day.

Author. I know. But this is about two tortoises.

Editor. Of course, that makes a difference. But in future you must try and think of another animal.]

THERE are two tortoises (we have called them *Æschylus* and *Araminta*), and as it was a very hot afternoon and nobody wanted to play tennis and there was nothing else to do, James suggested that they should have a race. The merely superficial student of natural history may be under the impression that tortoises confine their sporting fixtures to encounters with hares; but this is an error. James was at a college where they keep a pet tortoise in the Fellows' garden, and he has satisfactorily disproved the accusations sometimes levelled at our great educational centres by discovering its fondness for dandelions. Almost any yellow flower will do, but it takes a dandelion to arouse real enthusiasm in the breasts of these strong, silent animals; and by placing this lure in front of *Æschylus* and *Araminta* (after the manner of a donkey with a carrot) we have frequently caused them to develop a rare turn of speed. We had some discussion at first as to whether it should be a bumping race or not (James rowed in his second Torpid), but *Araminta* is very gentle and dislikes anything in the nature of rough play, so it was finally settled that the contest should proceed along the side-lines of the tennis-court from the base to the net. *Æschylus* is the better traveller on soft ground, and as I lost the toss and James refused to give *Araminta* a sex allowance and make *Æschylus* carry weight in the shape of *Middlemarch*, I was placed at once under a disadvantage.

We decided to dispense with the starting gate, and to begin at the signal of a handkerchief dropped by Miss Williams. I forgot to say that there were a great many well-known figures in the paddock (that is where the tortoises live) before the start. Hilda was there, and Miss Williams and Henry, and for one or two minutes, Joe. Joe is the gardener, and I gathered, from one or two remarks which he let drop, that a tennis court is a tennis court, and when he had taken the

trouble to mark it out in the morning, he had done so for the purpose of making it fit for tennis. But only a few rare spirits can appreciate true sport.

Well, they both got off the mark splendidly, and for some time it was a neck-and-neck affair. Then, nearly halfway through, a terrible thing happened. *Araminta*, for no reason at all, stopped suddenly and furred her head. Tears, cajolings, entreaties, even a fresh dandelion, were of no avail. Finally, I struck a match and peeped under her shell—a rather dangerous expedient, you might think, but there is no celluloid about *Araminta*; she is

took the bit between her teeth (quite a large bit it was), and then—there is no other word for it—she sprinted. By the time *Æschylus* had been tempted back to the course, they were practically level, and it was ding-dong to the finish. With only a couple of inches to go before the net, Henry drifted into "*The Cock of the North*," and that settled it. *Æschylus* pulled up short, hissed, and buried his head beneath his robes; but *Araminta* made a last despairing effort, touched the tape, and won by a neck. Of course I was overwhelmed with congratulations as I led her in (by the dandelion), and I don't suppose a happier tortoise will go into retirement for the next few months than *Araminta*. If ever I start a stable, I shall certainly send for some of her progeny.



Cudde. "STRODINARY THING, SIR, SEEMS AS THOUGH IT WILL NOT AVIATE."

THE SWANKERS.

I.

SCENE—Almost any girls' school just after the holidays.

First Girl. Did you have a good time?

Second Girl. Oh yes, lovely. We went to Lulworth Cove. We had the darlingest little motor-boat all the time, called *The Water Baby*. It was perfectly ripping. I say, do you know I can swim fifty strokes now?

First Girl. With wings, you mean.

Second Girl. No, absolutely alone. No one within miles of me.

First Girl. Were you in London at all?

Second Girl. A week or two, just at the end. We went to the White City every night. Isn't it lovely? You've been, of course?

First Girl. Oh yes. Millions of times. Aren't the "*Witching Waves*" ripping? The man

there said I could do it better than any one there's ever been. It's quite easy if you keep your head and watch how the tin moves. Did you have any picnics at Lulworth?

Second Girl. Yes, thousands. Aren't they splendid?

First Girl. But wasn't it awfully wet?

Second Girl. No, not there. It rained everywhere else, I know. But what if it does? Hullo, there's Dot! I say, Dot, where did you go for the holidays?

Dot. We went to Sandown at first—where we always go; and then to Brittany.

First Girl. No, did you?

Dot. Yes, to a little place near Trouville. Frightfully jolly. There was a

pure-bred throughout. Alas! my worst fears were realised: she was asleep. Meanwhile, *Æschylus* was forging ahead at a positively lightning-like crawl. It was then that I had one of those brilliant inspirations that come to us all twice or thrice in a lifetime: I sent Henry indoors for his bagpipes (he is about one-sixteenth Scotch, and carries these weapons with him wherever he goes). *Æschylus* was very nearly eight lengths ahead when Henry returned and at my earnest request struck up "*The Flowers of the Forest*." The effect was magical (as the cricket reporters say) and instantaneous. *Æschylus* swerved violently from the course, and made for the shelter of a rhododendron bush; but *Araminta* thrust out her head, sniffed at my dandelion,



Vicar's Wife "I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU COMING AWAY FROM THE PUBLIC-HOUSE SO OFTEN, PRIGGS."

Blacksmith. "YES 'M. THEY WON'T LET ME STAY THERE TWO MINUTES. AS SOON AS I GET SET DOWN COMFORTABLE LIKE SOME-
BODY'S SURE TO WANT A JOB DONE, AND OUT I HAS TO COME AGAIN."

fish there, and I rode on the round-
about millions of times. Not horses,
like we have, but pigs. And I threw
rings over knives and won heaps.
Crowds. The man said no one had
ever got so many.

Second Girl. Didn't you have to talk
French?

Dot. Rather not. I made them
understand all I wanted by signs. I'm
awfully good at it.

First Girl. Did you see any aero-
planes?

Dot. I believe so; but they may have
been gulls. Anyway, they flew rippingly.

[And so forth.]

II.

SCENE—Almost any boys' school just
after the holidays.

First Boy. What sort of a vac. did
you have?

Second Boy. Oh, ripping.

First Boy. Where did you go?

Second Boy. Cromer.

First Boy. Good weather?

Second Boy. Topping.

First Boy. Oh, I say, you know, it
rained all the time.

Second Boy. Not where we were. A

shower or two—that's all. I swam
every day. Do you know I can swim
two hundred yards?

First Boy. Rot. You can't.

Second Boy. I can, I say. I swear I
can. I learned golf, too, from the pro-
fessional there. He's no end of a swell.
Says I'm going to be a swagger player.
What did you do?

First Boy. Oh, we went to France
motoring. My Uncle took me. He's
got a ripping car—80 horse-power.
We simply flew. His shover's an
awfully decent sort—he let me drive
sometimes.

Second Boy. Rot!

First Boy. He did, I tell you. I've
got a real head for it, he says. Cool
as a cucumber.

Second Boy. But I thought you
wanted a licence?

First Boy. Not in France. You do
here, of course; but in France every-
thing's different. I say, France is an
awfully decent place. Hullo, there's
old Shrimp. Where did you go in the
vac., Shrimp?

Shrimp. Where did I go? Yachting.

First Boy. Did you really? Was it
jolly?

Shrimp. Jolly. It was absolutely top
hole. Nothing like it.

Second Boy. A big ship?

Shrimp. Twenty metres, that's all.
We won fifteen firsts and four seconds.
I took the wheel in one of the races.
The skipper says I'm a first class
steersman. You should see me round-
ing a buoy, not an inch to spare. We
had a man overboard once, but I threw
the life-belt just in time. [And so on.]

Harvest Home Sweet Home.

"A harvest supper was given by Mr
on Saturday. About thirty of his employees
and wives sat down." *Yarmouth Mercury*

"The Von der Tann is to show the German
flag in all the principal ports of the western
coast of South America. It is not yet decided
whether she will round Cape Horn."

Daily Mail.

Why be proud? It's so much the
easiest way of getting to the Western
coast of South America.

Black.

"To-day's sale of plantation rubber in Lon-
don was dull, prices falling from 9d. to 1s. 3d.
per lb."—*Liverpool Echo*.

MAIL-BAGS.

IV.—THE RICH MAN'S.

Sir David David,
Castle Llyddmerch,
Brecknockshire.

RESPECTED SIR,—Reading in *Happy Homeland* as how you dont know how to spend your money quick enough not having so very long to live, I beg to say as how I should be very pleased to help you and will come down to Wales to-morrow if you like. Dont think its any trouble for me because it isn't.

Your respectful servant, my Lord,
ALBERT GAMBELL.

(Answer: Sir David David presents his compliments to the Editor of *Happy Homeland*, and requests him to refrain from publishing any further unauthorised paragraphs relative to Sir David's wealth. It may interest the Editor to know that the paragraph in the current issue has inspired 527 letters by this morning's post alone.)

DEAR SIR DAVID,—You and I are both business men, so I won't waste words. In the enclosed prospectus of the Anglo-Patagonian Development Finance Corporation, Ltd., there is only one thing missing—the name of the Chairman. It carries 5,000 shares with it, and of course there will be juicy pickings from the subsidiaries we shall float. Patagonia is a fine place for a boom—it's so far away.

Are you on?

Yours for business,
MONTY SNIDERVITCH.

(Answer: Sir David David is off.)

SIR,—You are a loathsome blood-sucker! A mean, contemptible hound wallowing in the lap of luxury on the filthy money you wring out of your sweated shop assistants. In your Edgware Road shop they are kept at it night after night until ten and eleven o'clock at sale time, presumably by your orders. In the name of the Brotherhood of Man I demand your explanation! If you keep silent we shall take it as an admission of guilt and adopt MEASURES accordingly.

For such slave-driving there can be no decent explanation, but we shall be interested to hear how you wriggle out of it. Slimy worm!

Yours, BARTHOLOMEW MIGGS.

(Answer: Sir David David regrets to disappoint Mr. Miggs, but he is in no way connected with Messrs. David & Co., of Edgware Road.)

DERE SIR,—I am only a little girl of six. My dere mummie tells me to pray for you every nite becous you are

so good and kind. We are 17 and none of us is old enuf to work, so pore mummie has to work for us. Oh dere kind Sir, wont you send us money to give mummie a holiday in the country? Dere Sir, you will never feel the loss of a few pounds, and I will always remember to bless you.

Your loving little friend, DORIS.

(Answer: Sir David David has already contributed several times to the same handwriting with various signatures.)

DEAR SIR DAVID,—For a long time our people have been wondering why you have not come forward into politics. Will you allow me to say that you are the very man for the purpose—a keen business man, level-headed, influential, and of course unhampered by pecuniary worries. In fact, I may tell you in absolute confidence that a certain Cabinet Minister said to me the other day, "Ah, if we only had a few men such as David in the Lords!"

The next General Election will be a splendid time to make a *debut* if you will honour us by contesting a seat in our interests. In a South Wales constituency your name should sweep the poll. Will you let me have your views on the matter?

Yours very sincerely,

CHIPPENHAM.

P.S.—Our war-chest for the General Election is in rather an unsatisfactory state. We are trying to get £100,000 together, and to date are over £25,000 short of it.

(Answer: DEAR LORD CHIPPENHAM, —Many thanks for your kind suggestion, but I am a plain business man and have had a similar offer from another quarter at cheaper rates.)

Another Centenarian.

"The purchaser at a rummage sale of an old writing-desk on reaching home with his newly-acquired property found, through the accidental opening of a secret drawer, some thirty gold coins—guineas, half-guineas, and quarter-guineas, of George III.'s reign. They were returned to their original owner."

Westminster Gazette.

Well, well, he won't want them long.

"COUSIN MEG.—If your plans are not settled, I have several good offers at most moderate prices for your relatives, so should you wish to have them, kindly write again."—*The Lady.* Lucky Cousin Meg! But she should keep one uncle back—they're useful sometimes.

"The aviatrix himself had as marvellous scenes and declares he will try avtin."

Yorkshire Post.

Sportsman.

MUSIC.

Interview with the Conductor of the Speckled Band.

By a happy chance Mr. Punch's representative caught M. Joska Molkar, the conductor of the famous Speckled Band, between two engagements, and in the course of a brief interview extracted from him the following exclusive information.

"Yes," said M. Molkar, "this is our first visit to England. We come, as you know, from Dalmatia, the land of the Green Dalmatian Mountains. It is a beautiful country, though the Bora is occasionally rather trying."

"I hope," queried our representative, "that you are pleased with your reception."

"Oh, yes," responded M. MOLKAR, "the English public has taken to us wonderfully, and we are already known as 'The Dotted Spogs.'"

"You have a large band?"

"Immense. But we rely more upon quality than quantity. The tone of our triangles is unique—pyramidal. And we are the only band in the world with a quartet of dappled pom-poms."

"Your repertory is, I understand, rather extensive?"

"Extensive is not the word. We play all the newest music; but in our version every note is dotted, which gives it a peculiar lilt or 'tittup,' as you English call it. Sousa, I believe, did something of the sort, but the Speckled Band can knock spots off Sousa."

"Can you tell me the names of some of your pieces?"

"Certainly. The overture to *Maraschino*—one of the staple products of Dalmatia—is perhaps our favourite *moreau*. It is a luscious composition, lavishly scored, and contains a brilliant solo for the angelica, played by M. Goracucchi. Another very popular piece is *Camera Lethalis*, or 'The Doom of the Plum-pudding Dog.'"

"Your uniform is a special feature, is it not?"

"Oh, yes. There is nothing like it in the musical world. We wear raw-hide sandals, spiral open-work puttees of green sergo fastened with amethyst kibobs, a pink satin fustanolla trimmed with magenta frilling, and then the historic speckled nainsook jacket ornamented with frogs of violet velvet. The *tout ensemble* is surmounted by a small pork-pie forage cap rakishly set over the left ear. We wear side whiskers and a chin tuft, but no moustache. But I am afraid you must excuse me now, as I am due in ten minutes to conduct my new "Spot Cash" *Fantasia* at a Matinée at Messrs. Garridge's."



PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES.

Lord Prentiss (as he goes through his day-book and ledger). "OLD SMITH HASN'T CALLED ME IN LATELY ABOUT HIS INDIGESTION . . . YOU'D BETTER ASK HIM TO DINNER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL is a legacy graciously bequeathed by the Nineteenth Century to the Twentieth. She has lived *Under Five Reigns*, and in a portly volume published by METHUEN pleasantly gossips of remembered faces, things seen and heard. It is a continuation of one published four years ago, but it does not overlap its predecessor. Lady DOROTHY's range of experience has been so wide and varied that her second note-book is as fresh as the first. Among other charms the work has that of style. She does not laboriously indite. She pleasantly chats as she might (and indeed does) in the circle of intimate friends. Crammed with good things, the book readily lends itself to quotation. The Jack Horner amongst reviewers have yielded to temptation and have picked out most of the plums in the way of anecdote. There remains much for the honest reader in the way of discursive writing too lengthy for quotation. Of such are the chapters picturing social life in England in mid-Victorian days. Especially interesting are notes of travel in Germany and Italy, when Lady DOROTHY, escorted by her parents, went on tour in what she lightly alludes to as "the early forties of the last century." She knew most people worth knowing during the last sixty years. The catholicity of her taste is indicated by the fact that in early life devoted to DISRAELI—with whom she was always "dearest Dorothy"—in these latter days she presents herself in a photograph with smiling countenance leaning on the arm of JOHN BURNS, to whom a white plumed hat, a trusty blade belted round a coat of military cut adorned with gold-laced sleeves, add sugges-

tion of recent return from the tented field. The book is no delightful one hopes for more.

Barker's were publishers plodding and slow,
Early-Victorian, lacking in go,
Till young *Mr. Fairfax* decided to come
And make things (if I may express it so) hum.

Young *Mr. Fairfax* was brainy and bright;
He jumped to success when he started to write;
But *Barker's* did not make a similar jump;
They met (in a manner of speaking) a slump.

Thing went very badly, though *F.* and the rest
Of the principal shareholders all did their best,
And Cupid himself lent a zest to their toil
By keeping the lot (so to say) on the boil.

But *Barker's* (the book which describes their distress)
Should bring a deal more that its namesake's success,
To the author, E. H. LACON WATSON, to wit,
And also to MURRAY, who publishes it.

If, in haste to find out what happens, you skim *The Doctor's Lass* (GRANT RICHARDS), you will be ill-advised, for nothing of much consequence does happen, and the charm of the book lies almost completely in the way in which it is written. Again and again Mr. EDWARD BOOTH reminds me of Mr. DE MORGAN; he seems to regard his characters with the same kind of wistful tenderness, and he has also the same habit of delaying the action of the story while he relates some trifling—but delightful—incident. What little plot there is concerns itself with a doctor who takes into his house the daughter of a woman who

had jilted him, and in course of time marries her. A few complications occur, but one is never really anxious about the issue. Mr. Booth's first book, *The Cliff End*, delighted me, and I am now his confirmed admirer. Prolivity is, however, his cardinal fault (he takes 469 pages to tell this tale), and I believe that he would gain a thousand or so more readers if he would make his book a hundred pages or so shorter.

To those who would like Mr. PETT RIDGE to produce a *Mord Em'ly* every time he writes a book, *Nine to Six-Thirty* (METHUEN) will probably be a disappointment. There is very little of *Mord* in *Barbara Harrison*, the young lady who for two hundred and eighty-five of the three hundred and forty-four pages works almost incessantly during the hours indicated in the title. Her outlook on life is clear and uncomplicated. "You can supply us with money," she says, discussing the question of women workers, "and keep us tied up to the fender, and we'll be mild, obedient slaves; or, you can keep us without

money and educate us and turn us out to earn our living. But you mustn't expect the world won't harden us, as it hardens you; you mustn't assume we are going to preserve what folk call—what was it?—the mid-Victorian charm, and at the same time earn money to save some man the trouble of earning money for us." Certainly I detected very little mid-Victorian charm, or, indeed, any other sort of charm, about *Barbara*. On page 244 a minor character calls her "a hard woman." The compliment, says our author, induced her to smile at Bloomsbury on the way home. If Mr. PETT RIDGE should come to me for advice on his literary career, I should say to him, "RIDGE" (or possibly PETT), "old man, I know you want to show people that you are no mere irresponsible jester; but do, in future, leave bitterness to the other fellows. You have done it very well, but I look to you to persuade me that the world is not such a bad sort of place after all. If you start trying to show that it is a festering welter of rogues, swindlers, back-biters and down-treaders of the poor, where are we?" To which Mr. RIDGE would, I hope, reply, "You are perfectly right. The fact is, my dear fellow, I had been reading *Am Veronica*, and I thought I ought to have a shot at that sort of thing. It shan't occur again."

I was asked the other day by a young Rhodes scholar if I could recommend him a good guide-book to English as she is spoken in the Shires. He can talk golf and cricket and shooting as to the manner born, but not coming of a hunting stock was rather nervous about a prospective visit to the neighbourhood of Melton. Luckily I had something better than a mere glossary to give him in the shape of the

latest of the pleasant hunting yarns which Miss R. RAMSAY spins so easily and so well. For she knows the dialect from start to finish, from find to kill, so that her covert-side prattle seems altogether more real and less slangy than that of most sporting novels. Of the plot of *Barnaby* (HUTCHINSON) I am not quite so certain. Miss RAMSAY gives us several rattling good runs for our money (so that in reading it I feel like a carpet-bagger who has not subscribed to the hunt), but I am bound to confess that some of the fences seem to me rather artificial. Still she succeeds in her primary object, which is to make one sympathise with and love a young American actress who comes to England and poses as the widow of *Barnaby*, the darling of the Shires, who is supposed to be dead and buried in the Far West. When *Barnaby* comes to life and England, Home and Beauty once more, the impostor is obviously in rather a tight corner, as he has never even heard of her existence till she is introduced to him as his wife by his adoring mother. But Miss RAMSAY has foreseen and ingeniously provided against all possible objections, including a previous

American marriage which turns out to have been invalid, and out of these materials has constructed a really pretty love-story. There are chapters in the book which seem to show that she might some day fly at higher game than foxes and their hunters.

Easy as Mr. EDEN PHILLIPPS finds it to write fresh tales of Dartmoor, I confess that the task of saying anything fresh about them is too much for me. There are more misfortunes than getting into a groove if the groove happens to fit you, and as no novelist is

more satisfactorily fitted than Mr. PHILLIPPS, it seems an impertinence to invite him to give Dartmoor a holiday. Nevertheless I cannot help regretting the groove, even if I hesitate to ask him to leave it. For although, like a golfer whose local knowledge makes him hard to beat on his own course, he gets great advantages from Dartmoor, it is possible that some of his readers may be getting a little tired of witnessing his performances on the same ground. The stories in *Tales of the Tenements* (MURRAY) are all good, and one of them—"A Mother for Heroes"—is excellent. Indeed the book is just what I have come to expect from its author, and if it is not likely to make many new Phillippians it certainly ought not to disappoint the old ones.

"Make a sauce by placing a lump of butter on the fire and throwing a spoonful of flour over it, and then adding gradually a pint of milk."
The Queen.

We have tried this several times, varying the treatment occasionally by throwing the butter or the milk on the fire and placing the flour over, but nothing approaching a sauce ever ensues.



IMPROBABLE SCENES.—III.

THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB PAYS A VISIT TO THE GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM.

CHARIVARIA.

The Throne, which was formerly sixpence, may now be had for threepence. They seem to have got hold of the same idea in Portugal.

The fact that within a few days of the event the opening scenes of the Portuguese Revolution were shown in all the cinematograph theatres is now leading thoughtful persons to wonder whether the Revolution was not engineered by the enterprising promoters of living picture entertainments.

The humility of true greatness! Mlle. GABRIELLE DESLYS, the actress, has informed an interviewer, "I am not ashamed of having the friendship of young King MANUEL."

"As regards the situation in Portugal," says *The Car*, "let us hope that the new form of Government will pay more attention to the roads than the old did." This, we understand, will be all right. The roads will be swept, if necessary, with shrapnel.

Yet another suggestion has been made as to a national King Edward Memorial. It is proposed that great roads should be made through England from sea to sea, in the form of a cross, of sufficient width for armies to traverse them on the march. Generous contributions are expected from Germany.

Mr. BRANDON, who is in prison at Leipzig awaiting trial as a spy, is translating GOETHE'S *Faust* into English. In Germany it is hoped that he will shortly become acquainted also with WILHELM'S *gepanzerter Faust*—the famous mailed fist.

Mr. ROOSEVELT has made a short trip in an aeroplane. He described it as the finest experience he had ever had, and he would have liked to stay up longer. There is some talk now of his political opponents presenting him with a whole fleet of airships.

Mr. S. NICHOLSON BARR, who won the Leighton Memorial prize for a design for a lamp standard, has depicted a group of children round the base, "symbolising England's maritime power." This should gratify the supporters of a "Little Navy" policy.

"There is probably no breed of dog," says *The Ladies Field*, "whose lineage is so unsullied and whose blood is so

pure as the Scottish deerhound. There is certainly no breed whose carriage asserts his noble descent so plainly." This is indeed an age of luxury for dogs.

The Water Board is faced with a deficit. The fact that water does not seem to pay has caused considerable satisfaction in publican circles.

The police asserted last week at the Marylebone Police Court that during the past three months no fewer than



THE SENSATIONAL VICTORY OF MISS LEITCH OVER MR. H. HILTON (EX-GOLF-CHAMPION) IN THE RECENT INTER-SEX "TEST" HANDICAP, HAS GIVEN A FRESH STIMULUS TO WOMAN'S CLAIM TO BE RECOGNISED AS THE EQUAL OF MAN.

forty thefts from perambulators had been reported to them. The miscreants always appear to go for articles of value, the baby in each instance being left intact.

We extract the following paragraph from our lively contemporary, *Exchange and Mart*—

"K.C. CONTROL OF JUDGES:—It is, of course, all very well to keep railing at the ignorance of judges—to an extent it is needed—but it does not bring us nearer any remedy for what is really the greatest evil of our time."

K.C., it appears, stands for Kennel Club, and we are sorry to find that the

ignorance of judges is not confined to the bench.

Interviewed on the subject of her engagement to Mr. ROBERT LORRAINE, Miss LORRAINE has stated, "If he goes flying, he will have to fly alone as far as I am concerned." Even when married she will stick to the Liberator levels.

Special classes in practical house-keeping designed for prospective brides are a feature of the curriculum of the Battersea Polytechnic. It is proposed that the pupils, when they have completed their course, shall be registered at the Labour Exchanges so that anyone in search of a skilled wife will know where to find one.

And a Public-Speaking Club has been formed with a view to turning out orators. We understand that every branch of the art will be taught there, including, what is so important to young political speakers, the dodging of missiles. To be able to make the appropriate gesture with one hand while catching an egg lightly in the other is a task which at times has baffled even the most practised orators.

THE COMPENSATION

The holiday passed merrily.
Now, back in Town once more,
I emulate the busy bee
From ten to half-past four.
I do not show a lack of joy
Nor wear a worried look
To find a shattering office-boy
Succeed the babbling brook.

'Tis not that I regard with scorn
My lazy loafing days;
I much prefer a field of corn
To London's dreary maze;
But consolation's near at hand
In Town at least I got
My favourite tobacco and
My special cigar-ette.

"Boy, of about 14 wanted to go on a tea round three days weekly to help re-seat cane chairs"—*Bournemouth Daily Echo*.

They seem to have very heavy toas in Bournemouth.

"They kicked high and rushed hard, and for a time they gave the Chelsea backs no peace"—*Football Evening News*.
Beans instead.

"The ball hovered in front of Carmichael for some minutes, but he eventually cleared with a huge kick."—*Evening News*.
And about time, too!

TO 'A "FRENCHMAN."

[Resident on the coast of Norfolk.]

HARD by the old-time haunt of Danish galleys,
Down wind you came against the marshland lights,
And on your legs the tinf that marks a ballet's
Integuments (or tights).

Breast-high you flew, and every moment fleetier;
I could have floored you then with facile art,
But should most probably have couched a beater
Also within the cart.

And while I wondered whether I would chance it,
Risking a deed not readily unwrought,
You had arrived, and your immediate transit
Disturbed this train of thought.

Then as you grazed the hedge (and nearly slow me,
Missing by inches my averted nose)
A thrill from your exotic legs ran through me—
Legs like the pink, pink rose.

And ere your tail had cleared the zone of danger
The voice of Hospitality cried "No!
He is a Frenchman, in your gates a stranger,
You must not lay him low!"

I thought of England's record, high and splendid,
For housing aliens from off the foam;
How to the immigrant her arms extended
A furnished home from home.

Like Huguenots, I saw your fathers landing
Within the asylum of your kin and kind;
Would it enhance the Cordial Understanding
To hit you from behind?

Such a discourtesy I calmly scouted,
And, as across the distant hedge you swung,
"*Soyez tranquille, mon brave ami!*" I shouted
(Using your own fair tongue).

And when I saw that you had safely quitted
The scene of carnage, settling in the roots,
I raised my restive muzzle and emitted
A brace of loud salutes.

You heard me from your cover, lying *perdu*?
My fellows thought I'd missed you by a field;
But you, I hope, perceived the tact that spared you
The fate I might have sealed. O. S.

When unemployed, employed the most.

"Through pressure of work Mr. James P. R. Lyell has resigned the chairmanship of the Central Unemployed Body."—*Daily Mirror*.

"LADY'S perfectly new artificial leg (left), 5ft. 4in.; also pair crutches, 52in. long."—*Daily Mail*.

Some one must have pulled the leg.

"Shortly afterwards they [the burglars] were found intoxicated in a field, and stated that they had drunk the hairwash in mistake for spirits."—*Evening Standard*.

It seems to have gone straight to their heads.

From a draper's catalogue in Bombay:—

"White Muslin Blouse, new pointed joke, each Rs. 4/4."

Intending purchasers are requested to send their jest measurements.

OLD CLOTHES.

SCENE—A Dressing-room. TIME—11.30 A.M. A large wardrobe stands open with all its drawers pulled out. All other drawers in other articles of furniture in the room are also pulled out. Little heaps of clothes, shirts, underwear, etc., cover the floor, the bed, the chairs and the table. She is standing in the midst of the ruin. He enters suddenly.

He. Oh, you're here, are you? I've been hunting for you all over the— I say, by Jove, what have you been up to with my clothes?

She. I'm just looking through them.

He. But I never asked you to look through them.

She. No, Charles, you didn't. There are lots of things I do without being asked. Who gets the buttons sewed on to your shirts? Who has the naughty holes in your socks mended? Who—but, of course, if you want me not to I'll never do it again, no never.

He. But this isn't a button-sewing business. There are no holes in my coats and waistcoats, and if there were you couldn't mend them. Come, what's your game?

She. In the first place, you've no right to be here at all.

He. What! Not in my own dressing-room? Isn't that a bit steep?

She. I repeat, you've no right to be here. You said you were going to London this morning, and—

He. I haven't gone. Changed my mind.

She. A man has no business to change his mind. For all practical purposes I consider you are in London. You don't exist here. I don't acknowledge you. Go away, person. I've nothing for you.

He. I'll soon show you if I'm here or not.

[He seizes a heap of clothes and is about to restore them to the wardrobe.

She. Stop! Those clothes are mine.

He. Yours! My old shooting suit!

She. Yes, mine. My dear Charles, you simply can't wear them any more. They're falling to pieces, and what's left of them is inches deep in dirt. I claim them.

He. Well, you're not going to have them. They're the only really comfortable shooting things I've ever had.

She. Charles, it shall never be said that I wasn't reasonable. You shall keep your dear old oily shooting things, but you must give me this brown suit instead. It's a sacrifice, but for your sake I'll make it.

He. But what in thunder do you want the clothes for? You can't wear them.

She. And how do you expect Mrs. Bradish's eldest boy to get a place as under footman if he hasn't got a decent suit to his back?

He. I never had any expectations of any kind about him. I don't know him. I don't know Mrs. Bradish.

She. Well, it's high time you did. How do you expect people not to be Socialists if you're going to be so haughty and exclusive?

He. Oh, stop it. Who is she?

She. Mrs. Bradish is a widow. She has five sons. They all live in a cottage, and the sons all require clothes.

He. So that's what you've been up to. A little quiet clothes-stealing.

She. Pooh!

He. What would you say if I were to have a turn amongst your clothes, and bag some of your frocks and things?

She. I should say you were a very impudent person.

He. But what's the difference?

She. All the difference in the world. Do you want



ALARUMS WITHOUT.

GENERAL ASQUITH (at parley of opposing commanders). "ARE THOSE YOUR TRUMPETS I HEAR OUTSIDE BREAKING THE TRUCE?"

GENERAL BALFOUR. "I SHOULDN'T WONDER. ANYHOW, HEAVEN KNOWS IT'S NOT MY DOING."



"I SAY, BARBARA, CAN YOU SAY YOUR PRAYERS IN GERMAN YET?"

"NO, NOT PROPERLY. NOT WITHOUT A DICTIONARY."

Master Bradish to offer himself for a footman in a frock of mine? Really, Charles, you mustn't be so ridiculous.

He. But I wanted to give that brown suit to Parkins.

She. A butler in a brown suit? Charles, it's not to be thought of. Besides, I don't like you to give your clothes to Parkins.

He. Why not? He valets me.

She. Well, I don't like it. The fact is, I've noticed that your clothes look ever so much better on Parkins than they ever did on you.

He. I've noticed that myself. Can't make it out.

She. Oh, I don't know. Parkins is a handsome figure of a man, you know. Fine portly presence, good legs and——

He. We won't worry about Parkins's other points.

She. No, Charles. Well, then, the brown suit's mine, and I shall want an extra pair of trousers—these stripey ones will do—and a shirt or two and a sock or so. May I, Charles?

He. Oh, take anything you like.

She. Generous, noble-hearted creature! But you came up here to tell me something. What was it?

He. I only wanted to tell you I hadn't gone to London.

She. Well, tell me quick, and then you can run away.

Another Sinister Omen from Germany.

The *Tatler* informs us that the German KAISER has ordered his Christmas cards from an English firm and has selected "a facsimile of a painting of CHARLES II. and his suite embarking for England." The Editor of *The National Review* will perhaps kindly take a note of this.

AN EMPTY SADDLE.

Down the hill path echo the hoof-beats hollow;
The empty saddle sways;
Sadly the road that weary feet must follow
Winds through the darkling braes!

Soft fall the clansman voices, hushed complete in
A pathos worse than woe,
Meet tongue indeed to murmur of defeat in—
The Gaelic, gentle, low!

Up in the cliffs the raven cries for slaughter,
The caustic croaking mocks
A beaten man whose heart is in the water
That squeelches in his socks.

Bird of ill omen, sombre and accursed one,
Be still upon your crag,
You surely don't suppose that I'm the first one
Who's missed a rotten stag?

"Duncan, as usual, carried the bunker guarding the first green with his second shot, but Sherlock was trapped and lost the hole. However, he drew level at the second and took the lead at the fourth, where Duncan found a bunker, and never lost it to the end of the match."—*Daily Mail*.

Terrible handicap to a man to be saddled all day with a bunker which he can't get rid of.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S CENSORED PLAY.

MR. FLORENCE HOUSMAID'S long-threatened reading of his great historical drama, *Brocks and Benefits*, occurred yesterday in the Caxton Hall before what was at the start a crowded and enthusiastic audience.

The history of *Brocks and Benefits*, although only too familiar to all readers of *The Times* and *Votes for Women*, may be briefly stated. On its subjection to the Lord Chamberlain's office, in accordance with the rules of the game, the play was returned without a licence. No reasons were given, nor have any since been vouchsafed to the author, although a vast correspondence, marked "Private and Confidential," has passed between Mr. RIMFORD and the lady who was to produce the great work. Mr. Housmaid is, however, under the impression that the official objection to the play is that among the characters are *Old King Cole* and his cruelly ill-used divorced wife, *Queen Lemmevoté*; he believes that it is because to show English royalty in any light but that of heroism and grandeur is, in a living dramatist, unseemly, that the Censor has been forced to take action. In order to emphasise the anomaly which permits an author to recite his own sedition, indecency, slander, or whatever it may be, in a Town Hall, but does not allow others to speak the same words in a theatre, Mr. Housmaid decided to give this reading. Such is the history of yesterday's momentous gathering.

The Caxton Hall, never so home-like as when Englishwomen are gathered together there, was found to have been newly furnished against the autumn campaign. *Carte blanche* to make the place at once cosy and durable had been given to the Thames Iron Works, and the result is all that can be desired. The chairs are now wholly of good-tempered steel, firmly bolted to the floor, while the chairwoman's table is a solid mass of Aberdeen granite.

For yesterday's function banners had been prepared bearing such inflammatory but necessary and, under the circumstances, moderate, legends as "Down with the Censor!" "A has Earl SPENCER!" "Vive ROBERT HAMCOURT!" "Unshackle the Drama!" and so forth.

The early doors were besieged by a long queue before the morn was grey. Fortified with camp-stools, sandwiches and the last number of *Votes for Women*, the gallant band endured through the long interval, not a little cheered by the encouragement given them by errand boys and the more conversational members of the unemployed. By two

o'clock, when the doors were opened, the concourse was so great that the police had to be called in to regulate it; and many were the greetings that passed between the two bodies of old friends. No unpleasantness marred the proceedings and the hall filled up as quietly and happily as it used to do in the days of Merrie England, when the good Caxton gave public readings there from the Golden Legend.

The chair was taken by Mrs. PANKHURST, surrounded by some of the principal dramatists and Suffragettes of the day. One looked in vain for Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, but Mrs. PETHICK LAWRENCE caught the eye wherever one turned. At three o'clock precisely Mr. Housmaid entered with a roll of MS in his hand, and the vast audience rose to their feet, waved their handkerchiefs and sang the National Anthem.

Silence being secured, the chairwoman read a number of letters regretting the absence of their writers, among these being Sir ARTHUR PINERO, Sir W. S. GILBERT, Sir A. CONAN DOYLE, and Mr. HAIL CAINE, and Mrs. PANKHURST then delivered a brief address, introducing the dramatist to the company as the most distinguished Englishwoman on their roster (*loud cheers*), and not only an Englishwoman, but one of the most deserving of modern martyrs. What LATIMER and RIDLEY, she said, were to BLOODY MARY (*sensation*), so was Mr. Housmaid to Earl SPENCER. (*Hear, hear.*) She would not however detain the meeting any longer.

Three groans having then been given for the Censor and three cheers for the other Cause, Mr. Housmaid, amid thunders of applause, began to read.

Obviously a full report is impossible here, but a brief *précis* may be attempted. In the First Act *King Cole* is seen wooing *Lemmevoté*. She is reluctant; he is ardent. She exacts conditions; he promises everything. They are betrothed.

In the Second Act he begins to tire, and his *ennui* is only increased by her insisting that his pledges shall be fulfilled. What are these pledges? The extension of the suffrage to every woman. (*Great enthusiasm.*) The King repudiates the suggestion and leaves for Brighton, where he has a private Tivoli.

In the Third Act the Queen is seen in her retirement leading a life of studious seclusion, writing a political pamphlet now and then, or soliloquising at some length on the injustice done to her sex.

In the Fourth Act we see the King conspiring to be rid of *Queen Lemmevoté*. (*Cries of "Shame."*) He arranges with his creatures to accuse her of infidelity. (*Sensation.*)

In the Fifth Act we see the trial scene, in which the speeches of the counsel for the defence are given in full. Since the advocate was the famous Long-wind Broom this Act takes three hours to read. The Queen is, however, found guilty, and the marriage annulled.

In the last Act *Queen Lemmevoté* repudiates man and all his works in an impassioned peroration calculated to bring the blush of triumph to the cheek of every Suffragette, and the curtain falls.

As it was now nearly midnight the audience was not so crowded as at first, but she clapped the reader very heartily and they went out arm-in-arm.

A STRIKE AMONG THE POETS.

[Conspicuous among the few British industrialists that have not "come out" recently are the Ballad-makers. But there are signs of trouble even there.]

In his chamber, weak and dying,
While the Norman Baron lay,
Loud, without, his men were crying,
"Shorter hours and better pay."

Know you why the ploughman, fretting,
Homeward plods his weary way
Ere his time? He's after getting
Shorter hours and better pay.

See! the *Hesperus* is swinging
Idle in the wintry bay,
And the Skipper's daughter's singing,
"Shorter hours and better pay."

Where's the minstrel boy? I've found him
Joining in the labour fray
With his placards slung around him,
"Shorter hours and better pay."

Oh, young Lochinvar is coming;
Though his hair is getting grey
Yet I'm glad to hear him humming,
"Shorter hours and better pay."

E'en the boy upon the burning
Deck has got a word to say,
Something rather cross concerning
Shorter hours and better pay.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make as much as they.
Work no more, until they find us
Shorter hours and better pay.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit! (SHELLEY)
Wilt thou be a blackleg? Nay.
Soaring, sing above the *mêlée*,
"Shorter hours and better pay."

"People differ so much in their tastes and in their habits, that what would seem very nice to one man makes another woman merely turn up her nose."—*A Fruitarian Dictary.*

Yes, yes; but what would she do if she were another man?



Seaton (who has been admonished by the absent Vicar to look after the locusts) "IN THERE; AND WHEN BELL STOPS AH'LL COME AN' LOOSE YE IN."

SOCKS AND THE MAN.

["The reign of the passionate sock is over," says *The Express* in an article on autumn fashions for men. But in handkerchiefs, it adds, a man may "let himself go."]

So we must part, beloved socks
(Or, as the hosiers have it, "footwear");
Contemned your hues, run down your clocks,
'Tis now ordained you shall be put where
One puts one's left-off gear
(*E.g.*, the bowler-hat of yesteryear).
I call to mind the day when first
You caught me in your silken meshes,
When on my dazzled gaze you burst
And proved how wayward human flesh is;
You cost three bob a pair,
And I bought seven, and lunched that week on air.

I wore a different pair each day,
Each pair a different scheme of colour;
And when the wash called you away
The world seemed infinitely duller.
Through you I understood
How to express myself in every mood.

Did I aspire to paint the town,
My feet were cased in something ruddy.

Which peacefully gave place to brown
Whene'er my thoughts inclined to study.
And once I wore the green
While Tompkins flirted with my Angelina.
A thread of gold supplied the clue
When my ambitions turned to Mammon;
Down in the dumps, I sported blue,
And, when I felt erotic, salmon,
While for a Sunday shade
I fancied mauve to go with Church Parade.
Now all is done 'twixt you and me;
You're banished to a dark exile hence
By that imperative decree
Which dooms our socks henceforth to silence.
There is a power, my friends,
That disciplines our loud-hued nether ends.
Farewell! No more may I proclaim
Upon my feet each vagrant passion;
And yet I'm not disposed to blame
That very fickle goddess Fashion,
By whose indulgent leave
I'll wear my heart in future up my sleeve.

A Brilliant Finale.

"With Mr. Balfour's speech, the Silly Season may be said to have ended."—*Graphic*.

TRACKING DOWN A ROMANCE.

"WATSON," said George, coming into my chamber at five o'clock on Friday, October 7th, "are you prepared? Put your revolver in your pocket, pull your hat over your eyes and face the new problem."

"I am at your service, Holmes," I answered, thrusting away the work which I was not really doing and getting my things together. "What is it now?"

"Call me George, and come along and solve the mystery of the Stage Romance. I have heard a paper-boy shouting, and we must know the details at once."

We walked out of the Temple into Fleet Street. "Surely," I asked him, "you are not going to sink so low as to buy an evening paper. Is that playing the game?"

"Buy a paper? Certainly not. What are you thinking of? We must elucidate this dark affair from what the posters tell us for nothing. Hist!" he whispered, pointing to the first of them. "Do you see it?"

STAGE ROMANCE.

That means that there has been a romance on the stage."

"George," I said, "you are positively wonderful."

"This is not a mere play, but something real, appallingly genuine. At first I suspected another Peer and another Chorus Girl. But I dismiss that, for the poster would have put more emphasis on the bridegroom and less on the bride. It cannot be a Peeress in her own right and a Chorus Man, or they would have been more explicit. Let us proceed."

We turned our steps westward, and at the corner of Wellington Street we got our second clue.

ROMANCE OF POPULAR ACTRESS.

"That clears the field a little," said George. "We are left with four possibilities—a marriage, a divorce, theft of jewels or a sprained ankle. Romance, with the press, is an elastic term. We must get her name."

"But will they tell us, unless we buy a paper?"

"They must. They cannot help themselves. These posters simply cannot keep a secret. They try every evening, but invariably fail. The temptation for each to go one better than the last is irresistible. After all, a poster is only human."

"At the corner of St. Martin's Lane we found, as we expected, more expansiveness."

POPULAR ACTRESS'S ENGAGEMENT.

CIVIL WAR IN PORTUGAL.

"Ignore the latter part," said George, "it is only a blind. We may now, I think, eliminate all the popular actresses who are securely married. There remain the Misses DARE, but they would not have appeared anonymously even on a poster. There also remains . . .

MARIE LÖHR ENGAGED.

. . . MARIE LÖHR! Ah, I suspected as much."

We had to walk to the further end of Piccadilly Circus for more enlightenment, and even that left us with much to learn.

MARIE LÖHR ENGAGED

TO A

POPULAR ACTOR.

There the matter seemed to end. Search as we would, we could not induce that secretive fiancé to emerge into the light of publicity. Up and down Piccadilly we walked, but we could not find him out. "Obviously," remarked George, "a very retiring fellow. Tell me the names of some popular actors who are retiring."

I thought hard. "No," said I, "I cannot do it. I can only think of popular actors I should like to see retiring."

Depressed by the vain chase, we got on to a bus going Kensingtonwards. Though we kept our eyes wide open, we could not get forward with it. Rather we went backwards, back to MARIE LÖHR engaged, back to the mere unnamed engagement, back even to the stage romance. In despair we alighted at South Kensington Station and turned into a side street, and there, where we least expected it, we got our climax.

ROBERT LORRAINE ENGAGED

TO A

POPULAR ACTRESS.

George was all for going on with it. "Turn back now, when we are just getting to the details? My dear James, with perseverance we may yet find out how he worded the question; whether she remarked on the suddenness of it; how much the ring cost."

But I insisted on withdrawing from the affair. "If we go on with our search, they will have to go on with another climax. We cannot expect them to get married this evening, and we may force them into a disaster."

George turned round. "You are right," he said reluctantly. "Perhaps I ask too much. We are too fond of Miss LÖHR and Mr. LORRAINE to run any risks with their happiness. It would be a pity indeed if we were the innocent cause of their breaking it off."

So to be on the safe side we went home by the Underground, sedulously avoiding all placarded matter, save the more familiar advertisements.

NOVELISTS AS REPORTERS.

A CONTEMPORARY has lately been lamenting that the outlook for the fiction-market is one of increasing gloom. It is even suggested that many of our leading novelists might with more advantage employ their pens in practical journalism.

We venture to submit below a few sample extracts from the sort of thing that might be expected should this bright suggestion take effect:

I. THE EVENT.

During yesterday's severe storm, an elderly gentleman named Jones was knocked down by a motor-bus in Ludgate Circus, but fortunately escaped without serious injury.

II. ITS TREATMENT.

(a) By Mr. H. G. Wells.

"One of the most difficult and embarrassing features about this matter of Jones is that one possesses no previous knowledge upon which to base a definite and communicable idea of the man . . . He just comes at one, as it were, out of the murk of that afternoon, already a completed entity; Jones . . .

You picture him, a little, rotund figure, pathetically bewildered, hesitating in a blind, meaningless way upon the edge of the curb. . . . All round him, vague, storm-lashed shapes . . . distorted, unhuman things; policemen, umbrellas, Fabians (ugh!) and the like. And everywhere, noise . . .

"I might do it," he said to himself, "with luck . . ."

"Now," he said, "now . . ." and decided to chance it.

And then, you know, there was the motor-bus. Quite suddenly it came, a confused impression of more noise, grown all at once ever so much more insistent, overwhelming . . . Hi, woosh!

"Mind!" cried Mr. Jones, "mind!" He became amazingly conscious of himself, stable in the midst of a tumultuously whirling universe, the centre of all kinds of bewildering phenomena. Also that his nose, in some unaccountable way, was bleeding.

"Damn!" he said . . .

(b) By Mr. William de Morgan.

Never tell us it was the driver's fault. We know better. So also, for the matter of that, does Lizeran herself, for all she was running away, and, anyhow, never no nearer the dratted thing than the side of the pavement over again the Lud's Ed public. No, nor it wasn't the Old Gentleman's fault neither. It was, first and last, the storm's fault entirely. So, at least, Mr. Ammond said; and bless us! we suppose it will

be conceded that he ought to know Mr. Anmond (this is what Lizeran always called him—not for many years to come will she suspect the absence of that missing aspirate) was the guard of the bus in question, and as kind and veracious a man as ever drew breath.

He drew it with some difficulty that afternoon, by reason of the same storm as aforesaid. Storm indeed, we should rather think so: a regular one, and no mistake about it. They told each other, down in the City, that there hadn't been such wind and rain between the days of Ebenezer Scrooge and those of Joseph Vance—and we leave you to calculate what an interval that was! There was no possibility of escaping it. It tore round corners, did that wind, at Badness knows how many miles an hour; whistling through keyholes, and plucking slates off house roofs, as if on purpose to make an opening for its ally the rain. Benuddling old gentlemen was child's play to it. As Lizeran's own daddy remarked, when he looked out through the little window of the jug-and-bottle entrance—"—"

[EDITOR. *Is this likely to be very long?* AUTHOR. *Well, I could make it fill three volumes.* EDITOR. *Ah!*]

(c) By Mr. Arnold Bennett.

I.

About a quarter to five o'clock, on a warm Saturday afternoon in the late summer of 1865 (a year notable for its fine Saturdays), a small boy named David Jones was standing in the bay window of a large red-brick house in the High Street of Bursley. He wore a jacket, vest, and "knickers" of gray tweed, the lining and buttons of which bore the name of Brown and Son, the largest retail haberdashers in the Five Towns, whose shop stood at the upper end of High Street, on the site at present occupied by the Mechanics' Institute. It was close upon half-a-century since Brown, Sen., the head of the firm, had established—[EDITOR. *Has he anything to do with the story?* AUTHOR. *Only indirectly; it's all atmosphere.* EDITOR. *Cut it.*]

The boy's apparent costume was completed by a pair of black knitted stockings, and the same number of boots, rather small for their age. Really, of course, he had other "things" on, but I have no time to describe them.

He was thinking, very slowly and comprehensively, about a large number of subjects. He did it slowly, because all action, whether mental or physical, was notoriously deliberate in the Five Towns at this period. Even a school-boy had been known to occupy twenty pages of description in the simple process of coming home to dinner.



AT WONDERLAND.

Friend of the boy who gave the punch (turning to young man in collar who has retired aloud). "IT 'IM BELOW THE BELT, DID 'E? WHERE DO YOU FINK 'IS BELT OUGHT TEE BE? RAIND 'IS FURRID?"

He thought about Bursley, its history, and the economic welfare of its inhabitants for generations. Suddenly the sight of his father coming along the street caused him to smile happily. He had discovered the subject for a 'resh digression.

II.

Almost the first thing that John Jones, David's father, could recollect, was one winter morning when his aged grandmother—

[EDITOR. *Who's she?* AUTHOR. *She would be the great-grandmother of David.* EDITOR. *Oh, I say!*

However, to return to the small boy who was looking out of the window. After about two hours, David began to be aware of subdued clattering sounds coming from the direction of the kitchen. He knew that these indicated tea, and even very possibly gooseberry

jam. David's mother always made her own gooseberry jam; had done so, indeed, ever since one memorable July when—

[*To be continued as a serial. Look out for the motor-bus towards the end of December.*]

In camera.

"During many of the hunts Mr. Kearton (the famous photographer) was so weak from the fever that he had to be carried to the spot where the lion lay on his camp bed."

Daily News.

It seems that even the privacy of a beast's bedroom is not sacred to these rash intruders.

Out with the '45.

"Un grand match de cricket s'organise actuellement entre le Club de Rose Hill et celui de la ville. Pas moins de 45 joueurs doivent y prendre part. La musique militaire se fera entendre."—*The Planters and 'Commercia' Gazette* (Mauritius).



"IS IT GENUINE CHIPPENDALE?"

"ABSOLUTELY, SIR—"

"BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE A CRACK RIGHT ACROSS—"

"DONE BY CHIPPENDALE HIMSELF, SIR, IN A FIT OF RAGE WHEN HE HEARD THE UNION HAD CALLED THE MEN OUT."

MUTED.

["One of the finest effects accomplished by the Gramophone has been the obliteration of the inferior amateur singer."]

ONCE in the dear dead days for ever gone,

When after-dinner songsters were in boom,

First of our local bachelors I shone

The vocal star of many a drawing-room.

My life was fair, my lot was well-contented;

Raised to a mellow status all my own,

I was admired, till somebody invented

That ruinous machine, the Gramophone.

Yes, in those flush and prospering times of yore

Off'n'r than not I had my victuals free,

Dined rarely at my own expense—what's more,

Could frequently economise in tea.

The empty stomach loved of men of leading

I waived without a murmur; for my part,

I sang my finest after hearty feeding,

But mine was nature, theirs was only art.

Yet think not that I scrupled to enlist

Art to my needs; I had, when I began,

Twelve lessons from our local organist

(And twelve should be enough for any man);

'Twas he indeed that gave me skill to render

Shop-ballads with apparent grace and ease;

Sad songs, with a refrain to make them tender,

And published, as a rule, in several keys.

Ah, blessed songs! I sang them by the sheet;

Sang them in fullest measure, as implored

By many a dame whose feast was incomplete

Save for this voice which all her friends adored.

Bright was the present, and the future sunny;

Indeed, had things continued as they were,

It was supposed that I should marry money,

So popular was I among the fair.

But now, alas, how dark is my eclipse;

My ample jaws are sealed, and in their place

Yawns a colossal trumpet, from whose lips

Stentorian tenor vies with bull-voiced bass.

Bleating like goats or bellowing like thunder,

Now that in every home the echoes ring

With discy records of the great, what wonder

That amateurs are not allowed to sing?

And thus my social vogue has gone. To-day

Rarely the hostess bids me to the feast,

The local maidens pass me on the way

As tho' they'd never loved me in the least;

And—heaviest pang of all—when, after dinner,

I take my lonely stroll, or sit alone,

Borne on the breeze I hear, as I'm a sinner,

My own shop-ballads—on a Gramophone.

DUM-DUM.

Persistence.

"The harvest festival at the Wesleyan Church took place on Sunday, when the Rev. H. W. Edwards preached throughout the day."

Surry Advertiser.

The bull-dog tenacity of these Wesleyans!

Economics in the Poultry-yard.

"Whenever eggs are cheap the fowls yield a fair supply, and wh they become dear production stops."—*Pull Mall Gazette*.



UTOPIA—LIMITED.

FRANCE (coming to congratulate the youngest Republic). "GLAD YOU TOO HAVE ADOPTED THE IDEAL FORM OF GOVERNMENT."
PORTUGAL. "THANKS. IT OUGHT TO BE PLAIN SAILING NOW, OUGHTN'T IT!"
FRANCE. "YE—ES. SORRY I CAN'T STOP TO SAY MORE—SHOCKING STATE OF THINGS AT 'HOME—JUST ESCAPED ANOTHER REVOLUTION."



THE WOLF INVITES THE LAMB TO DEFRAY THE COST OF RAVAGING THE FOLD

Passing Capitalist (to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P.). "WELL, OF ALL THE CONF—! LOOK HERE, YOUNG FELLOW, IF YOU IMAGINE YOU'RE GOING TO GET SUPPORT FROM US, I'D ADVISE YOU TO DO AWAY WITH SOME OF THOSE HUMOROUS LITTLE BOARDS OF YOURS!"

[MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., in a letter to *The Daily Telegraph*, makes a cool appeal to the public, "quite apart from political feeling or conviction," to subscribe funds in order "(1) to maintain the organisation of the Labour Party in constituencies; (2) to enable candidates to conduct their elections; (3) to carry on the production and distribution of literature, bills, and other things incidental to the efficient working of a political party."]

THE MUSEUM FUN-CITY.

LAST week's correspondence in *The Evening Standard* with regard to the "listless demeanour of a great number of those who visit and wander aimlessly about our museums" is about to bear fruit shortly, and there should be no further complaints about the "atmosphere of mystery" and "lack of entertainment" in these institutions. To begin with, the British Museum, we understand, is going to be White-City-

fied and generally livened up for the Coronation year under the capable management of Mr. IMRE KIRALFY as Commissioner-General, assisted (under protest) by the Director and Principal Librarian, Dr. KENYON, and by the Keepers of Printed Books, Oriental Manuscripts, Egyptian Antiquities, and Mediaeval Ethnography, and the Heads of the other departments.

The existing plainness and severity of the fore-court, at present given over to the gambols of pigeons, are to be

relieved by a Babylonian band-stand, where classical renderings of music of the time of DANIEL will be given on the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psalter, and dulcimer; and by an Assyrian Wiggie-woggle, modelled on the Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

On entering, the visitor will at once have a choice of entertainment, combined with instruction. He can make his way direct on the Rolling Platform to the Spiral Toboggan encircling the Reading Room, where the driver of the

car will point out, as he whirls breathlessly past, the intellectual treasures indicated by the titles of the volumes on the shelves, and enlist his sympathy with the busy hive of workers below, interspersing his remarks with *personalia* on the more curious *habitués*.

Another delight will be to proceed on the left to the Imperial Cock-shy, where an hilarious half-hour can be profitably spent among the busts of the Roman Emperors, now transformed into Aunt Sallies of the period and aimed at (though, it is true, by a pardonable anachronism) with the *discus*, as used in the Athenian *pentathlon*. This done, a fund of amusement will be provided by the Witching Waves in the Egyptian Gallery, where we can travel in Twelfth-Dynasty Nile-boats and Amen-hotep mummy-cases over undulating sheets of iron to the Khufu Café and the Pef-dudu-bast-mes-bast Restaurant on the right and left respectively. Sarcophagi for two will permit engaged couples to consume their refreshment in comparative privacy.

Further on, we shall come to the Tiglath-pileser Biography and the Assurbanipal Hall of Laughter, where humorous episodes of 700-600 B.C. will be adequately treated by competent demonstrators; nor will the more human side of Sennacherib, or Esarhaddon *chez lui*, be neglected.

A Moving Staircase will convey visitors to the upper regions, where a Scenic Cyclone will switchback them around the thousand-and-one treasures stored therein. One great improvement is proposed—there will be no extra charges for side-shows such as the Portland Vase or the Death-dealing Mummy, and, if our information is correct, we foresee that the revived British Busheum will be the great London attraction in the near future.

ZIGZAG.

Speaking at the Chew Magna Agricultural Show Sir EDWARD STRACHEY "hoped the price of cheese and butter would be maintained, if not increased." "All very well for the agriculturists of Chew Magna; but what of the poor copsumers whose food may cost them more? They will have to chew parva.

THE PENALTIES OF PRO-PINQUITY.

(Suggested by a recent outrage.)

LIVING in retirement at Ponder's End after thirty years' work as Medical Officer of Health, Mr. Richard Barbecue, whose first wife was the Prime Minister's seventh cousin twice removed, has been somewhat surprised to find himself the subject of a number of newspaper paragraphs.

am also the possessor of a Gladstone bag."

"It is said," remarked the representative of *The Inquisitor*, "that on the occasion of your wife's marriage she was the recipient of a set of fish-knives from the present Prime Minister."

"I am sorry to say," replied Mr. Barbecue, "that there is no foundation for the story. It is true that she was presented with a set of fish-knives, but they were the gift, not of the Premier, but of her godfather, the late Rev. Marcus Jimson."

"But surely," queried the indefatigable journalist, "it is true that you were up at Balliol with Mr. ASQUITH."

"Well," replied Mr. Barbecue, with some heat, "if you must have the truth, here it is. I went up to matriculate at Balliol when Mr. ASQUITH was there, but failed, and subsequently went to Durham."

"Perhaps Mrs. Barbecue might favour me with some recollections of her distinguished relative."

"She might have," was the rejoinder, "if she were alive, but as she died fifteen years ago, and as the present Mrs. Barbecue is my third wife and is not interested in politics, I am afraid that I cannot assist you in this matter."

"What do you think Mrs. Barbecue—I mean your first wife—would have thought of the Conference?"

At this point Mr. Barbecue assumed so menacing an aspect that the representative of *The Inquisitor* hastily withdrew through an open window into a cucumber frame, subsequently climbing over a garden-wall and reaching Fleet Street in a dishevelled but otherwise undefeated condition.

From Wilson's Catalogue of Theological Books:

"Punch, or the London Charivari, 22 vols."

The latest addition to the programme of the concert of Europe! "Braga's Serenata."

"Found, Merry Widow Hat, 'twixt Middleton & Roehdale, Oct. 8."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

She must have been very merry.



PRETTY REVIVAL OF AN ANCIENT CUSTOM

THE OBEISANCE.

"I can't for the life of me understand it," was the remark of Mr. Barbecue to a *Daily Inquisitor* representative, who had been recently foiled by the reticence of the Prime Minister's brother, but the journalist discreetly refrained from the obvious suggestion that his wife's close relationship with the Premier might explain this phenomenon.

"I haven't any anecdotes about the Prime Minister," Mr. Barbecue went on. "As a matter of fact I have never seen him; but I once travelled in the same train with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, I have a postcard written by Mr. GLADSTONE to a local bookseller from whom I bought it for half-a-crown, and I



THE MARQUESS DE T. AND LADY M. SEEM TO BE ENJOYING THEMSELVES.



POOR GENERAL B. HAS A BAD DAY.



CHARMING LADY VIOLET OFFER INTO DIFFICULTIES.



THE MULTIMILLIONAIRE, MR. S., GIVES A TIP.



THE DEAN OF W. TAKES A WELL-EARNED FORTY WINKS AFTER LUNCHEON.



THE BAG.

LORD H.'S THREE DAYS' SHOOT. LORD H. IS MARKED WITH A X

THE ABOVE ARE SPECIMENS OF WHAT MAY APPEAR IN THE PAGES OF OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC PRESS IF THE CAMERA ARTIST CONTINUES TO BE THWARTED BY EXCLUSION FROM PUBLIC PLACES (SUCH AS THE PADDOCK). HE IS A DANGEROUS ENEMY.

SPECTACULAR GOLF.

(Suggested by a recent contest.)

At the first hole Miss Beach's tee shot hit a perambulator containing twins, but unfortunately no casualty occurred, though the occupants of the perambulator were vocal in expressing their indignation. Mr. Bilton, however, had better luck with his second—a full iron shot against the wind which struck on the right temple an aviator who was hovering above the green and brought him to earth like a stone. To the general disappointment of the crowd the airman only broke several ribs and after a few minutes was able to walk to the club-house without assistance. Starting one down at the second Miss Beach deliberately hooked her drive into the crowd and a loud yell from an elderly gentleman in a check suit proclaimed the welcome news that her shot had taken effect.

The victim, who seemed to be in great agony, was removed on a stretcher by the Bullioudale Golf Club Ambulance Corps to the Cottage Hospital, but rallied in the course of a few hours and was able to proceed to his home in a bath-chair.

Meantime Mr. Bilton had not been idle. His tee shot was a blank, but with his second, a long raking brassie-shot, he felled a sheep which had inadvertently strayed on to the course. The hole was accordingly halved amid great enthusiasm. No casualties occurred at either the third or the fourth hole and the crowd were beginning to get somewhat impatient when Miss Beach, with a masterly half-topped drive from the fifth tee, hit and killed on the spot a Pekinese spaniel which had got inside the ropes. The spectators were almost delirious with excitement at this magnificent shot and several minutes elapsed before the game could be resumed. Mr. Bilton was

evidently rather unnerved by this demonstration and, determining at all hazards to hit something, sliced his ball into his gaddie. As by the new rules such casualties do not count, Mr. Bilton lost the hole. He reasserted himself splendidly at the next hole. Both the drives were blank, and Mr. Bilton's second landed him in the deep bunker guarding the green. Taking his bull-dog miblick he made a splendid recovery, laying the ball dead on the nose of an intrusive spectator who was craning eagerly over the ropes.

Later.—Result: Miss Beach won by 4 kills, 5 seriously wounded, 6 slightly injured, to Mr. Bilton's 3 kills, 4 seriously wounded, 8 slightly wounded.

"PINK.—October 11th, at 14, Clyde-street, Ford, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Pink, a son (the Albyn Andrews)." *Western Morning News.* They must try to do better than this at the christening.

MAIL-BAGS.

No. V.—THE M.P.'s.

To Samuel Soames, Esq., M.P.,
The House of Commons.

DEAR MR. SOAMES,—On Thursday evening next the motion to give facilities for the Women's Franchise Bill will be before the House. The Bill *must* pass. We intend it to pass. We have said so, and we are taking steps to ensure it. To speak quite frankly, we intend to make life unendurable for those who are pusillanimous enough to vote against the Bill.

I am taking you into my confidence, dear Mr. Soames, because I am quite sure you are going to use your vote and your very great influence on our side. No sensible man could do otherwise after studying the literature I enclose, which sets out a few of our main arguments. Please sign and return to me your promise to vote for the Bill. Yours for the Cause,
C. P./K.L. CYNTHIA PERKINS
17 Enclos. (Organising Secretary).

(Answer: Mr. Soames has always had the best interests of women deeply at heart, and hopes to be in his place on Thursday evening to record his vote on the right side.)

DEAR MR. SOAMES,—Of course that ridiculous Women's Franchise Bill must be killed, and we are relying on you to help in the good work. No really nice woman wants the vote, and no man who looks into the future with the eye of a statesman would ever jeopardise the safety of the Empire by granting it.

To vote for the Bill would mean ruin to any man's political future, and we are quite sure that you are clear-sighted enough to see this. However, I am enclosing a few pamphlets to help you in your decision. Will you please sign the promise to vote against the Bill?

Yours very truly,
MARGARET CARYLL-STUART
M.C./F.R. (Organising Secretary).
23 Enclos.

(Answer: Mr. Soames has always had the best interests of women deeply at heart, and hopes to be in his place on Thursday evening to record his vote on the right side.)

DEAR SIR,—In case you have not yet read my book, "The Scarlet Peril," I am enclosing a signed copy, with compliments. You, I am certain, will at once grasp its tremendous import to the nation. As one of your constituents—I think I may say without boasting, one of your most influential constituents—I should be greatly

obliged if you would table the following question in the House:—

"To ask the Secretary of State for War if he has read 'The Scarlet Peril,' by Captain Boffington Bulger, obtainable from all booksellers at 4s. 6d. net, or direct from the author, 'The Banyans,' Diddlehampton, for 5s. 0d. post free; and, if so, what steps he proposes to take in view of the very grave state of affairs divulged in the said book."

I hope, Sir, that you will not allow this question to be burked or shelved, but will press it before the House with the utmost vigour.

Yours faithfully,

BOFFINGTON BULGER
(Late Captain the Diddlesex
Volunteers).

(Answer: Mr. Soames has already seen "The Scarlet Peril" on the book-stalls, and would congratulate the author on having brought the question so vividly to the notice of the nation. Mr. Soames has always had the matter deeply at heart, and would gladly urge it forward did not the interests of Party discipline forbid. As a military man, Captain Bulger will be the first to appreciate the force of this objection.)

DEAR SIR,—No doubt you already know the merits of our Five Star Biddersleigh Nettle-Beer, but I am taking the liberty of sending to your private address a case of same for you to sample at your leisure.

I am writing this to ask you if you will please urge the Catering Committee of the House of Commons to stock and push this brand. Believe me, ours is THE BEST. As our motto states, it is "The King of Nettle-Beers and the Nettle-Beer of Kings."

Yours faithfully,

BRENEZER WILKS.

(Answer: Mr. Soames has always had deeply at heart the fostering of local industries. He proposes to forward the sample case so kindly supplied by Mr. Wilks to the Catering Committee of the House of Commons, where he hopes it will meet with the treatment it so richly deserves.)

DEAR SIR,—Of course you know that I induced my uncle to vote for you at the last Election, because I felt you had such a beautiful outlook on the Prevention of Cruelty to Rabbits Bill. So now I am going to ask you a small favour in return.

My dear boy, Gussie, has really splendid abilities, but somehow he has never seemed to find the proper scope for them. You probably know that he had to give up the Civil Service and the Bar because of his dislike of the

ridiculous questions they set in the examinations, and he never seemed happy in schoolmastering, fruit-farming in California, estate-managing, journalism, tea-broking, pursuing or debt-collecting. The very post for him would be by the side of some strong, noble character, and that is why I want you to take my dear boy as your assistant private secretary and really look after him and bring out the best that is in him.

I have his boxes all packed and can send him to you at a moment's notice.

Yours very truly,

MADELINE LINDEN.

(Answer:—Mr. Soames. Tell her I'm afraid my private secretary is terribly cantankerous and difficult to get on with.

Mr. Soames' Secretary. Oh, Sir! Mr. Soames. Well, then, tell her I have something or other deeply at heart.)

THE NOSEGAY.

(After Waller.)

[Among the articles on show at the London Medical Exhibition has been a new remedy for a cold in the head. It is derived from red roses, which, it is said, spell destruction to countless millions of bacilli.]

Go, lovely Rose!

And seek with antiseptic aid

My lady's nose,

Which all in scarlet is arrayed,
Putting thy blushes in the shade.

Within her breast

A myriad foes do bivouac

And with a zest

Pursue their impudent attack;
Thy part it is to drive them back.

For at thy breath

The bellicose bacillus squirms,

And, faced by death,

That countless company of germs
Yields unto thee on any terms.

Decking her brow,

Thou mightst have found a snug retreat;

But oh, I vow,

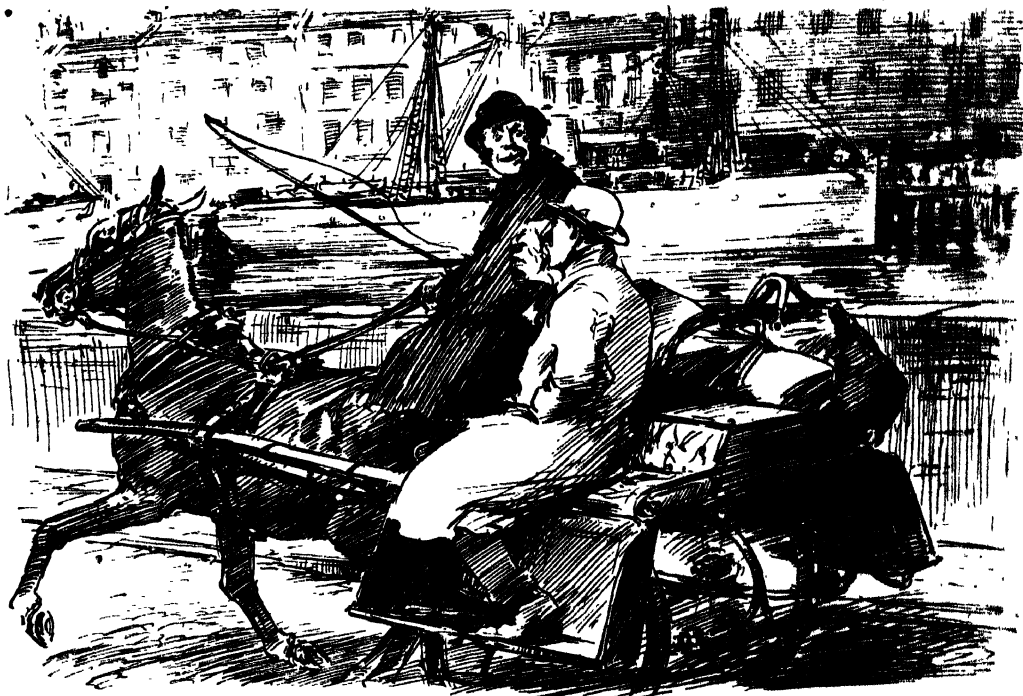
As Anti-Cold (in box complete)

Thou'lt smell a hundred times more
sweet!

So many patented names present the greatest difficulty to the intelligence of the public that we are glad to be able to announce, on the advertised authority of the patentees, that "THERMOS is the word the ancient Greeks used when they wished to say HOT."

"SPORTS.—Wanted, name of borset maker, padded and protected with chamois, and short bones for hunting."—Advertisement in "The Queen."

These short-boned makers of corsets are a terror to foxes.



Visitor (his first experience of Dublin). "WHAT A DREADFUL SMELL!"
 Driver. "FAITH, SORR, BUT THE SMELL AV THE LIFFEY'S WAN AV

AV DUBLIN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is idle to say that magic is no more, for a magician is still among us and his name is Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING. For that is the impression left upon one after reading *Rewards and Penalties* (MACMILLAN): that its author is a wizard. Certainly no such imaginative and vivid reconstruction of old England has ever been accomplished as you find here and in the first volume of the work—*Puck of Pook's Hill*. I don't say the new volume is perfect. It has nothing as remarkable and thrilling as "Dymchurch Flit" in its predecessor; there are faults of vagueness, chiefly the result of a leaping mind; the new verse is rarely inspired and is often slovenly. But when one considers the quality of Mr. KIPLING's invention, the piety of his patriotism, the freshness and vigour of his style, and his astounding understanding of men and movements, why one forgets all about these little trifling defects and again murmurs, "Wizard." HAZLITT said of KEAN's acting that it was like reading SHAKESPEARE by lightning. One might adapt this to Mr. KIPLING, and say that these two whimsical illuminating books are like reading English History by the light of the Will-o'-the-wisp.

Prester John (NELSON) was a sort of Ethiopian Napoleon of the fifteenth century who left behind him a kingdom, a tradition, and a collar of rubies, which were all equally fine and large. In these degenerate days his mantle and his rubies fell upon the swarthy shoulders and encircled the

ebon neck of the Rev. John Laputa, in this country a Christian minister and the darling of Exeter Hall, in his own a splendid specimen of the noble savage and the head of a great Kaffir rising which must have swept the English out of South Africa into the sea if David Craufurd, a young Scots storekeeper at Blaauwildebeestfontein, had not nipped the conspiracy in the bud. Davie was wise and brave beyond his years, and the story of his hairbreadth escapes and adventures is as thrilling as anything I have read since the golden hour in my undergraduate days when the opening chapters of *Treasure Island* first enthralled me. Our wee Davie and the boy-heroes of *Treasure Island* are like each other in many ways. They both draw maps of the scene of their adventures, both overhear important conversations, both do many brave things and at least one foolish one—which turns out for the best—and the female element is religiously excluded from both their books. But I cannot carp at this resemblance (not to speak of the dash of *King Solomon's Mines* which I find in *Prester John*), because in spite of it Mr. JOHN BUCHAN is himself all the time and no copyist, and has shown me that I am still boy enough to revel in treasure-hunting and the splendid deeds of youth quite as much as in reading reports of league football matches or the ineffectual struggles of my middle-aged friends against Colonel Bogey. And I believe that the colonel and his victims would all agree with me and become boys again if they would only take my advice and read *Prester John*.

After the absence of sanitation almost the greatest disadvantage of living seventy years ago must have been that

nobody could write jolly books about the manners and customs of the period; for there is no doubt that our grandfathers and grandmothers had very little idea how eccentric they were. This being so, when we boast of our advance in science and engineering, of our improved taste in furniture, and the triumphs of the Daily Press, let us ask ourselves if we are doing our duty (as drolls) to the literature of posterity, and, if not, feel slightly ashamed. *Early Victorian* (SMITH, ELDER) purports to be a series of sketches of the principal inhabitants of Basset in the pre-railway epoch, but S. G. TALLENTYRE has enlivened it with enough plot for the makings of a genuine novel. With *Polite Latimer*, with the two doctors of Basset, with *Parson Grant* and with *Rachel Pilkington* you ought certainly to become acquainted, for their habits form very delectable reading. "Mrs. Benet . . . after some cogitation purchased the wedding present—a large china lady clad in a short but not indecent pink skirt, and listening attentively to a shell.

The Doctor and Maggie were both called into the clammy closeness of the parlour to inspect this offering. Maggie said 'Lor!' and declared herself that glad she was not going to have the dusting of it. 'Very nique indeed, Jeannie, I should say—very unique,' was the doctor's observation; and seeing the word Miranda at the lady's base, he added that it had escaped him for the moment who Miranda was. 'That's for them to find out,' said Mrs. Benet, as if she were setting the bridal pair a conundrum." The author has shown a rare vein of sympathy for those homely virtues which our ancestors did possess, and I can only hope that if we do after all appear amusing to the writer of 1980 we shall be treated as leniently as this.

MRS. COMYNS CARR, the author of *By Ways That They Knew Not* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), has managed to invest a somewhat outworn and melodramatic theme with an unusual amount of interest. Certainly she gets no help from her plot. When the hero, assuming himself to be a childless widower, proposes to the heroine, and, in the very moment of acceptance, meets an infant who mentions a secretive mother, and has eyes that remind him of the past—well, most of MRS. COMYNS CARR's readers will know what to expect. Nor will they be disappointed. Even to the death of the superfluous wife in the last chapter, all the familiar thrills are provided; but what is more surprising is that they do quite genuinely thrill; which I take to be a singular testimony to the writer's craft. I confess myself baffled, however, to account for the startling change by which MRS. COMYNS CARR, having located her earlier scenes at Dover, suddenly begins to speak of them as happening at Folkestone. This confused me frightfully; especially as the wife was at that moment escaping to France, and the ambiguity appeared likely to extend itself to the other side, both Calais and Boulogne being mentioned as her destination. When I remind you gently of the title of the book you will appreciate the humour which I could expend upon this, and do not. Still, I think that should other editions be called for—as they almost certainly will be, since a tale so

well told has all the makings of a popular success—the point is one that might with advantage be elucidated. Meanwhile I content myself with saying that I read every word of it.

When I read a story of mysterious and sinister murder, of elaborate but inevitable detection, I insist upon knowing the murderer from the start, holmnobbing intimately with him, but never for a moment suspecting that he is the guilty party. I am, I feel, entitled to my complete surprise, certainly to my strain of perpetual excitement. In *The Mummy Moves* (WERNER LAUNIE) I got neither. *Alfred Eastman* was murdered in his lonely flat. I knew at once, though the others had their doubts, that his nephew *Fabian* was not responsible. To confirm that surmise, *Fabian* got murdered himself, and the double suspicion then pointed to *Edward Steward*. "Don't you believe it," said , but *Detective Dodson*, being less shrewd, still needed conviction, and *Edward's* throat also was fatally slit. After that I gave up knowing or caring; for anyone, including yourself, might have done it. Here was no apparently inexplicable problem to be solved. Simply the name of a murderer was kept back till the last chapter. The ultimate incrimination of a casual baker, whom I had hardly met, left me unmoved, and I am tempted to account for the whole affair thus. A friend of Mrs. MARY GAUNT, I am sure, bet her that she could not write a good detective story. She, justly aware of her literary ability, but forgetting that she was a woman, took the bet on. In the final event she has shown that she can write with humour, insight, and even power, but as for the detective story she has written, the friend has easily won the bet.

THE

SCHOOL OF MUSIC



THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC HAS OFFERED £10 FOR THE BEST POSTER ADVERTISING THE SCHOOL. THE ABOVE IS MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE EFFORT.

All the Winners.

The following account of a "Boating Competition" appeared in *The Bengalee* :

"Owing to the dazzling rain which fell all day, the programme of the contest was much affected though no sooner the rain ceased, all the parties went out barring the Canal Sporting Club, who were much handicapped by a few of their men taking to the Football field and were obliged to abandon the contest, and joined Mr. K. D. Ghosh's party and spent an enjoyable evening by watching the beautiful scenery of the embankment. Lovely songs were sung with great gusto at intervals. "It being settled that the contest should start from the Railway Bridge to White Bridge or New Bridge, and *vice versa*, Mukherjee's team crossed first with the guidance of their skilful helmsman Mr. M. N. Bose, leading by 5 yds. and was declared winners. Mr. Mitter's team who fought keenly all along cleverly turned back and reached the starting point first spreading the news that they were the winners. Then Mr. G. N. Dutt's team without giving the least notice of their start to Mukherjee's team, who were then taking their refreshment and preparing themselves for the fresh fight, crossed and reached the starting point. Lastly, Mr. Mukherjee's team being stunned at the unsporting spirit shown against them, ned home leisurely but sadly being last on this occasion.

However, judging the game from the above, the contest was undecided as all the three teams claimed to be the winners. It is sad that no decision could be arrived at mutually, and unless some rules are framed, it seems almost certain that nothing satisfactory will be arrived at, a thing much to be avoided in the interest of sport and all concerned."

Mr. Punch, who is also greatly concerned; has pleasure in offering his best aquatic sympathies to all the various winners of this historic contest.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Imperial Ethiopian Rubber Company, which was before the public last week, is evidently the subject of some misconception. A correspondent, for example, wants to know whether the Company was formed with the object of placing on the market a rubber, stronger than India rubber, which would enable the Ethiopian to change his skin.

President TAFT has approved plans for raising the battleship *Maine*, and it will shortly be possible to ascertain whether the sinking of the vessel, which was the cause of the war with Spain, was the work of the Spaniards. If the contrary should be proved, it is understood that the war will be cancelled.

"If a man is to be locked up for drinking too much beer, what," asked a man at the Surrey Quarter Sessions, "is England coming to?" What, indeed. She will soon be a tight little island no longer.

At the opening of the Business Exhibition at Olympia, Mr. CHINNICK stated that it was evident that the aims of this and previous exhibitions had not been in vain, similar undertakings having been organised in Germany. We had no idea the object of this undertaking was to make our trade rivals buck up.

Sir MAURICE LEVY, M.P., is said to have been seriously alarmed at the following head-lines which appeared in a contemporary last week:—

PARLIAMENTARY LEVIES
QUESTION OF DISPOSAL RAISED.

À propos of their interview with the HOME SECRETARY last week, it has been suggested that costermongers, whose rights are so often threatened, should have an organ of their own. But surely there is such a journal already in existence. What about *The Barrow News*?

The "London Statistics" just issued by the L.C.C. having drawn attention to the fact that the weather of Berlin is much worse than that of London, the KAISER, it is said, will at once arrange

to remedy a state of affairs that is derogatory to the pride of the Fatherland.

A word of praise for the thorough and painstaking manner in which these Statistics have been compiled. Some figures which we have often searched for elsewhere in vain may be found there. We refer to the following:—

"Number of children selling cough tablets in the streets:—
Exempt from school . . . 1
Not exempt . . . 1"

remarkable stories of men who survived falls from great heights. Our contemporary might have mentioned the coolness of a workman who, while descending from some scaffolding, saw a mate falling down from the eighth floor. "Ere, Bill," he said as his friend flashed past him, "you'll be down before me—you might order my beer."

Upon the sails of H.M.S. *Undine* being unfurled at Chatham last week, the ship's cat rolled out on deck. She had been enshrouded there for fifteen days, but was still alive. It is evidently not so easy to abolish the cat in the Navy as some persons imagine.

The decision that SHAKESPEARE shall be a leading feature of the Lord Mayor's Show this year is said to be causing considerable anxiety to the City Police, who fear a demonstration by the Baconians, headed by Sir EDWARD DURNING-LAWRENCE.

The engagement of Miss PAULINE CHASE is once more announced. This time it is to Mr. GRAHAM WHITE. *Peter Pan* was always a bit of a flier, and he ought to do better than ever this year.

"Mr. GEORGE CLISON of Sibbo Heddingham," we read, "has visited the Brantree October Fair for fifty-five successive years, and has bought a horse on each occasion." His collection is said to be unique.

From an announcement of the Pleasure Gardens Theatre, Folkestone:—"October: Looking for Trouble, October 6th. THE APPLE OF DISCORD." They seem to have wasted no time in finding what they were looking for.

The Cheerful Send-off.

"There is a new name among the apothecaries of Roseau to-day. Messrs. and Mrs. J. H. opened a new business under the style THE ROSEAU PHARMACY. We sincerely wish the undertakers a full measure of prosperity."

The Doctor's Office.

THE SPORTSMAN'S HOME (LATE BEDFORD HOTEL), Tavistock, Devon.

Adm. in "The Mall."

No doubt as to the strength of the liquor there.



He: "AND COMIN' HOME I WAN
She: "ER - POLICE OR MOUR?"

Mr. H. B. IRVING, it is announced, is to build a new theatre in Charing Cross Road, and he will call it the Irving Theatre. This disposes of the rumour that he intended to name it the Lewis Waller Theatre.

A taxicab carrying Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER, Mr. MARSH ALLEN, and Mr. LAWRENCE GROSESMITH, last week dashed into and smashed a lamp-standard at Golder's Green and then felled a telegraph-post. It is supposed that the occupants were practising the art of bringing the house down.

The *Lancet* has been publishing some

POLITICS FOR THE PULPIT.

[“I find it rather difficult during this period of conferring (*laughter*) without doing some mischief to engage in an ordinary political controversy.”—Opening of Mr. Lloyd George's recent sermon at the City Temple.]

THE following little speech is intended as a guide to any Radical politician who may have the good fortune to secure a place of divine worship for his next electioneering campaign. Veneration for his surroundings will very properly put a check upon the more violent methods of the secular hustings. But under the guise of an unprejudiced reformer he may do a lot of quiet party work by suggesting that the conduct of certain classes, which chiefly belong to the Other Side, are at the root of our national evils, and that if His Side were given a free hand England would soon be turned into a Garden of Eden.

My beloved Brethren, Heaven forbid that I should profane this sacred edifice—designed, as it is, for religious worship—by introducing any element of political partisanship into my discourse; but I do say that, if we wish to correct the social evils which we all deplore, we must seek some likelier cure for them than Tariff Reform. . . .

A wave of revolutionary feeling is sweeping over the countries of the earth. You trace it even in Britain, where, under the blessings of our present fiscal system, the poorest enjoy Free Food; you can therefore imagine what it must be like in countries that labour under the curse of Protection. . . .

Charity is the first of Christian virtues, and I will therefore give his due to the dev—to the inventor, that is, of Tariff Reform—and say that it was Mr. CHAMBERLAIN who forced our attention upon the poverty in our midst, at the time when he published his raging and tearing propaganda. But he failed to lay his finger upon the cause of the disease. Where lies that cause? It lies, my Brethren, with the IDLE RICH.

Standing here, a preacher in the House of God, I will not speak of them as bloated Tories, but you know very well what I mean. There are myriads of them on the free list—practically a charge upon the State, just like Old Age Pensioners.

And how do they spend their unearned leisure, these landed loafers? They spend it on golf courses; they spend it in motors, invariably exceeding the speed limit. Not that I condemn these pastimes as heinous in themselves, so long as they are used, as in my case, merely to recharge the nerve-cells exhausted by devotion to altruistic labour.

But there are bloodier sports than these (I do not, of course, refer to the pursuit of rabbits, the sole relaxation left to the poor down-trodden agricultural classes). And here let me quote from the inspired words that fell from the lips of one of our greatest divines, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, in the course of that sermon in the City Temple for which its pastor, the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, prognosticated immortality: “Among the many contrasts,” said the preacher, “which a rich country like ours presents between the condition of rich and poor, there is none more striking than the profligate extravagance with which land by the square mile is thrown away upon stags and pheasants and partridges, as compared with the miserly greed with which it is doled out for the habitations of men, women and children.”

Thank God, I have never spilt the blood of innocent bird or beast. But I have seen fertile tilths laid bare as the arid wastes of Sahara, and their struggling tenants forced into urban slums, just that the land might serve as a better breeding-ground for partridges. I have seen the

everlasting hills of Argyll and Inverness, once the thriving centres of the white-heather industry, swept clean of their teeming population, that my lord might get a clearer view of the stag whose blood he wants. Always blood—blood where there should be bloom: the people's good sacrificed to private gore.

And this is the class that makes so loud a fuss about Form IV.

Dearly beloved Liberals—fellow-worshippers, I should say—I will forbear to traverse the argument that to this same class we have always owed the highest unpaid service in Parliament and elsewhere; I will ignore the allegation that upon their capital, invested in numberless enterprises, the people depend for their employment, not less than upon earned wealth; I will refrain from answering those who pretend that our present fiscal system may have contributed something to the decline of agriculture and the resulting congestion of our towns. All this would mean a discussion of political and economic facts for which the pulpit is no place.

That restraining thought further precludes me from suggesting any scheme by which the wealth of the country might be increased. I am permitted merely to remind you how it is written: “The Earth is the People's and the fulness thereof”; and to show that by concentrating upon its usurpers those weapons of taxation which Heaven has placed in our hands we may yet see it restored to its rightful owners for purposes of redistribution.

My brethren, with the eye of faith I look forward, like MOSES upon the peak of Pisgah, to a day when the hoot of the profligate's motor shall be heard no more in the land; when the nibble of the idle plutocrat shall be turned into a ploughshare; when every son of toil shall be free to sit under his own vine and fig-tree, feeding his own tame partridge. Then, and not till then, and only by our agency (acting under Providence), shall these isles of Britain become like a little Heaven below. Amen. O. S.

CHEQUES.

SCENE—*The Library.* TIME—4 P.M.

He. It's raining.

She. It is. What do you mean to do about it?

He. None of your levity, please. It's a very serious thing.

She. I don't think so. You'll have to put on thick boots and a waterproof and take the poor dogs out. There's nothing very gloomy about that.

He. I didn't say gloomy; I said serious.

She. Very well, then, it isn't serious. Go and get your boots on. No, stop. I'll tell you what, Charles. It's a splendid opportunity for paying all the bills. We shan't have any callers in this weather, so we can have a real good go at them and polish them off.

He. Right. Where are they?

She. Where they've been for days—on your writing table.

He. My writing table! I like that. It used to be mine, I daresay; but you've taken such a fancy to it that I never get a chance to write there.

She. Well, I'm not there now, so you've got your chance at last. I'll lend it to you.

He (*seating himself at the writing table and taking up the little heap of bills*). What's the dem'd total?

She. Charles!

He. Don't Charles me like that. It's only a quotation from Mr. Mantalini.

She. Why drag in Mr. Mantalini? Let's get on with the bills.

He. What is the total, anyhow?



THE NEW JOHN BULL.

AFTER THE PROPOSED "FEDERALISATION" OF THE BRITISH ISLES.



Boy (to breathless Constable). ' YOU NEEDN'T 'URRY SO FAST NOW, MR. PIEMAN. FAIRER'S GOT 'IM

She. You'll find them all added up on a sheet of paper.

He. Good. Forty-eight pounds, six and seven pence. I'll write a cheque for it at once.

She. What's the use of that? They'll all want separate cheques.

He. So they will—eventually. But I'll write one cheque for the whole amount, and I'll draw it to you, and you can send it in to your account at Lloyds', and then, when it's quite convenient to you, you'll write the separate cheques and send 'em along to the tradesmen, and you'll get all their grateful thanks, and they'll think no end of you as a genuine business-woman, and—

She (to herself). Was there ever such a cold-blooded villain? *(To him)* No, Charles, never again. I've been caught in that way before, but we'll have fair—What's the word I'm thinking of?

He. What kind of a word?

She. The word that goes with fair.

He. Hair?

She. Don't be absurd. Babs, bobs, bibs—no, it's not that, but I know it begins with a "h."

He. Bills, boots, braces, bones, bats, bells—

She. I've got it—does! We'll have fair does this time. You shall write the cheques, and I'll sit at the side of the table and write the envelopes and put them in and do all the rest. *(She takes her seat.)* Now then, are you ready? Go!

He. What's the first one?

She. Hanbury and Sons, ironmongers, £4 9s. 10d. My envelope's finished. Hurry up with your cheque. I'm doing the next one—Burt and Co., £6 5s. 2d. Charles, you're the slowest cheque-writer I ever met.

[She continues addressing envelopes. Lady Moggridge and Miss Dalwhinnie!]

He. There's your cheque. What's the next?

She. I've told you—Burt and Co., £6 5s. 2d.

He. You said the last one was £6 5s. 2d.

She. I didn't. That was Hanbury, £4 9s. 10d.

He. I've done it wrong. It's all because you're in such a frightful hurry and chatter so.

She. Chatter? If you dare to say such a wicked thing again I'll throw up this job, and you'll have to do envelopes and all. Yes, I'll join the unemployed, and then—

He (stomily). If you expect me to write cheques you'll have to restrain yourself. There, I've altered the figures and initialled the alterations. And you'll please to be jolly careful to put each cheque in the right envelope.

She. You trust me to do my part.

He. Here's Burt's cheque. You're putting it in the wrong envelope.

She. I'm not.

He. You are.

She. I'm—

[He attempts to seize the envelope, but fails.]

He. I'll have that envelope, if I die for it!

She. Never! An inch nearer and I'll stab myself with a paper-knife. Ah, would you?

[He makes another attempt to seize the envelope. She springs from her seat and he springs in pursuit of her. She throws a cushion at him and in dodging to avoid it he trips over a footstool and measures his length on the floor.]

The Butler (opening the door and announcing visitors). Lady Moggridge and Miss Dalwhinnie!

MISUNDERSTOOD.

THE thing has become a scandal, and it is time to tell the truth about it. Henry informs me that I have been expelled from the Athenæum and the Supper Club, and that I am to be asked to resign from the Muswell Hill Choral Society. Mrs. Rogers cut me in Sloane Street yesterday, and Miss Hurlingham now signs herself, "I am, yours sincerely," instead of "Believe me, yours most sincerely." In short a cloud hangs over me, and I owe it to Blake, who has announced publicly that he will never play Bridge with me again.

Blake is the worst Bridge player I have ever seen. I should say that cards don't come naturally to him. He would misdeal at Snap and revoke at Old Maid. But the four of us were stuck at a farm-house for a week, there was nothing to do in the evenings, and Blake insisted on improving his game at Bridge. Worse than that, he insisted on playing for money—"a shilling a hundred, just to make the game exciting," as if his play wasn't exciting enough already!

We took him in turns. We played carelessly. We played recklessly. But Blake lost every time. By the last day he was three pounds down.

I don't say that three pounds is much (though it takes some doing at a shilling a hundred), but had I been Blake I should have felt that, if a question of three pounds were arising at all, I would sooner win it than lose it. Not being Blake, I felt that the pound or so which I had acquired was not money to be proud of in these particular circumstances, and that I was blessed if I would take any more from him. And Charles and Henry felt the same.

There's only one thing for it," said Charles. "We must lose to-night."

What's the good of saying that?" I said; "we try every night."

"We don't try hard enough. We try not to win, but that's not the same as trying to lose. Anyone can lose anything if he really tries."

Then I wish you'd lose that beastly blazer you've got on," said Henry.

hate it." And the conversation was changed for the moment.

Henry drew Blake that evening. Charles went no-trumps on a strongish hand, and Henry put down his cards and went upstairs for his pipe. Charles and I settled down to lose.

It was clear at once that Blake was in slightly worse form than usual. Charles accordingly weighed in with two revokes, and I assisted with one. To our horror Blake never noticed them. Charles tried to call attention to his by leading out the cards which he should have played before, and winning three tricks with them, but all Blake said was, "Bother, I forgot those were in."

I don't often get inspirations, but I

"Jove," said Blake. "That was awfully quick of you to spot that."

"Oh, I don't know," said Henry modestly. "One gets into the way of it."

"Let's have a new pack," I said, as I swept the cards hastily together. "There's a mark on one of these."

"Yes, I noticed it too," said Henry. "The two of clubs, wasn't it? There's a new pack in the drawer."

Charles dealt with the other old pack. He had the ace, king, queen, knave, ten, seven, and two of hearts. So he left it to me. I had a very strong hand in clubs, spades, and diamonds—but I only had three little hearts. So I went them.

"You go hearts?" said Henry, and led. My hand went down. Blake

looked at it curiously. "Do you mind my asking why you went hearts?" he said. "Wouldn't no trumps have been better?"

This was rather unfortunate. I hadn't expected this.

"Well," I began, "perhaps no trumps *would* have been better, but it was a bit risky when I was so weak in hearts, and I thought a suit call—"

"And if it's *going* to be a suit call," put in Henry nobly, "you naturally want the *best* suit—"

"Besides which," I added, "Badsworth always tells you that—"

Blake looked puzzled.

"Oh, I've no doubt you're right," he said politely; "I was simply wondering."

Suddenly I caught Charles's eye. He looked at me with an expression of agony. Then he leant back in his chair and gazed up at the ceiling and gave a deep sigh. . . . And then all at once he began to giggle hopelessly.

We won the odd. We couldn't help it. At the end of the game Blake said very calmly to Charles: "Let me see, you had seven hearts, hadn't you, and all the honours?"

"Awfully lucky, wasn't it?" said Charles, looking rather foolish. "Your deal, Henry."

"This is the *new* pack of cards, isn't it?" said Blake, still extremely cool and business-like.

"Yes. You see the other pack had a mark and—"

"Quite so." He looked at his watch. "If you fellows don't mind, I don't



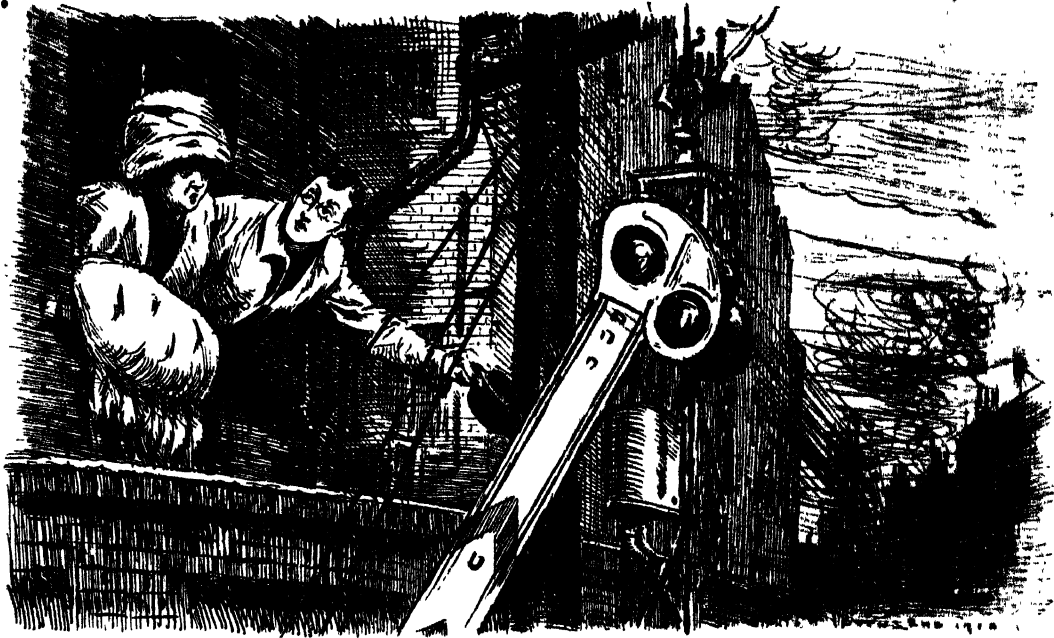
M. "I DON'T SEE THE WAY THEY'RE ATHER SENDIN' MESSAGE—NOW WITHOUT NO POINTS. FAITH, 'TIS WONDERFUL TIMES WE'RE LIVIN' IN, DENNIS."

DENNIS. "THREE FOR YOU, MICK. SHURE THE WAY THINGS IS GOIN', MAN OF THESE DAYS WE'LL BE ABLE TO THRAVEL WITHOUT LEAVIN' HOME AT ALL, AT ALL."

got one then. I had four cards left in my hand, and of them was the two of clubs. I was holding them below the table, looking at them sadly and waiting for Blake to lead, when the idea came. I took out a pencil and wrote on the two of clubs, "Charles has revoked twice, and I have revoked once. I shall probably revoke again. We look to you to claim them," and I put the card on Henry's chair.

If he hadn't come in then I don't know what would have happened, but just as Blake was leading he appeared.

"Hallo," he said, "what—" and then I gave him a terrific kick. "Conf— Yes, I see. Quite," he stammered, and having read my message, sat down and began to rub his ankle. "The rest are yours," I said, throwing down my cards, and then Henry spoke up like a man rather than a dummy.



LONDON'S LUNGS.

House-Agent's Clerk. "THE REASON WE'RE ASKING SUCH A LARGE PREMIUM FOR THE HOUSE, MADAM, IS THAT IT'S RIGHT ON THE RAILWAY, AND YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY BE SHUT IN BY NEW, AND POSSIBLY UNSIGHTLY, BUILDINGS."

think I'll play any more to-night. I've got a very early train to catch to-morrow." And he got up and left the room.

So that is the true story of how I inveigled an innocent novice down to a lonely farm-house and cheated him out of his money at cards. It is the way of the world: you try to help and your actions are misunderstood. Well, well, there is no pleasing some people . . . but I don't see why Henry and Charles shouldn't be expelled from the Athenæum too.

A. A. M.

"A county match between teams representing Ayrshire and Lanarkshire took place over Prestwick course, and resulted in a win for Rentrewhish by 5 games to 2."—*Glasgow Herald*.

This must have been a bit of a shock to the two contesting counties.

A Settlement in View?

The trustees for the first debenture holders of a new Development Company are the Earl of VERULAM and Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Prevailing English chorus at the Gare du Nord in Paris during the late strike: "Will any one here see Calais?"

THE CALL OF THE WILD.

[*"The Highlands of East Africa have become the fashion as a winter home for Aristocrats."*
Advertisement.]

THE osiers of Oakham, and Melton,
The pastures of Pytchley, and Quorn,
No longer the Marquis shall belt on
His breeches of blue-skin at morn,
To ride o'er their good lands,
When grass and when woodlands,
Resound with the hound and the horn!

No more the Duke's pheasants shall
rocket,
Ordnated to this end from the nest,
No more the headkeeper shall pocket
The tip of the blue-blooded guest;
No more the Earl fixes
The partridge with sixes,
Or blares at brown hares with a zest!

For ever our England doth dawn a
New day, when our insular store
Of kindly and old-fashioned fauna
Shall please not our Best, as of
yore;—

Can grouse—low or high—count
With Baron and Viscount,
Who pant for the ant-eater's gore?

O rosy East African Highlands,
Where ever-new prodigies lurk,
The gifted and gay of these islands

Are getting the guide-book to work;
Bro Yule's cheery chill has
Drawn nigh, your Gorillas
Shall greet these élite ones of Burke!

I'll know not your glens and your
grasses,
That sleep in a splendour of sun;
As one of the mild, middle classes,
I look to the rabbit for fun,
And still make the Zoo do,
For Quagga, and Koodoo,
And pass the Wild-ass bits of bun!

"When Greeks joined Greeks."

"This was only as it should be, the universal opinion amongst followers of the code to the North being that if Glentoran were to be stretched, Glentoran were the only ones to do it. The reverse was the case, however, and Glentoran added one more scalp to their belt, to the tune of three goals clear."

Dublin Evening Mail.

We are looking forward to the return match. Our money is all on Glentoran.

"Some six thousand undergraduates, including a couple of thousand Highchurch, have gone into residence at Oxford and Cambridge."

Observer.

Meanwhile the Emerald Isle is said to be notable just now for the number of Freshmen to be met there.

OUR CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER.

[A newspaper for children is the latest *caricature* enterprise. "Only the broader issues are treated—things of real significance—trivialities being altogether ignored." *Mr. Punch's* scheme is similar.]

THE OUTLOOK.

AN IRISH IMBROGLIO.

THE sad case of Little JOHNNIE REDMOND and the pea-shooter should be a lesson to all of us to say what we mean and mean what we say. Little JOHNNIE has for years and years been crying for a real gun, which his kind grandfather, Mr. Bull, refused to give him. One day, to every one's surprise, JOHNNIE turned round and said he did not want a gun any more. All he wanted was a pea-shooter. This Mr. Bull very likely would have given him, but all of a sudden Little JOHNNIE denied that he said it, and again stated that he must have a gun or nothing. It is thought that another little boy, JOHNNIE DILLON, may have screwed his arm till he said this, but anyway it is now quite likely that he will get nothing. Remember from this that one should know one's own mind and stick to it.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE. MECHANICAL TOYS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Paris, Oct. 25.

Our Paris correspondent, telegraphing last night, states that from inquiries that he has made he learns that the supply of new mechanical toys for the coming season is likely to be greater than ever. The aeroplane will probably continue to be the favourite, but a toy submarine (for deep baths) is also promised.

A LOST CAUSE.

The project to induce the French Academy to abolish irregular verbs and make every noun the same sex has failed utterly.—*Reuter*.

THE GREAT BEAR.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Washington, Oct. 25.

It is now practically decided that the toy opossum which was invented as a compliment to President TAFT is a failure. The Teddy Bear was too strong for it. I let you know this at the earliest opportunity so that bear-lovers may be reassured of the supremacy of their favourite animal.

WINTER DELICACIES.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Madrid, Oct. 25.

The supply of Spanish chestnuts, both for icing and for roasting, is excellent. Shipments to England are being made daily.

FIREWORKS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Rome, Oct. 25.

The Roman Candle factories were never busier than at present, so that a successful Fifth of November may be counted upon, provided always that the weather is favourable. A new kind, containing as many as twenty-four stars of all colours, is to be the novelty of the 1910 season. English parents should order early as the demand is expected to be enormous.

VINEYARD NEWS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Athens, Oct. 25.

It is now certain that the raisin harvest will be a record one this year. Christmas-pudding makers may therefore go ahead with confidence.

FAR AND NEAR.

NEWS BY TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.

Discovered in Hyde Park carrying the black flag and armed to the teeth with the nursery fire-irons, three boys admitted to having left their home in Porchester Terrace to embark on the career of pirates. They were led back in tears.

Public rejoicings are reported from Silesia, where a cruel governness was (very properly) burned at the stake.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The run of *Peter Pan*, so unreasonably interrupted by the intervention of Spring, Summer, and Autumn, will be resumed just before Christmas.

"It is neither profitable nor interesting to attempt to reconcile his [Mr. REDMOND'S] contradictory statements. The only noteworthy thing is that he has been induced to send up Vallondessai on the subject of Home Rule all round."—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

Vallondessai, however, is so clever an aviator—he comes about next to PAULHAN and was lately betrothed to Mlle. Dorgère, the famous actress—that he will probably descend safely.

"Upon the River Committee reporting that they could not recommend the adoption of the Surveyor's estimate of £26 for re-facing the Town Clerk, etc., and suggesting that the matter should be deferred for a while, Councillor Patmore enquired if this was a minimum estimate. It seemed altogether out of all proportion.

"The Surveyor: Absolutely minimum."

Lyntonian and South Hants Chronicle.

We cannot express an opinion until we see either the Town Clerk or his photograph.

"He tendered a plea of not guilty, and will come up for trial at a Sheriff and Jury Court on Monday the 24th inst."—*Dundee Advertiser*.
How can Mr. *Punch* help being jealous of that sheriff?

TRYING THE COUNSEL.

CONTEMPTUOUS IMPRESSIONS OF A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.

(With acknowledgments to "The Daily Chronicle.")

It is ten o'clock on a cold and raw morning as I make my way into the court, and at once experience a bitter disappointment with the stage setting of the great criminal trial I have been commissioned to report. The court is too new to be impressive and too ugly to be interesting. One feels that it would be better filled for a mothers' meeting than a *cause célèbre*, but having come I am bound to make the best of it.

Some one says, "That's Bungay," and we all look at the Counsel for the Treasury who has just arrived and is talking to Sir Jonas Bulteel. In the excessive corpulence of his person and the portentous gravity of his beefy face Bungay for the Treasury looks like a gormandising archdeacon. Shortly after a diversion occurs among the knowing ones. Mandible, K.C., has arrived. I am told that Mandible, K.C., has made a great reputation on the Eastern Circuit, but we all know what is the level of intelligence in Silly Suffolk. Mandible, K.C., is a slim man with features reminding one of an old-fashioned latchkey: a ridiculous little mouth and a voice like a dissipated buzz-saw.

Sir George Alexander arrives and talks with Lord Martin Harvey. Modish women fill the public seats. Sir Gulliver Stodge, with his splendid dome-shaped head, engages me in conversation on eschatological problems. At last the jury file in, the court rises and the judge enters . . .

At a quarter-to-eleven Bungay for the Treasury rises. Bungay is slow and deadly dull. His voice is a monotonous drone; there is no *verve*, no charm about his personality. So one might imagine a penguin delivering a lecture or a pelican addressing a wilderness of idiotic deaf mutes. I close my eyes. . . . It is one o'clock and Bungay is still droning on. Thank heaven the luncheon interval will soon be here.

After lunch come the witnesses, and the day becomes a little brighter. Bungay examines with exasperating calm. Mandible, K.C., cross-examines with epileptic vigour. And gradually one perceives a new factor in the problem, a new aspect of the drama. The prisoner is already forgotten; more and more is it clear that the real interest of the case lies in this grotesque duel between these two posterous counsel, the bulky Bungay



SCENE—Opposite the Bank about midday.

Chauffeur (to ancient Cab-driver, who is obstructing the traffic). "NICE PLACE FOR YOU TO COME AND LEARN IN, AIN'T IT?"

and the cadaverous Mandible. Sir Sloman Boyle, the famous novelist, can scarcely smother his smiles. Lord Martin Harvey wears an expression of wearied urbanity, and Sir Wilkie Bard is openly guffawing. To me the scene is full of exquisite significance. . . . Bungay puts up Haskett-Tomkins to conduct the examination of the witness Giddy. Giddy is like a lugubrious comedian, and Haskett-Tomkins like a dishevelled cockatoo. Amid the public seats the great dome of Sir Gulliver Stodge's head, with which I have so many and so deep conversations, shines out like the cupola of some mighty mosque. . . .

At 5 o'clock, when I come out into the rainy lamplit streets, I have forgotten the very name of the prisoner on trial for his life. I can only think of the portly Bungay, the emaciated Mandible, and the famous and illustrious men who have conferred dignity on the proceedings by their stimulating presence—Sir Sloman Boyle, Sir Gilbert Pinuro, the Baron de Silva, Lord Aubrey Blond, and my old friend Sir Gulliver Stodge. In spite of moments of discouragement one feels that there never can be a miscarriage of justice when such men are present in Court.

MODISH MUSINGS.

(By MRS. JAY MACK.)

TORREY AND BUNTING, OXFORD STREET.

ALTHOUGH perhaps it is a little early to embark on the Christmas-Boxing campaign, the wise woman will do well to pause before the counter of the furriery department. The firm of Torrey and Bunting have been singularly fortunate in securing the services of the specialist who presides over the domain of high-class peltries. A man of dignified appearance and archidiaconal deportment, he inspires in all his subordinates a reverential attitude towards the wares which it is his high prerogative to bring together. A talk with him is a lesson not only in the *textura* of furriery, but throws a flood of light on the psychology of fashion.

To descend from generalities to the concrete instance, one may note a lovely little bascule jacket orchestrated with blandness and angelica, a delightfully macabre effect being achieved at the back by the application of lozenge-shaped *motifs* in shrimp pink caracule, the chic and style whereof is undeniably good and exclusive. But the full effect of the bascule jacket cannot be attained without its accom-

panying head-gear—an exquisite little toque of okapi with flanges of bobtailed wallaby—and a muff of quilted jorboa with contrapuntal treatment of the skunk insertions.

Among other notable offerings in these sumptuous show-rooms let me mention an authentic Yehonata evening toilette of crimson crash, in which the corsage, resting on a soft fold of grey transparency, has an *impreu* touch introduced in a *souçon* of *rien* *bleu* stockinette. But the *pièce de résistance* are the machicolated kimono sleeves of snow-white ermine. Only an artist replete with moral courage would have ventured on so exalted a contrast.

In conclusion, one notes the significant amount of space accorded to old-world *berthes*, a fact that testifies more eloquently than any words of mine the admirable *écrit* enterprise maintained throughout this department.

The Glorious Uncertainty of Football.

"Rhodes scored a try for Dewsbury."

RESULT.

DEWSBURY
WIDNES

NOTHING
NOTHING

The Sunday Chronicle.

RHODES is now sighing for the advent of cricket.



Unsuccessful Sportsman (who has "ou'd the driven partridge" much too difficult for him). "I WISH THAT BEASTLY BOY WOULDN'T DO THAT!"

BARROW VISITED.

[As seen through eyes of sympathy with the tinsmith of that town, in whose bankruptcy accounts was an item for "24 guardian angels." With no special knowledge of the trade uses of guardian angels, tinned or otherwise, *Mr. Punch* can still deplore their lack of efficacy in particular cases.]

AND this is Barrow! This the spot
Where I would fate importune,
Where I had hoped to make a pot
And reach a hand to fortune!
Oh that some shrill Cassandra's scream
Had paralysed my marrow
Or ever I began to dream
Of enterprise in Barrow.

Ah, surely heavens evil-starred,
Ascendant Saturn vicious,
And baleful skies by meteors scarred,
And comets unpropitious,
And portents ominous to men,
And fearsome signs surrounded
The circle of thy meadows when,
O Barrow, thou wast founded.

Cities there may be, blest of fate,
Where luck abides for ever,
Where Lachesis and Moira wait
• Benignant on endeavour;
And climes there are where indigence,
The *domi res angusta*,
Swells at a planet's influence
To parquet and lin crusta.

To Jack at sea one sprite aloft
Suffices for protection;
A mascot recompenses oft
A silly predilection;
The wide world o'er, when hope grows
faint,
Outraguous fortune's arrow
Is blunted by some patron saint —
But this is not at Barrow.

There guardian angels, deftly wrought
And counted by the dozen,
However pestored and besought,
Our hopes of lucre cozen;
Till such as ask of idols win
At last to this position —
The molten image gets the tin,
The bankrupt his "petition."

Defiance of Mr. Punch's famous Advice.

"Gentleman having married recommends his late housekeeper to a similar position."
Yorkshire Observer.

"The new issue of stamps, bearing the portrait of King George, will probably be ready for publication in May of next year. The design will probably receive careful consideration by King George, who, it is well known, is a great authority on numismatics."
Daily Mirror.

On the other hand His Majesty's taste in coins is largely due to his philatelic tendencies.

Odious Comparisons.

Those people—and we have met many of them—who think that there is nobody like Mr. LLOYD GEORGE are in error. *The Daily Chronicle*, in an article on "Spain's Strong Man," states that Señor Canalejas, the Spanish Premier, "has been called the Lloyd George of Spain." And *The Westminster Gazette*, after stating that the French Premier is "armed with a strong but flexible conscience," goes on to remark that "in a general way it may be said that M. BRIAND seems most nearly to suggest Mr. LLOYD GEORGE." We should like to know what they say in Spain and France respectively on these matters. It is noticeable that in Lancashire they speak of Naples as the Blackpool of Italy, but that Italians do not generally endorse this comparison.

"But behind this educational movement there undoubtedly seems to be required a clear statement from the leaders of the Unionist Party that these taxes, imposed by Mr. Lloyd George, shall be repealed."—*Yorkshire Post*.

Personally, we should prefer to have them repealed. But it looks as if there had been a lot of very insincere talk about Form IV.



Bernard Partridge.

THE HARPS THAT THRICE—

PAT. "TWAS BAD ENOUGH WID ONLY JOHN REDMOND AND WILLIAM O'BRIEN, BUT NOW THAT THERE'S THIM TWO AND ANOTHER JOHN REDMOND, AN' ALL PLAYIN' DIFFERENT CHUNES—BEDAMBUT I'M FAIRLY FLUSTREATED WID THE DINT O' THE DISCORD."



JOHN KNOX REDIVIVUS.

READ MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S STRAIGHT PULPIT TALKS TO GOLDFERS, MOTORISTS, AND ALL THOSE MISERABLE SINNERS WHO HAPPEN TO OWN ANYTHING.

OUR LEADERS DAY BY DAY.

November 1.—In a general letter to the Press Mr. F. E. SMITH declares himself in favour of the Payment of Members, Universal Suffrage, and the Endowment of Fatherhood.

Rapture of *The Morning Post*, which announces that these three points are essential developments of the policy of Tariff Reform.

November 2.—MR. WANKLYN proposes a scheme of Home Rule involving separate Parliaments for England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Isle of Wight.

The Standard says: "This spirited proposal of Mr. WANKLYN, who so long and ably represented Bradford as a Unionist, is obviously in the interests of Tariff Reform. Why should Ireland, which is essentially a Tariff Reform country, have to wait till the obfuscated Cobdenites of industrial Lancashire have ruined the trade of Great Britain and Ireland alike?"

November 3.—In another general letter to the Press Mr. F. E. SMITH

announces that he has been gradually driven to the conclusion that the abolition of the House of Lords is not only desirable but inevitable.

In a spirited article *The Globe* points out that Unionists now have a straight lead on this important question whilst the Radicals are still wallowing in a quagmire of indecision.

November 4.—Earl WINTERTON writes to the press that after much careful thought he has come to the conclusion that the Osborne judgment must result not only in the payment of members but in the payment of candidates. In this and Tariff Reform he sees the doom of unemployment.

Excitement of Mr. LEO MAXSE who in a letter to *The Evening Standard*, headed "A Lead for our Mandarins," enthusiastically endorses the noble Earl's proposal.

November 5.—*The Morning Post* warns Mr. BALFOUR that unless he gives a clear and definite lead to the party in his speech at Glasgow that night the consequences will be disastrous in the extreme.

Speaking at Glasgow Mr. BALFOUR devotes forty-five minutes of his speech to an exhaustive examination of the Education question and concludes by saying, "As for the questions of Payment of Members, Universal Suffrage, Tariff Reform, Home Rule, and the House of Lords, our policy has been always so clearly defined that it is unnecessary for me to dwell upon them here. No one can doubt that when these important questions are solved, as solved in time they will be, the solution will rest in the hands of the Unionist Party."

November 7.—For the twentieth time *The Morning Post* warns Mr. BALFOUR that this will never do.

An enthusiastic leader in *The Daily Telegraph* begins "Foolish babblers on Radical platforms have alleged that Mr. BALFOUR is mentally incapable of giving a definite lead to his party. To these his Glasgow speech must come as a crushing surprise. Not since the days of BEACONSFIELD has the Conservative party rejoiced in such a clear and definite statement of its case."

AT THE PLAY.

"GRACE."

At the start we find her, this *Grace Insole*, thoroughly bored with her husband, who was too dull, and the view from her windows, which was too rural. Ten years ago, a town-bred girl of the middle-classes, she had married (nobody knows why) into a stodgy county family of mid-Victorian manners most un congenial. Out of curiosity and ennui, she had sought diversion in a rather insipid intrigue, to which her heart was never committed; and of this too she is sick. Still she contrives a sort of cynical gaiety, and has a habit of saying anything that occurs to her without regard to anybody's feelings. Her husband adores her by mere infatuation, and it is quite clear that she hasn't a soul to speak of and is incapable of any deep feeling.

Well, by the end we see her racked with an excruciating remorse and passionately in love with her husband, body and soul. How to account for this staggering change? Three things have happened in the interval: (1) The keeper's daughter has "got into trouble" and been warned off the place. This is the silly "law of the estate"; and, further, *Claude Insole* is under the impression that she might contaminate the atmosphere imbued by his wife. The girl kills herself, and *Grace* takes on the responsibility for this act on the ground that her husband would never have been so hard on her if he had known that his own wife was beyond contamination. (2) The keeper, having relieved his grief with alcohol, threatens his master with a loaded gun. *Insole* exhibits a *sangfroid* so considerable that it moves his wife to admiration. (3) A *Miss Vernon of Foley*, an eligible member of a neighbouring county family, informs *Grace* that she has always been in love with *Insole*, thus throwing fresh light on that gentleman's virtues.

The first of these influences may help to explain the wife's new-found remorse; but not one of them, nor all three put together, can even begin to explain her *volte-face* from indifference and boredom to passionate adoration, physical and spiritual. And here lies the weakness of a strong play.

A very interesting problem is raised when *Grace* takes counsel with herself and others on the matter of confession. Her own natural instincts incline her

to this course. Her brother-in-law, the *Reverend Archibald Insole*, quotes Scripture in its favour. But *Miss Vernon of Foley*, chiefly concerned for the man she loves, says that confession would be an act of pure selfishness, certain to ruin the husband's life. Let *Grace* show her repentance by bearing alone the purgatory of her secret. To live under the shadow of the constant memory of her unfaithfulness to the man she now adores would furnish an ample means of redemption.

The curtain falls on *Grace* heroically determined to follow the lady's advice.

Meanwhile, though the Coroner's jury had given the husband a warm time, no one had so much as hinted of any contribution on his part towards his wife's infidelity; no one had had

ing-room, gun and all. That isn't "life" either.

I have cavilled at the inconsequence of *Grace*'s character, but *Miss Irene Vanbrugh*, who interpreted it, played with the greatest distinction in a part that strained her nervous energy almost to the snapping-point. I was not deceived into supposing that *Mr. Dennis Eadie* was actually the head of an ancient family of country gentlemen; but *Insole* was no ordinary squire, and *Mr. Eadie* very cleverly succeeded in making him that rare thing, a sympathetic pig.

Lady Tree gave an admirable study in the antique, though *Mrs. Calvert* would have played the part of old *Mrs. Insole* with less accentuation of its points.

Mr. Gwenn perhaps under-rates the status of a game-keeper, but he got every ounce out of the stuff of his situations and still kept some reserve of force in hand.

As for *Miss Lillah McCarthy*, when I first saw her representing an alleged specimen of a crusted county family, I couldn't conceive what she was doing there; but I understood later on, when she threw off her disguise and attacked a moral problem in the right *Vedrenne-Barker* manner.

Altogether the play ran with astonishing smoothness; and I shall be surprised and annoyed if *Mr. Maugham*'s latest work does not increase his early reputation on the serious side.

"COUNT HANNIBAL."

There was a problem here, too. How is a Huguenot lady who, to save her lover's skin, is forced into marrying a Catholic swashbuckler whom she loathes -- how is she to get to adore him? Well, she does, but I never found out why. It was not his courage, for she was painfully aware of that to start with; nor his manners, which were of the worst all through. It couldn't have been merely because he smacked her on the face with his glove, for he did this as soon as they were married, and besides she wasn't really a Shrew to be tamed that way. I got no help from the study of *Miss Lily Brayton*'s features, which up to the last minute preserved a fairly stolid expression of hopeless misery. Perhaps the lady's mind got unhinged. Anyhow the workings of her conscience were most erratic. At one moment she refused to allow a



GROUND GAME IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

A SITTER.

<i>Claude Insole</i>	Mr. DENNIS EADIE.
<i>Gwenn</i>	Mr. EDMUND GWENN.
<i>Grace Insole</i>	Miss IRENE VANBRUGH.

the wit to suggest that he was responsible for the environment which had choked her, and that he might well have borne his share of the purging.

The play was relieved by a good deal of humour not quite of the highest class. It was chiefly done by rudeness. *Cobbet*, the second-rate lover, was incredibly ill-mannered to the mother-in-law. And the old lady, in turn, got most of her effects by stamping insufferably on people's toes. Her callousness over the news of the death of the keeper's daughter was really painful. "Chattering like that," says somebody, "when the poor girl's lying dead!" "That's life," says another. But, of course, it isn't life or anything like it.

The lighter part of the breakfast-scene was charmingly stage-managed, but the trouble with *Insole*'s house was that there was no visible library in which he could interview his keeper, so he had to receive him in the draw-



Father (to son, who has been bragging at school about his father's wealth and possessions). "YOU MUST NOT DO IT, OLD CHAP. IT'S SUCH AWFULLY BAD FORM."

Son. "BUT, DAD, HOW ARE THEY TO KNOW ABOUT IT IF I DON'T TELL THEM?"

Huguenot minister to steal the king's despatch ordering a massacre in Angers; at the next she was quite ready to pinch it herself from under her husband's pillow. Of course I know that when your husband deserts his own side and disobeys his king's commands all for love of you, it is a kind of compliment. But even so . . .

However, one does not look for too much probability in this kind of play. The knockabout business is the thing, and that part of it went amazingly well. I must say I love to watch Mr. OSCAR ASCHE striding about in clattering armour with pistols in his belt and a sword at his side, and a dagger lashed to what was once the small of his back. And the audience was simply fascinated by the brutality of his methods. But I was sorry for that sterling actor, Mr. BEN WEBSTER, who was a little overborne by the enemy's bulk in his thankless part of a Huguenot aristocrat who doesn't mind fighting like a gentleman (he and Mr. ASCHE were admirable in their duel), but has a prejudice against the more irregular forms of death.

Mr. DOGAN as a Protestant minister played soundly, and I liked the manner of that stout henchman and soldier of fortune, *Badelon* (Mr. ARTHUR FORDE). The scenery was most effective; the crowds did good work both on and off the stage; and the whole thing went

flowingly. Mr. and Mrs. OSCAR ASCHE received an extremely cordial welcome on their return from the other side of the earth, and the former in a brief speech said how glad he was to have it.

O. S.

A Bull Toasted Whole.

It is interesting to learn from the report of the *West London Observer* that at the dinner celebrating the extension of the Hammersmith Constitutional Club premises the toast of "The Conservative and Unionist Party, coupled with the name of Sir William Bull, M.P." was heartily received and suitably responded to by Sir WILLIAM BULL.

Mr. OSWALD HANSON next proposed the toast of "The Hammersmith Constitutional Club, coupled with the name of our Member, Sir WILLIAM BULL," to which again Sir WILLIAM responded.

Then in fitting terms Mr. SCOLDING proposed the health of Sir WILLIAM BULL, to which also Sir WILLIAM suitably responded.

"Always Merry and Bright."

"Never, it is reported, since operations started at Tubermory for the recovery of the Spanish 'treasure' ship have prospects been so bright. . . . On Monday the suction pump drew up a human skeleton in an excellent state of preservation."—*Morning Post*.

THE REWARD OF DUTY.

[A daily paper is responsible for the statement that the gum on English stamps is so pure that, far from causing harm, licking them is actually beneficial.]

Our William was as frail a child

As ever, ever grew;

A goose however meek and mild,

He barely dared to boo;

But still we hoped the storm and stress

Of business life would serve

To cure his chronic weediness,

His total lack of nerve.

An office-urchin's duties first

Engaged his practice skill,

And soon upon our view there burst

A transmuted B!

Such benefits are his who damps

The gum the State employs,

In May he started licking stamps,

In June the bigger boys.

The Two Extremes.

"Wanted, girl to assist in fancy shop age about 118."—*Portsmouth Evening News*.

"Under housemaid. Can any lady recommend young housemaid of two. Must have been out before."—*Times*.

"About the only improvement in Old shares calling for mention is a lot of Egyptian Trusts."—*Evening Standard*.

Better not to have mentioned it.

MAIL-BAGS.

No. VI.—THE LANDLORD'S.

Henry Caldwell, Esq.,
Paradise Mansions Estate Office,
Hampstead, N.W.

Sir,—Unless you can change the character of the other tenants at Paradise Mansions, my wife and I leave at quarter-day. I cannot understand how you can possibly allow such persons to occupy your flats. Next door to us is a person who calls himself "Lieut. McKenzie, R.N., Retired"—retired compulsorily, I should think, if he ever was in the Navy! His snoring is so terrible that we positively cannot play bridge in comfort when we have a few friends in of an evening. But this is not the worst; the other day I discovered by accident that this person, his "wife" or his servant, had been making *clandestine and illicit* use of the front-door pull which you installed, partly at my expense, for the personal convenience of my household! Could impudence go further?

I request instant action on your part!

Yours faithfully,

NAPOLEON BULLINGTON
(Vice-President, The Society for
the Promotion of International
Amity).

(Answer: Mr. Caldwell is exceedingly sorry that such unpleasantness should have arisen. He is taking up the matter most energetically with Lieut. McKenzie, and in order to abate the noise of the snoring has given immediate orders that another layer of wall-paper shall be added to the thickness of the party-wall.)

Sir,—When my wife and I were considering the question of renting one of your flats at Paradise Mansions we inquired most particularly from you as to the character and status of the other tenants. Only on receiving the most positive assurances from you on this score did we consent to take up residence.

Now, Sir, to-day I received from a Mr. Bullington, one of your tenants, a most outrageously impertinent letter in which he alleged that I or my wife had made *illicit* use of his front-door pull. Never in my life has such a term been applied to my actions! Note that word "*illicit*"—it is designedly insulting in the highest degree. My wife was positively made ill by it. I refuse to communicate with this Mr. Bullington, either verbally or by letter, and I request that you will take instant steps to ensure a most complete and

ample apology from him for the use of such a grossly insolent term as "*illicit*."

Further, Sir, are you aware that this Mr. Bullington indulges in midnight gambling orgies with company of most dubious character and most outrageous continental behaviour in connection with some so-called "*society*" of his? His morals I will not concern myself with, but I demand that the noise be immediately abated. At present it is impossible for my wife or myself to obtain a proper night's rest.

Yours truly, ANGUS McKENZIE
(Lieut. R.N. Retired).

(Answer: Mr. Caldwell is exceedingly sorry that such unpleasantness should have arisen. He is taking up the matter most energetically with Mr. Bullington, and in order to abate the noise of the meetings has given immediate orders that another layer of wall-paper shall be added to the thickness of the party-wall.)

DEAR SIR,—If you can't stop McKenzie and Bullington blackguarding one another on the stairs all day long I shall have to call in an Inspector of Nuisances. I can't hear myself compose. Yours (what's left of me),

G. H. STRAUSS.

P.S. Be careful with my initials—don't mix me up with the other fellows.

(Answer: Mr. Caldwell has the very deepest sympathy with Mr. G. H. Strauss, and takes this opportunity of reminding him that his last quarter's rent is still unpaid.)

DEAR SIR,—We beg the favour of your kind attention for the novel forms of insurance described in the accompanying booklet enclosed herewith. On perusing same you will note that we beg to offer you protection against collapse of party-walls, floors or ceilings, whether caused by removals of furniture, vibrations of passing motor-buses or excessive piano practice; escapes of gas, water, electricity and household pets; leakages in roofs, cisterns and petty cash; and rise of local rates up to maximum of 15s. in the pound.

Hoping to receive your esteemed proposals, We are,

Yours faithfully,

THE LANDLORD'S FRIEND, LTD.

(Answer: Please quote rates against escaping tenants.)

DEAR SIR,—I am directed by the Deputy-Assistant-Inspector-General of Form IV. to acquaint you that your answers to sub-sections K, Q and W2 are considered most unsatisfactory. Unless the enclosed duplicate form is filled up and returned in a satisfactory

condition within seven days from date, vigorous measures will be taken.

Yours faithfully,

THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY TO THE
DEPUTY ASSISTANT INSPECTOR-
GENERAL.

(Answer: Mr. Caldwell begs to cancel all his previous, and future, answers to Form IV. He is giving up landlording.)

PUK-WUDJIES.

"The Puk-Wudjies . . . the little People."
Longfellow.

THEY live 'neath the curtain
Of fir woods and heather,
And never take hurt in
The wildest of weather,
But best they love Autumn—she's
brown as themselves—
And they are the brownest of all the
brown elves.
When loud sings the West Wind,
The bravest and best wind,
And puddles are shining in all the cart
ruts,
They turn up the dead leaves,
The russet and red leaves,
Where squirrels have taught them to
look out for nuts!

The hedge-cutters hear them
Where berries are glowing,
The scythe circles near them
At time of the mowing,
But most they love woodlands when
Autumn winds pipe,
And all through the cover the beech-
nuts are ripe,
And great spikey chestnuts,
The biggest and best nuts,
Blown down in the ditches, fair wind-
falls lie cast,
And no tree begrudges
The little Puk-Wudjies
A pocket of acorns, a handful of mast!

So should you be roaming
Where branches are sighing,
When up in the gloaming
The moon-wrack is flying;
And hear through the darkness, again
and again,
What's neither the wind nor the
spatter of rain—
A flutter, a flurry,
A scuffle, a scurry,
A tap like the rabbits' that bump on
the ground,
A patter, a hustle
Of small things that rustle,
You'll know the Puk-Wudjies are
somewhere around!

Cruelty to Animals.

"At Guildford the Bishop of Guildford was fined £4 and costs for driving a motor-car over a hog's back at a rate of thirty miles an hour and without a licence."—*Liverpool Echo.*



Countess Venti's Wife. "BATHER A PLEASANT LITTLE TEA-PARTY, DON'T YOU THINK?"

Novelist. "UNSATISFACTORY! UNSATISFACTORY! DEAR LADY. TO AN EARNEST STUDENT OF HUMAN NATURE THE PERSONS HERE ARE EITHER HIGH ENOUGH NOR YET QUITE LOW ENOUGH IN THE SOCIAL SCALE TO BE REALLY STIMULATING!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I LEARN from Miss MAY SINCLAIR's new novel, *The Creators* (CONSTABLE), that she knows of at least four writers of supreme genius in one small set in London. I am glad to hear it. I had no idea there were so many in all England put together. These "creators" discuss their respective geniuses with a detachment so perfect that it disarms the suspicion of immodesty; they regard them as something between a St. Vitus's Dance (for which you can't be held responsible) and a proprietary demon that wants your blood and will have it if you don't keep on propitiating him. They detest popularity as the abhorred thing; they loathe "people"; they live in a fenced aloofness, taking in one another's admiration. Where the three novelists among them get their knowledge of humanity I cannot conjecture, for love is of the essence of such knowledge. *Tanqueray*, it seems, had a genius that found it enough just to glance at people once and then looked away. He had an "eye that unstripped" at sight. Well, I have my doubts of *Tanqueray* and his rapid regard *deshabilleur*.

I gather that the main purpose of Miss SINCLAIR's book is to show that a woman's genius prefers her to remain virgin. *Jane Holland* married a publisher, with results unsatisfactory both to her genius and her husband. *Nina Lempriere*, on the other hand, though she was more than ready to marry either of the two male "creators," found

them implacable, and so remained single, to the great benefit of her genius. With men we are to understand that marriage is not so damaging. To *Tanqueray*, who for some obscure reason took to wife the crude little niece of his lodging-house keeper, it was simply an episode. He just married, and then, after a little, forgot all about it, except when she and his genius were in his room at the same time, and then he showed that he recognised her presence by being rude to her.

The Creators is without question a great book. At one point it promises even better things, but it runs on too discursively by all sorts of delightful turns, and when it does stop it is not because it has got to the end, but just that you must stop somewhere. And I feel a little that the author sometimes writes from herself to herself; either of choice, like her own "creators," or because her imagination, fine as it is, does not permit her always to see things with her readers' eyes. Take the *Brodrick* clan, for instance, numerous and prehensile as the tentacles of an octopus. Apart from the doctor, I could never tell one of them from another. And, though I am confident that the author loved most of all her characters, I confess that I loved only one, and that was *Laura*, who had a genius—the only kind, thank Heaven, that she possessed, though she could write nice paragraphs—for always sacrificing herself for somebody else.

I ask leave, in conclusion, to pay a very sincere homage to Miss SINCLAIR for a book which every lover of the right word and the rare thought will count as an achievement. Less human, perhaps, than either *The Divine Fire* or *The*

Helpmate, it must have won for her a place in the very front of modern fiction, if she had not been there already long ago.

Clayhanger (METHUEN) is another page, or rather another 574 pages and nearly another quarter of a million words, of the *Chronicles of the Five Towns*, in whose provincial deariness Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT finds the raw material of so many of his novels. It is called after a Bursley youth, whose baptismal name was *Edwin*, apprenticed by fate and his father to the paternal printing business, instead of being allowed to follow the more alluring game of architecture. It tells how he kicked in vain against the printing-press, how he fell in love with *Hilda Lessways*, who married another a few days after she had promised to become Mrs. *Clayhanger*, how he became a prominent Bursleyite and found that life was still tolerable, and printer's ink not quite so black as his fancy had painted it, and how finally, on page 573, "after a whole decade his nostrils quivered again to the odour of her olive skin." It also gives—down to the last gaiter-button—the minutest details of the lives of his father (who died of softening of the brain), and some dozen others of the inhabitants of Bursley. And the end is not yet. In 1911 we are promised (presumably at the same length) the pre-nuptial history of *Hilda*, and at some future date Mr. BENNETT will unveil the secrets of *Edwin* and *Hilda's* married life. To short-winded readers who are better at magazine sprints than long distance reading, the prospect of tackling the complete trilogy, even in annual stages, may appear as formidable as a Marathon race. But for my part, having completed a third of the course, I hope, all being well, to win to *Shepherd's Bush* in 1912. For in spite of its huge length (and the terrible sentence on page 573 about the olive skin), *Clayhanger* is a remarkable book. I feel as if I know *Edwin* and *Hilda* au fond, even without Parts II. and III., thanks to the extraordinary detail with which Mr. BENNETT has described them and their surroundings. And I like his mind and his sense of humour and pathos which help him to make a dramatic story out of such unpromising material as everyday life in Bursley.

The critics are as tired of saying that Mr. E. F. BENSON overwrites himself as he must be of hearing it. He would, therefore, be saving everybody trouble if he would spend his time writing the one masterpiece, of which he is clearly capable, instead of the dozen novels which fifty men might have written, as well. No one, however, who reads his books,

even his latest (which, you observe, we are not setting out to praise), can deny that he has an exceptional power of analysis and synthesis, wherewith to dissect and portray humanity, its manners, morals and moods. In *The Osbornes* (SMITH, ELDER) we have "the story of a well-born girl who marries into a family of *nouveaux riches*, and, at first repelled by the artless vulgarity of her new connections, is at last won over by discovering their underlying simplicity and greatness of heart." The true distinction between refinement and vulgarity is not well made. The former is shown as a matter of fashion, doubtful fashion at that, rather than of instinct; the latter is marked by a few subtleties, over-emphasised. You are more annoyed with the author for repeating so often "a handsome lady" than with his character for that original utterance. Moreover, it would seem that not the well-born girl's point of view but the new connections' speech and behaviour vary with the progress of the study. You will read it, of course, you

will enjoy it probably, but admire it wholeheartedly you cannot. Therein is good reason to complain, for there is that about Mr. BENSON which makes you, or, at any rate, me, anxious to admire his work without reservation.

Upon the wrapper of *A Spirit of Mirth* (METHUEN) the publishers tell me that "it is, above everything else, a happy book"; and, much as I resent such critical dictation, I am bound to admit that the description of Miss Peggy Wenling's latest novel is a very true one. *Euphrosyne Moore*, the mirthful spirit, is a young person



IMPROBABLE SCENES.—IV.

PHOTOGRAPHERS BEING REFUSED ADMITTANCE TO THE HOUSE OF A MUSICAL COMEDY ACTRESS.

who, beginning life inauspiciously as the orphaned daughter of a Human Eel ("a contortionist," she is careful to explain later, "not a freak"), conquers circumstance and her husband and his mistrustful family by simple happiness of disposition. The thing has been done before, you will remember, in another medium. There is indeed much of the high spirit of *Pippa* in this *Euphrosyne*, who will probably prove as irresistible to most readers of the book as she is to the other characters in it. Many of these, too, are excellently drawn, in particular *Miss Sappo*, a very lifelike study of a certain stage-type, and her quaint Bohemian circle; and the whole thing is written with an easy good-humour that is bound to be popular; though the author has yet, I fancy, to learn what is essential to a story and what not. Her theatrical knowledge, however, is certainly above the average; it was refreshing to find a novelist's heroine appearing as an untried Turn at the beginning of a music-hall programme, without being told that the house was "packed from floor to ceiling." Still, *Phosie* succeeds here as everywhere else; and deserves to, as quite one of the most charming *débütantes* of the season.

CHARIVARIA.

No little excitement of a most pleasurable kind was, we hear, caused among the Royal Families of Europe last week by the announcement that H.S.H. Princess VICTORIA OF LEININGEN of Schloss Waldeiningen, Baden, had won a prize of five shillings in a competition instituted by *The Girl's Own Paper* and *Woman's Magazine*. This is considered a nasty knock for those individuals who are constantly asserting that royal personages would never be able to earn their own living.

From Berlin it is reported that Germans are still inhaling the perfume of the "Duke of Edinburgh" red rose as a cure for colds, and that this experiment of Red Rose v. Red Nose is meeting with sensational success. The sight of citizens with a rose strapped on to the proboscis should certainly add to the gaiety of the capital.

Aeronauts are very much in favour of the proposal that the Crystal Palace shall be bought as a memorial of King EDWARD, as the gardens would form an admirable flying ground. The only obstacle would be the Palace, but this could be demolished.

We understand that the Press is about to issue a special letter of thanks to Sir H. BEERBOHM TREE, Sir JOHN HARE, Miss PHYLIS DARE, and other distinguished patrons of a recent murder trial, who by their presence helped to make the function such a brilliant affair.

It is not often that the Legislature betrays a sense of humour, but, under the provisions of the law as to criminal appeals, a convict has lately appealed against a sentence of twelve years' imprisonment and gone away with it increased to fifteen years, the Court deciding that the previous sentence was too light.

To discourage the practice of painting advertisements on footpaths, the Law Committee of the Kensington Borough Council propose to submit to the HOME SECRETARY a by-law making it an offence punishable by a fine of forty shillings. We may be wrong, but it seems to us that even at this price it would still be one of the cheapest forms of advertisement on the market.

A first edition of MILTON's *Paradise Lost* having been sold for £130 last

week, several living poets write to us to draw attention to the astonishing cheapness of the first (and only) edition of their works, of which a few copies are still to be had.

A fine specimen of the hoopoe has been shot at Elham, near Folkestone, by Mr. J. FOREMAN, a local resident. We'll teach birds to be rare!

"There are still plenty of ragged edges and ugly gaps in the actual work of the educational machinery," said

could occur," says *The Globe*, "would be a watch and clock makers' strike. But they would never have the heart to do it." This is nonsense. We have a clock which strikes every quarter-of-an-hour.

A propos of the paragraph printed in last week's *Punch* as to re-facing a Town Clerk, there is now a similar opportunity for ladies. Our latest evening paper is advertising "Attractive Features for Women."



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

Mr. ASQUITH in his rectorial address to the students of Aberdeen University. Certainly the kind of "rag" that the students of Aberdeen go in for is badly in need of mending.

"Association football," says an official report from the Straits Settlements, "was introduced in September, and is now a counter-attraction to watching cock-fighting and bull-fighting." This has encouraged the authorities in Central America to try once more to get the game taken up as a substitute for the weekly revolutions.

"The most devastating strike that

A BREAK WITH TRADITION?

"He is described as a 'Scotch eccentric,' but his work did not entirely rest upon the hard-and-fast lines the description might imply."—Extract from Press notice of a Music Hall performance.]

DREAD sporter of the whitewash-spattered sporran!
Lord of the lurid nose and fervent wig!
Lauding the land where you (and I) were bo-rrr-n,
To audiences enviably big.
Causing the Cockney, who his trust reposes
In you, drab disappointment when he seeks
That storied soil of scarlet hair and noses,
And Rob Roy tartan breeks.

Say! can it be there dimly looms a limit
When such obullient art shall cease to take?
When you must comb it down a bit and trim it?
Speed the glad day, for purr auld Scotland's sake!
With whatsoever garb and "guy" you then trick
Your "turn," may we the innovation watch
And hail the same as haply less eccentric,
But, happily, more Scotch!

Journalistic Candour.

"In next Saturday's issue of this paper the writer will give the concluding article to this series, when the vexed question of whether there are or are not tigers in the New Territory will be discussed, a subject about which so much that is unnecessary and absurd has already been written."—*Hongkong Daily Press*.

To the New Billiard Star.

Little boy GRAY, come chalk up your cue,
I've finished my break and they're waiting for you:
The red in the middle, your ball in the D,
So in off, and in off, and never mind me.

THE FAKER OF ODES.

[MR. RECOVERLY is reported to have appealed to all his literary friends to come to the front and demand fair play for him. "I have engaged," he says, "two minor poets—one a nature-faker—to defend me." A brand of poet closely related to the genus here so picturesquely named is familiar to us on this side of the Atlantic.]

TREAD gently. 'Tis the poet's pitch;
'Tis here that he contrives to fashion
Those rare effects that make us itch
To know the actual scenes from which
He wrings his wealth of literary passion.

Go softly. It is sacred ground.
From ten to four (excluding luncheon)
Here his infatuate footsteps pound
Steadily round and round and round,
Wearing a hollow in the stones they crunch on.

He does not want to preen his wings
In solitude among the curlews;
He must be near the heart of things,
Where he can "place" the stuff he sings,
He must be near the ballad-mongers' purlous.

In this repellent cockney square,
Where you and I no trace of Pan see,
He tracks the goat-god to his lair,
And reconstructs the tranced air
Proper to oaten pipes—all done by fancy!

Yon arid clump of sooty trees—
To this his rapt and rolling eye adds
A hint of gardens where at ease
Loll the supine Hesperides,
Or groves the haunt of dreamy Hamadryads.

A sparrow twitters in the mud;
Instinctively he seems to feel a
Sense of the lark's ascending flood
Of spiral music thrill his blood,
Or else the sad, sad plaint of Philomela.

A kitchen-maid takes in the bread;
Her hair is limp, her skirts are sloppy;
At once he gets inside his head
A dream of women, dear and dead,
Their temples wreathed with amaranth and poppy.

A coster-girl, plumed like a hearse,
Exchanges chaff with Alf or Ikey;
He sees the better in the worse,
And tells, in reminiscent verse,
The shadowed loves of Eros and his Psycho.

Gems of a like authentic thought
So have I noticed, by the acre,
Where "real old Chippendale" is wrought
In Tottenham Road and freely bought
At fancy prices off the gifted faker. O. S.

"It seldom occurs that even a majority of the crew remain in a ship after paying off, therefore the exchange generally means a busy time for the port and collar box of ties."—*The Liver Times*.

We had often doubted it, but the logic of this convinces us.

"There are 4,622 families in the city, and this number multiplied by 3,475 gives the above population. Henderson's are compiling a new directory for this city, and claim that the above method is used in determining the population."—*Windsor Telegram*.

An apology would have come better from them than a claim.

VAPOURINGS IN THE VOID.

[With acknowledgments to Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson.]

By the courtesy of the Editor of *Maunder's Weekly* we are enabled to quote the following extract from its weekly *causerie*.

"With the main principles of modern financial legislation of course it is impossible not to be in agreement, for, though I should not personally like it, if the State were to say, 'We demand nineteen shillings out of every pound of your income,' I should not question the right of the State to demand it. If there is one thing that I do earnestly desire it is that as I grow older I should not come to cling, in an aggrieved spirit, to what I have got, if the State demands it from me—whether it be my motor-car or my college window, my thread of gold or my altar fire.

"I cannot help feeling that great harm has been done of late by the outcry of the wealthy at the increased taxes. At the same time it is extremely inconvenient if you have calculated your expenditure on one basis to have to reduce it suddenly. Personally I feel a little sore at having to sell one of my isles of sunset, and the prospect of having to surrender my hill of trouble to be cut up into allotments fills me with unmitigated sadness. It is certainly a weak point about the new taxes that they have been claimed with special emphasis from owners of land, although land-owners have developed a far more sensitive conscience with regard to the welfare of their tenants than was the case, say, in the time of the Wars of the Roses.

"Literary men, too, like myself, who have acquired landed property out of money professionally earned, naturally resent being held up to scorn as guilty persons who have committed a sort of crime against society. In my own case nothing could be more unjust. In evidence I have only to mention the catholic appreciation of all schools of literature that I have displayed in my introspective outpourings during the last fifteen years. My veneration for HOMER, MILTON, and SHAKESPEARE does not prevent my admiring the vivid and vital work of Mr. HAROLD BEEBIE and Mr. FRANCIS GRIBBLE, Mr. TITTERTON and Lord WINTERTON. The difference between the lowest circle of DANTE'S Inferno and the Abyss which Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR describes in his new magazine is only one of degree. I have never said a hard word of anyone. On the contrary, for a great many years I have provided the reading public with a constant supply of absolutely amiable and wholesome mental pabulum, as digestible and as nutritive as *blanc-mange*. That with such a record I should now be confounded with greedy, selfish and useless persons who rush along country roads at a dangerous speed or slaughter innocent pheasants out of the mere lust of blood, is a sad injustice. I have no wish to kill anything. My wants are simple. Four typewriters and four amanuenses, so that by working them in shifts of two hours each I can dictate for eight hours a day; congenial surroundings; an outlook on smooth-shaven lawns and immemorial elms—and I am content.

"Unfortunately there are too many people who prefer inflammatory talking to sedative writing, and these are the people who engender discontent. I cannot help thinking that if, by a system of contributory State insurance, everybody was able to secure the possession of a typewriter by the age of twenty-five, and then set him or herself down to the task of introspective reminiscence, a great deal of the ferment and unrest of modern life would be dissolved in a flood of innocuous self-revelation. There have been poets who were content with only writing ten lines, or say 120 words, a day; but with the aid of a shorthand-writer or a typewriter it is quite possible, as I have proved by the



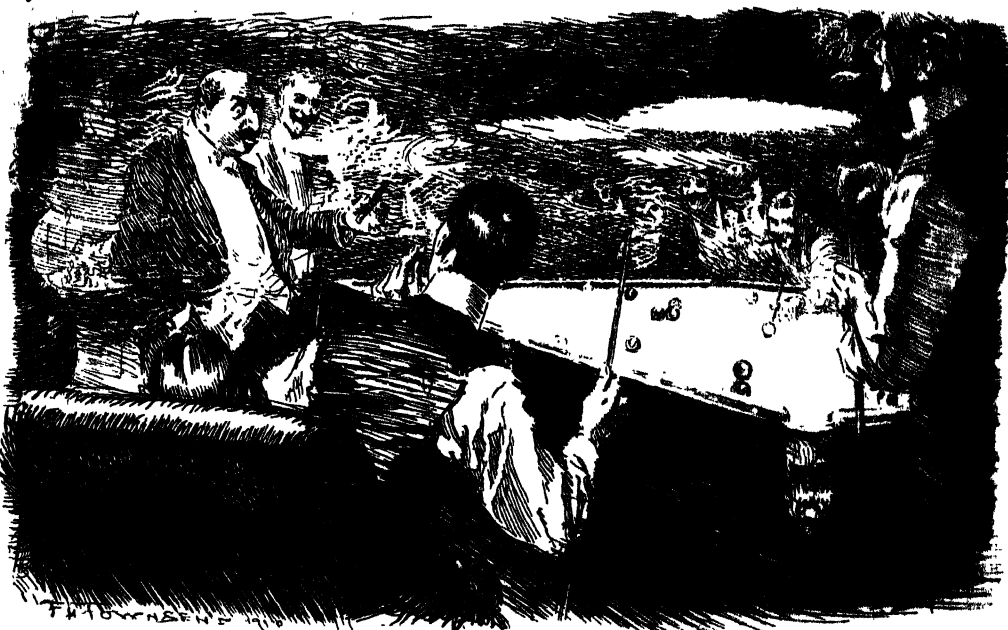
STUDENTS ON THE MAKE.

MR. F. E. SMITH. "MASTER OF EPIGRAM—LIKE ME!"

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. "WROTE A NOVEL IN HIS YOUTH—LIKE ME!"

TOGETHER. "TRAVELLED IN THE EAST—LIKE US. HOW DOES IT END?"

[Mr. W. F. MONYPENNY'S official Life of DISRAELI has just been published.]



Fresh-Air Fench. "HERE—WHAT ABOUT A WINDOW OPEN?"

Shocked Host. "WINDOW OPEN! MY DEAR BOY, DO YOU KNOW THESE GLASS COST—(COST TWO-AND-NINEPENCE EACH)!"

experience of the last ten years, to write 4,000 words in an afternoon, 24,000 words in a week of six days, or 1,248,000 words in a year. Even if the result is never published, there is something extraordinarily soothing in the mere sense of achievement which a steady output produces. Nor must we forget the immense power which volume and reiteration exert on the average mind. As DISRAELI remarks in one of his most illuminating phrases, 'Few ideas are correct ones, and what are correct no one can ascertain; but with words we govern men.'

LINES TO MR. CHILVER.

Our paths in life are not the same;
I know not what thou art.
I have not learned thy Christian name,
Nor where thou hast a part;
Yet would I clamour to the sun,
Ay, carve on every tree,
In poignant phrase, beloved one,
How dear thou art to me.

It is not for thy virtue. Nay;
If thou hast aught of such,
I bless thee, but I'm bound to say
It would not move me much;
Not for the glories of thy brain
(If any) art thou dear;
Nor should I mind if thou wert plain,
Thou thing without a peer.

For oh, thou art a sweet surprise;
The rarest, blithest spark

That ever leapt to mortal eyes

That searched where all was dark.
Vainly to find thee, late and long

We laboured, all and each,
We scaled the starry heights of song,
And plumbed the depths of speech;

Thou wouldst not hear us thro' the past,

Vain was the toil we brought,
We gave thee up, and now, at last,
Lo, thou art here unsought;
And mine it is—ah, happy hour!—

Mine, mine, and mine alone,
To give to all the fairest flower
That poesie has known.

And henceforth, while the spheres applaud,

To many a throbbing lute
Thy happy Name shall ring abroad,
Wherever it may suit;

And all the bards that bay the moon
Will bless thee, Mr. CHILVER,

For this thy pure and steadfast boon,
A perfect rhyme to *silver*. DUM-DUM.

The Status of Editors.

In referring to young DISRAELI'S mission to Edinburgh to persuade LOCKHART to take the editorship of a new London daily, *The Representative*, a reviewer of the *Life of Disraeli* writes: "There was only one hitch. To be the editor of a daily paper was in those days deemed beneath the dignity of a man of letters." But that was, of course, before the CRIPPEN trial.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

NEW VOGUES IN VENICE AND LONDON.
Palazzo Pizzicato,
(Grand Canal, Venice.)

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I'm staying here with Princess Pizzicato (formerly Clytie Vandollarbilt). Her sixth husband seems, on the whole, more of a success than the five previous ones. The Prince is quite a nice fellow, and she's only had to pay his debts twice! Numbers of people one knows are at their places here. Every woman who counts has her palace on the Grand Canal or the Lido and her flat in Paris, and I think it's just a little bit too bad that I haven't. I've said so often to Josiah, and he says he's quite willing to rent a palace here and an *appartement* in Paris—for both of us! It's of no use my telling him that's not the idea. He simply won't see it.

The Pizzicato Palace is a funny old place, with a complete set of historical associations and things. I believe there've been stilettoings and poisonings in all the rooms, and there are still the remains of quite lovely *oublettes* in some of the floors. Clytie complains of it, however; says it's poky and not suited for entertaining, and "doesn't amount to anything." She's applied to the authorities to know if she may buy or rent the Doge's Palace. She almost claims it as a right, for some of the Prince's ancestors were Doges or Council of Ten-or something. If she succeeds she means to have the Golden Staircase altered, and electric lifts everywhere. The great Council Chamber she would use as a ball-room, and the dungeons as ice-rooms. She would have the Bridge of Sighs removed altogether and set up in the grounds of her "million-dollar home" in New Jersey. The dear thing is quite unaware that she's the least bit of a Vandal. *Au contraire*, she says she hates to see steam-boats and launches on the lagoons, and that her idea is to "preserve old, picturesque, romantic customs and traditions, and yet to avail oneself of modern improvements." She carries out her idea by having a fleet of motor-gondolas of the traditional black colour, each with an automaton-gondolier standing in the stern, dressed in correct old Venetian style, waggling

an oar by machinery, and fitted inside with a gramophone that sings the old Venetian boat-songs and gives the weird howl of the gondolieri when they're going to turn a corner.

Ray Rymington is here, staying with the Flummerys. When we were out on the water after dinner last night, he sang us one of his "Venetian Varlettes."

I hear something from London that's just a little bit rather. Babs St. Austin, as you know, is by way of being literary, and at the Sister-Scribblers' Club she

views on marriage and the sex question were to be *absolutely*; and, above all, it was to be full of *quite* unmistakable, real, well-known people! Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, who figured in it under the thinnest of disguises, had agreed to bring a libel suit (the strongest suit a publisher can play, my dear!) against Fetcham, as soon as the novel appeared, in return for a share of the profits. And now, just as the reading public is holding out its hands and positively screaming for the book, the whole thing's fallen through! *Et pourquoi?*

Oh, it's too delicious! Because, my dearest, our two feminine intellectuals fell out as to which of them should write the *great* love scene in the next to the last chapter. "I ought to write it," said Babs. "Why so?" asked Miss Lestrangle. "You must forgive me, dear friend, for saying I am *quite* sure the public would decide most *emphatically* that a scene requiring strength and passion should be handled by Sybil Lestrangle rather than by Lady George St. Austin." "I ought to do it," persisted Babs. "Isn't it only *charitable* to suppose that a married woman has had more experience of love than a single one?"

And then, my dear, several things were said—and then several more things—and so the book won't appear—and crash goes the literary and intellectual friendship that was to put to shame all *ordinary* female friendships.

People are talking about an artist in boots who has just opened a salon in London. His boots and shoes, I hear, are not only things of sheer joy to look



Mother. "Oh, Bobby, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU. I NEVER TOLD STORIES WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL."

Bobby. "WHEN DID YOU BEGIN THEN, MUMMIE?"

struck up a friendship with the great and only Sybil Lestrangle—a literary and intellectual friendship, not liable to any petty or catty interruptions—in short, my dear, a quite superior brand of friendship to what usually obtains between us poor, shallow, frivolous women. Collaboration having been a good deal in the air, they agreed to collab., and they've been at work for some time on a *roman à clef*, Babs supplying the *clef* part and Miss Lestrangle most of the *roman*. The dear, old reading public's mouth was watering over the advance puffs put out by Fetcham, the publisher. The novel was to be lurid, it was to be daring, its

at, but are fitted with springs that give you any sort of walk you may choose: the glide, the stride, the frivolous little pit-pat, the school-girl skip, and the chamois-leap (for those who still cling to the hobble-skirt). Hildegard writes that h's salon is simply *packed* every afternoon. They all sit waiting in the dark till a curtain is drawn back and a walking-boot is seen on a brilliantly lit dais, while a hidden band plays a march. Then the curtain shuts it out again. Presently the hidden band begins a dreamy waltz, the curtain is drawn back once more, and an evening shoe is shown—and so on. Later, when people are having tea and

nibbling niceys, a crowd of pretty mannequins does an *ensemble* dance, showing all the steps and jumps and twirls that the Beauty Boots and Shoes, as they're called, enable one to do. Everybody swears by them. I've only heard of one little hitch. Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, was in Bond Street one afternoon, wearing a pair of Beauty Boots fitted with the school-girl skip, and either she couldn't quite manage it, or someone ran into her, but anyhow she came a cropper, and now she's doing a rest-cure. 'Congrats, my dear! I've hit on a name at last for my filly by *Pickpocket* and *Jigsaw*. I'm going to call her *Form IV.* Ever thine, BLANCHE.

OUR MASCOT COMMISSION.

WE seem indeed to be living in a super-superstitious age. No party embarking upon a hazardous adventure is complete unless attended by a mascot in the shape of some unfortunate animal—generally a kitten. A specimen, for instance, was taken by Mr. WELLMAN on board the *America*, but it did not ensure the success of his undertaking. Other mascots, whether carried by the *Shanrock* or competitors in GORDON-BENNETT motor races, have proved similarly unavailing. Even toy Teddy bears have failed to propitiate the goddess Fortune. It is high time to put the whole matter on a more scientific basis, not to speak of a business footing, when so many dollars are involved.

We contemplate, therefore, requesting two of our leading occultists, Sir OLIVER LODGE and Mr. W. T. STEAD, to straighten things out. We look to these authorities on the subliminal and supra-normal to discover and put on the market a thoroughly up-to-date and reliable mascot. It must be durable, portable, able to withstand sudden shocks and emergencies, not susceptible to weather changes, easily put into operation, prompt in action, of a reasonable price, and suitable to the most varied exploits. It may be wanted by an intending Derby winner, a commencing theatre-manager, a candidate wooing a constituency, an officer attacking the foe, or a client adventuring matrimony. Kittens, it will be seen, do not readily fulfil these requirements. They are cheap, it is true, but they grow up, and are not easily carried on horseback or up the nave of a church. Something is wanted that will go into the pocket without suffocation or creating a bulge. Guinea-pigs and rabbits are not without their points, having been long habituated to the conjuring



GLUTTONY.

Young Lady (after three hours of the "classics" for a shilling). "WHAT A SHAME, JACK. THEY NEVER PLAYED THE NATIONAL ANTHEM AT THE FINISH."

profession; but the average sportsman could not satisfactorily dispose them about his person, unless he wore a gamekeeper's coat.

On the whole, we think the conditions would best be met by the miniature tortoise frequently to be seen on costermongers' barrows. It will stand a good deal of rough usage, is inexpensive, and can be had about two inches long. The "insect" will not greatly add to the executant's fighting or flying weight, and might be worn as a brooch by a lady. The tortoises, or whatever animal is finally selected by the Mascot Commission—whose hands we do not wish unduly

to force—must of course be properly trained and magnetized or otherwise rendered efficient for their purpose.

We shall be glad if these steps will lead to the remedy of this crying evil, for—in the recent words of Mr. BAZ. FOUR—"Do it we must!" ZIURAG.

"During the Cotswold Hunt run, yesterday, a fox ran into an empty cottage and took to the chimney. The huntman induced it to come down, and the hounds despatched it on the floor."—*Western Daily Press*.

It doesn't sound much of an indictment, and we cannot help feeling that the huntman kept something back from the fox.

A COLD WORLD.

HERBERT is a man who knows all about railway tickets, and packing, and being in time for trains, and things like that. But I fancy I have taught him a lesson at last. He won't talk quite so much about tickets in future.

I was just thinking about getting up when he came into my room. He looked at me in horror.

"My dear fellow!" he said. "And you haven't even packed! You'll be late. Here, get up, and I'll pack for you while you dress."

"Do," I said briefly.

"First of all, what clothes are you going to travel in?"

There was no help for it. I sat up in bed and directed operations.

"Right," said Herbert. "Now what about your return ticket? You mustn't forget that."

"You remind me of a little story," I said. "I'll tell it you while you pack—that will be nice for you. Once upon a time I lost my return ticket, and I had to pay two pounds for another. And a month afterwards I met a man—a man like you who knows all about tickets—and he said, 'You could have got the money back if you had applied at once.' So I said, 'Give me a cigarette now, and I'll transfer all my rights in the business to you.' And he gave me a cigarette; but unfortunately—"

"It was too late?"

"No. Unfortunately it wasn't. He got the two pounds. The most expensive cigarette I've ever smoked."

"Well, that just shows you," said Herbert. "Here's your ticket. Put it in your waistcoat pocket now."

"But I haven't got a waistcoat on, silly."

"Which one are you going to put on?"

"I don't know yet. This is a matter which requires thought. Give me time, give me air."

"Well, I shall put the ticket here on the dressing-table, and then you can't miss it." He looked at his watch. "And the trap starts in half an hour."

"Help!" I cried, and I leapt out of bed.

Half an hour later I was saying good-bye to Herbert.

"I've had an awfully jolly time," I said, "and I'll come again."

"You've got the ticket all right?"

"Rather!" and I drove away amidst cheers. Cheers of sorrow.

It was half-an-hour's drive to the station. For the first five minutes I thought how sickening it was to be leaving the country; then I had a slight shock; and for the next twenty-five minutes I tried to remember how

much a third single to the nearest part of London cost. Because I had left my ticket on the dressing-table after all.

I gave my luggage to a porter and went off to the station-master.

"I wonder if you can help me," I said. "I've left my return ticket on the dress—Well, we needn't worry about that, I've left it at home."

He didn't seem intensely excited.

"What did you think of doing?" he asked.

"I had rather hoped that you would do something."

"You can buy another ticket, and get the money back afterwards."

"Yes, yes; but can I? I've only got about one pound six."

"The fare to London is one pound five and tenpence ha'penny."

"Ah; well, that leaves a penny ha'penny to be divided between the porter this end, lunch, tea, the porter the other end, and the cab. I don't believe it's enough. Even if I gave it all to the porter here, think how reproachfully he would look at you ever afterwards. It would haunt you."

The station-master was evidently moved. He thought for a moment, and then asked if I knew anybody who would vouch for me. I mentioned Herbert reluctantly. He had never even heard of Herbert.

"I've got a tie-pin," I said (station-masters have a weakness for tie-pins), "and a watch and a cigarette case. I shall be happy to lend you any of those."

The idea didn't appeal to him.

"The best thing you can do," he said, "is to take a ticket to the next station and talk to them there. This is only a branch line, and I have no power to give you a pass."

So that was what I had to do. I began to see myself taking a ticket at every stop and appealing to the station-master at the next. Well, the money would last longer that way, but unless I could overcome quickly the distrust which I seemed to inspire in station-masters there would not be much left for lunch. I gave the porter all I could afford—a ha'penny, mentioned apologetically that I was coming back, and stepped into the train.

At the junction I jumped out quickly and dived into the sacred office.

"I've left my ticket on the dressing—that is to say I forgot—well, anyhow I haven't got it," I began, and we plunged into explanations once more. This station-master was even more unemotional than the last. He asked me if I knew anybody who could vouch for me—I mentioned Herbert diffidently. He had never even heard of Herbert. I showed him my gold

watch, my silver cigarette case, and my emerald and diamond tie-pin—that was the sort of man I was.

"The best thing you can do," he said, walking with me to the door, "is to take a ticket to Plymouth, and speak to the station-master there—"

"This is a most interesting game," I said bitterly. "What is 'home'? When you speak to the station-master at London, I suppose? I've a good mind to say 'Snap!'"

Extremely annoyed I strode out, and bumped into—you'll never guess—Herbert!

"Ah, here you are," he panted; "I rode after you—the train was just going—jumped into it—been looking all over the station for you."

"It's awfully nice of you, Herbert. Didn't I say good-bye?"

"Your ticket." He produced it. "Left it on the dressing-table." He took a deep breath. "I told you you would."

"Bless you," I said, as I got happily into my train. "You've saved my life. I've had an awful time. I say, do you know, I've met two station-masters already this morning who've never even heard of you. You must enquire into it."

At that moment a porter came up.

"Did you give up your ticket, Sir?" he asked Herbert.

"I hadn't time to get one," said Herbert, quite at his ease. "I'll pay now," and he began to feel in his pockets. . . . The train moved out of the station.

A look of horror came over Herbert's face. I knew what it meant. He hadn't any money on him. "Hi!" he shouted to me, and then we swung round a bend out of sight. . . .

Well, well, he'll have to get home somehow. His watch is only nickel and his cigarette case leather, but luckily that sort of thing doesn't weigh much with station-masters. What they want is a well-known name as a reference. Herbert is better off than I was; he can give them my name. It will be idle for them to pretend that they have never heard of me.

A. A. M.

"For Services to Literature."

"Gentleman desires pension in private family, to improve the English language."—*Advt. in "The Daily Telegraph."*

If he is really going to improve it, we will give him a pension of five shillings a week.

"By if they, asked Mr. Crawford amid applause, why we! That is the question."—*Eastern Daily Press.*

Now then—answer that if you can.

THE LATEST MEMORISER.

"I DON'T claim," he said, "that it's indispensable; but I do say that it fills what is a long-felt and sometimes an acutely-felt want."

He drew from his pocket a little morocco-bound book and handed it to me.

"You see," he continued, "that the work is constructed on the principle of the *Where Is It?* There are sections for each letter of the alphabet, and they can be turned to in a moment. But the peculiarity is that the alphabet occurs twice. The first alphabet is for the names of one's friends; the second, for their presents. Thus, suppose your uncle Aleck gives you a dinner-gong; you will enter him first as 'Aleck, Uncle' under the A's, and against his name you will put the word, or words, 'Dinner-gong.' And again under G you will have 'Gong, dinner,' and against it the name of the generous donor. Do you see?"

"Yes," I said, "I see; but I don't follow you when you insist on the importance of the work."

"Ah!" he said. "Ah! But you will. You are to be married shortly, is it not?"

I acquiesced.

"And the presents are beginning to roll in?"

"More or less," I said.

"And you know whom they are all from?"

"Great heavens! no," I replied.

He smiled his triumphant smile. "That's the whole point," he said. "Because some day, when you are nicely settled, you will begin to be visited by those said friends and relations who have been so generous—some perhaps with wills to make and money to leave, eh?"

He looked profoundly cunning.

"Very well then," he continued. "You will like each to think that his or her present is the one you really cherish. In order to do this you must have it *en evidence*, as our lively neighbours say. But, if you have forgotten which is which, how can you do so, especially as you will very likely have several duplicates of the more necessary things? Now do you see? My little patent memo-book will enable you to disentangle your fish-slices in a moment and have the right one on the table. The result is what is called tact, and tact, if I may say so, is the fair wind to good fortune."

"Let me tell you a true story," he went on. "I have a friend with three aunts—Aunt Emmeline, Aunt Gertrude and Aunt Laura. Although sisters they are on the worst of terms



Boy (to old gentleman whose hat has been pierced by a falling rocket). "GIVE US THE STICK, MISTER."

and intensely jealous of each other. When my friend was engaged they gave him each a present. Aunt Emmeline gave him silver dessert knives and forks, Aunt Gertrude gave him a silver tea service, Aunt Laura gave him a silver coffee service. But the foolish fellow got them mixed up, and when Aunt Emmeline came to see him he fondled Aunt Laura's coffee set and said how much he loved it; and to Aunt Laura he praised Aunt Gertrude's tea service, and to Aunt Gertrude he lavished adjectives upon Aunt Emmeline's dessert knives. The result was he was disinherited by each and is

now taking paying guests, who don't, I am told, always pay. So your will have one of my little books, won't you?"

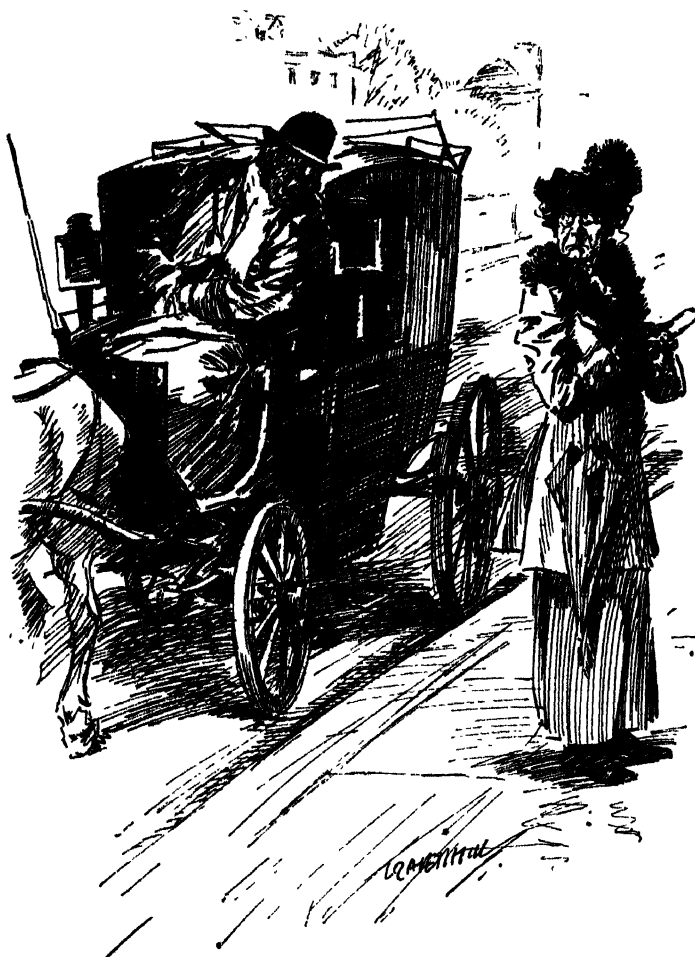
"For heaven's sake provide me with one," I said.

Lucas a non Lucendo.

"The convict staggered to the bed, his startled eyes beheld the scene. Then, with a choking sob, he fell on his knees, and burying his arms about the poor, wasted form of his wife."

"My poor little girl! My poor, poor little wife!"

"The continuation of this splendid story," says the advertisement, "appears in No. 1 of *Merry and Bright*."



Cabby (badly worried in the dispute). "WELL, I 'OPES AN' TIKES, MUM, WILL BE AN 'EABSE!"

FOUR-WHEELER YER

WHO IS "PACIFICUS"?

[So much curiosity has been excited by the letters signed "Pacificus" in *The Times* that *Mr. Punch* feels compelled to open his columns to the speculations of correspondents.]

SIR,—The identity of "Pacificus" is obvious. He is certainly a person of great authority in the Unionist Party. Who is the only such person in the Unionist Party to-day? Who dictates its policy every Sunday? Who controls *The Observer*, and through *The Observer*, *The Daily Mail* and the Conference? Mr. J. L. GARVIN, of course! Is it not, therefore, evident that he is "Pacificus"?

Yours truly, ANOTHER OBSERVER.

(*Mr. Punch* fears that his esteemed

correspondent is mistaken. The letters of "Pacificus" only fill just over a column of large type.)

SIR,—It is certain that "Pacificus" is a famous politician. It is certain also that he is distinguished amongst politicians as the possessor of that rare quality, modesty—else why should he conceal his identity? I incline to think that he is either Mr. F. E. SMITH or Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Yours truly,

A GUESSEER AT TRUTH.

(*Mr. Punch* wonders that it has not occurred to his clever correspondent to suggest that the letters of "Pacificus" may be the work of both these gentlemen in collaboration.)

SIR,—To my mind there is one distinctive feature in the writings of "Pacificus." The author is anxious to get the Home Rule question settled in order to pave the way for Tariff Reform. Now no member of the Unionist party, whatever his ultimate aims, could contemplate tampering with the Union. Therefore the writer is a Tariff Reformer without any of the traditional party ties. The name of Mr. J. ELLIS BARKER will spring to every one's lips. His associations with the German National Liberal Party would certainly not prejudice him against Home Rule.

Yours truly,

ENGLAND FOR THE IRISH.

(Unfortunately Mr. ELZEBACHER is at present engaged in investigating unemployment in the States on behalf of 'the British democracy'; therefore *Mr. Punch* fears that this solution is impossible.)

SIR,—The letters of "Pacificus" are those of a pretentious, pompous and futile person. I am only acquainted with one person in whom pretentiousness, pomposity and futility are combined. Mr. J. ST. LOE STRACHEY is "Pacificus." Yours truly, FORM IV.

(Whilst obliged to his correspondent for his interesting communication, from which, however, he dissents in every particular, *Mr. Punch* protests in the public interest against any letters being sent him on official Treasury notepaper.)

An anonymous postcard bearing the Berlin postmark says, "Why does not Lord LESHEN keep to the improvement of Windsor Castle drain pipes instead of trying to improve the British constitution by letters to *The Times*?"

(*Mr. Punch* asks his correspondent in the future to send his name and address with his communication—not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith. He should try again.)

Poetic Licence.

"It is the final conflict;
Unite, and to-morrow morn
The 'Internationale'
Will embrace all humankind."

Refrain of the French revolutionary hymn, "Internationale."

As an alternative rhyme for the last line we suggest—

"Will be the song of the London

Prompting to Crime.

"All the mothers were invited, persuaded,
and finally won to cook themselves."

Daily Chronicle.



FILIAL ADVICE.

YOUNG TURK. "O HEAVEN-BORN PROTECTOR OF ISLAM, HELP AGAINST THE BRITISH!"
CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY. "DON'T YOU LISTEN TO HIM, DAD. IT'LL MAKE ME FEEL
SO RIDICULOUS WHEN I GET AMONG THE MUSSULMANS OF INDIA."



SOME MORE HOPEFUL "CONFERENCES." No. I.—THE POLICE AND THE CRIMINAL CLASSES.

SHOULD THE CONFERENCE PROVE TO HAVE ACCOMPLISHED THE IMPOSSIBLE AND RECONCILED THE IRRECONCILABLE, THERE ARE SEVERAL OTHERS THAT SHOULD AT ONCE BE CONVENED. WHERE MINISTERIALISTS AND OPPOSITION CAN SUCCEED, SURELY OTHER SWORN PROFESSIONAL FOES NEED NOT DESPAIR!

THE MARTYR.

[“MR. LLOYD” GEORGE complained of an exceedingly bitter attack made in a newspaper called *The Spectator*, which was edited at the time by an exceedingly pretentious, pompous, and futile person, who made jer onal, offensive and stupid attacks upon one.”—*Report of Speech.*]

WHAT though the wicked are everywhere flourishing,
Wolves on the trail of the lamb!

Saul in his hatred implacably nourishing

Poisonous libel and flam!

So you impair not your personal dignity,

Why should the waft of a paper's malignity

Worry our DAVID a dam?

Think you the heroes who dined in Valhalla had
Care of the dints of the fray?

Deem you, in search of the Grail, that Sir Galahad
Minded what people would say?

Model of courtesy, calmness and rectitude,

CHANCELLOR, sure in your stainless perfectitude,

Still let the Editors bray.

Look you how oft-times the Saturday's shilling's gate
(Football encounters that view)

Darken the air with the floods of their Billingsgate,

Blacken the sky as they boo

Him, the controller, the umpire unfortunate;

So, with his blasphemies crudely importunate,

Howls *The Spectator* at you.

Never you mind, though, how acrid his venom is;
Better the part of the meek,

Turning when slapped in the face to his enemies
Always the opposite cheek;

Yours be to show (unrewarded by gratitude)

• Ever this kind of St. Chrysostom attitude,

Shedding a balm as you spout.

So when historians prate to posterity,

Whine that a scurrilous tone

Crept in our politics, spoiling its verity,

ONE, they shall candidly own,

ONE, in the midst of the vice that was prevalent,

Stood and disdained to be cheaply malevolent,

Hero of Limehouse, alone.

EVROE.

Two extracts from *The Morning Post*:

(1) From “Our Special Representative on board the Airship:”

“The change from France was extraordinary; the great unfenced plains gave place to little fields shut in by hedges that seemed too small to support even a single cow.”

(2) From M. HENRI JULLOT:

“Once the sea was crossed I recognised by the character of the country that we were no longer in France. A French landscape seen from an airship looks something like a chess-board, the land being so subdivided owing to the prevailing system of cultivation called the *petite culture*. In England, however, one passes over vast estates with tall hedgerows almost like rows of trees.”

One of them must have looked through the wrong end of his telescope.

A GERMAN BATH.

PARKER, Wilks and I had been "doing" Germany on the cheap, and I don't know which of us enjoyed it least. Parker grumbled the most, but then he always did, and though Wilks and I tried to look on the humorous side of things we lost flesh over it. We had happened upon a heat wave and swallowed a tremendous lot of dust and flies, thrown in gratis, cheap though our tariff was. But we couldn't swallow the foreign titles that cropped up around us, we had too much—British pride for that; and, as luck would have it, at the last town of our tour we were quartered on the top floor of a hotel where a German Prince occupied a suite of rooms. In our opinion, three English tourists were worth more than thirty German Princes, and we dropped our boots on the floor at night in the vain hope that he was underneath. But, alas! his suite was on the first floor, and we never even caught a glimpse of him, though once we heard his high-pitched, arrogant, penetrating voice, and the oozy fulsome rejoinders of his valet, both articulating a language which Parker contemptuously described as "the limit."

It was the last morning of our stay. Parker and I had come back to the hotel to pack our bags before departing for the station. The weather was hotter and dustier than ever, and Wilks, always energetic, had gone to the public bathing place on the river in search of a swim. I had a letter to write, and Parker wandered round the hotel to kill time. Presently he thrust his face in at the door; it had lost its familiar lowering look and wore a bright and alert expression.

"I say," he ejaculated mysteriously, almost under his breath, "I've just found a bath-room in this blighted hole—bath full of tepid water, with a thermometer in it—clean, warmed towels on the rail—and all that. What shall I do?"

"Do!" I replied; "get into it, man! And let me know when you've finished."

He wasn't long, and came back looking wonderfully young and clean. The mail had just arrived and I had spent a few minutes over my letters before I also found the bath-room, following his directions. It was without exception the best I have ever been in—and, to my surprise, the big porcelain bath was half-full of tepid water, and a set of clean, newly-warmed towels hung on the rail. I took what the gods gave and asked

no questions, but I wanted more cold water and experimented unsuccessfully with various levers in the wall. As a last hope I attacked a cart-wheel affair on the floor, and after a stiff struggle managed to turn it. A flood of cold water gushed in along one side of the bath, and it was all I could do to wrench the wheel round and stop the flow. As I did so, light came upon me in a flash—this was the Prince's bath, prepared for him a second time by his obsequious valet! It was the glorious certainty of the fact that

to him the position of the bath-room, and he was off like a hare. During his absence we thoughtfully packed our own bags and his. In ten minutes he returned, fresh as a mountain daisy and bubbling over with gratitude.

"What sort of a bath did you get?" I asked carelessly.

"A clinker!" he cried; "and it was all put ready for me, clean towels and everything. The only difficulty I had was with the cold water wheel arrangement on the floor."

"It was a bit stiff," I agreed.

"It turned on all right," said Wilks, "but I couldn't turn it off."

"What did you do?" we asked together.

"I left it," he answered simply.

"What time are we due at the station?" said Parker.

"Now!" I replied—and we took our bags and went.

As we descended the stairs with studied calmness, we heard electric bells continuously tingling on the first floor; a high-pitched arrogant voice raised in anger; oozy, servile tones answering imploringly. We came upon the proprietor leaping up the stairs and a stream of water leaping down them; and a couple of hours afterwards we crossed the border, with the secret satisfaction that we had "done" Germany at last.

"To-day he stands among the elect as a gem of the first water, that will mellow and improve with the passing years."

The Standard.

The gentleman who is hard up can explain in future that he has put aside his diamond ring to mature.

"The Master of Elibank, addressing Ulster Liberals yesterday in Belfast, said that the Home Rule question was a far wider question than it was."—*Irish Times.*

The great thing is to find out how wide it is, and then you can give a better guess at its present width.

"Wanted cash offers for six pairs smart prize-bred Borders, some fit show; exchange boots, blankets, overmantel, gold Albert, Canary seed, side ornaments for marble clock, cuckoo clock, anything."—*Cog's Birds.*

How about a packet of spoiled Form Fours?

"The harvest festival was held at Norbury Church on Friday last, the sacred edifice being tastefully decorated with flowers, corn, etc."—*Ashbourne Telegraph.*

We have often been alarmed ourselves by some of the larger marrows.



A DULL DAY FOR OUR EDITORS.

made me enjoy that bath as I have never enjoyed a bath before or since. The cheap English tourists were one up on his Serene Highness, after all. Still I admit, when I had finished tubbing, I lost no time in getting back to the fourth floor again. I told Parker the great news, and we were just discussing it with rapture when Wilks came in, looking supremely dejected for the first time on the tour.

"The bathing place isn't open," he snarled. "Had all the fog of going there for nothing. What dirty beggars they are!"

"Not all of them," I replied. "Don't you worry, old chap;" and I described



SCENE.—Waiting-room at Dentist's.
Fond Mother (as name of next victim is announced). "JUST DON'T THINK ABOUT I

MAIL-BAGS.

NO. VII.—THE AVIATOR'S.

Jermyn St., W.

Kenneth Swayle, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—We have thought of an excellent idea of mutual advantage, which we beg to lay before you. We want advertisement; you no doubt are open to increase your income. If you will arrange that all press notices of your flights contain words such as "The intrepid airman alighted unscathed, coolly smoking a 'Ramoses' cigarette," or "Before starting the imperturbable birdman put to his lips one of his inseparable companions, the famous 'Ramoses' cigarettes," we are prepared to pay you a royalty of £5 per insertion in any high-class journal.

Yours faithfully,

THE PHAROAH TOBACCO CO.

(Answer: Mr. Swayle leaves all these details to his press agent. He understands that an offer of £1,000 a year certain has already been made for the same privilege.)

DEAR MR. SWAYLE,—It is very difficult for me to begin this letter. I have already torn up—oh, acres of writing-paper. Ever since your daring flight from Margate to Southend, I have been thrilled every time I have seen your

photograph or your name in the papers. Perhaps you will guess now what is in my heart. You will remember how you came to see *The Girl from Jericho* and the whole house rose to cheer you; but I wonder if you will remember the little girl who took the part of *Fifi* and sang her heart out to you that night?

Yours always, MYRTLE VANDREUR.
(Answer: Mr. Swayle leaves all these details to his press agent. Please fix up an appointment with him, when the matter will receive due consideration.)

DEAR SIR,—We have commissioned one of the foremost dramatists of the day to write us a bioscope drama which will centre round the rescue of an imprisoned heroine by aeroplane and a supposed flight from the Isle of Man to the coast of England. We shall be pleased to cast you for the leading part in this drama if you will sign the enclosed contract note.

Yours faithfully,

THE NEW DRAMA TRADING CO., LTD.

(Answer: Mr. Swayle returns the contract note with some suggested alterations. A minimum edition of 5,000 films should be printed and gramophone records arranged to go with them.)

DEAR MR. SWAYLE,—Have you ever considered the possibilities of the political career which lies within your grasp? For a young man who can

carry votes with him there are under-secretaryships and even higher posts waiting, and we are confident that at the next General Election your national popularity would prove a most valuable asset to our party. In my own mind I can foresee a seat on the Committee of National Defence being offered to you later on. Yours very truly,

GERVASE LANGDALE.

(Answer: Dear Lord Gervase,—My press agent reports favourably on your suggestion, and I shall be pleased to discuss the matter with you in person if you will call on me at 9.15 a.m. punctually on Thursday week.)

DEAR SWAYLE,—Turn us in a column of your views on the Bacon-Shakespeare baldersdash this evening without fail, and I will tell my Editor to try and keep space for it in *The Daily Truth*.

Yours, BEN BUDGE.

(Answer by express messenger: Dear Sir Benjamin,—Delighted! I am supposed to be the guest of the evening to-night at the Royal Society dinner, but I will throw that over and write the column for you. I hope your Editor will manage to keep the space open for it—last time, you remember, my article was crowded out by that interview with the man who stayed in bed for twenty years.)

THE POET IN THE HOUSE.

Of all the germs that infest and fill us
 And change our being, we can't say how,
 The worst is surely the verse-bacillus—
 You didn't know that? Well, you know it now.
 But since you are still inclined to doubt it
 I'll tell you a tale I've heard about it.

Within the memory of men alive
 And likely to live on for many years,
 Last year, in fact, there dwelt in Shepherd's Bush
 One Richard Hugglestone, a stock-broker.
 He from the Bush each morn at half-past nine
 Forth issuing took the tube, and so was borne,
 Replete with breakfast, puffing at his pipe,
 Unto his office in Threadneedle Street;
 And there he broked—not always there, of course;
 But sometimes in the very House itself,
 Chaffing the jobbers, he would ease his mind,
 And being chaffed and chaffing back again.
 He knew the ways of shares; he knew, he knew
 Debenture Bonds and all that they imply.
 Contangoes he had faced and overcome;
 Matched against backwardations had prevailed—
 In fact he was a perfect business-man,
 Wrapped up in markets, down on Socialists,
 Loathing LORD GEORGE, and paying little heed,
 Outside his shop, to anything but golf,
 A game of bridge, and, every now and then,
 His pair of nicely browned ejector guns.
 Jorjocks he knew; he sometimes scanned the *Field*,
 But as to poets and the stuff they write,
 He took no sort of stock in them or it.

One cheerful summer morning, at something after eight,
 Without the least foreboding he came upon his fate.
 It was the hour of breakfast: the table had been spread
 With sausages and bacon, with muffins, toast and bread;
 With golden finnan-haddocks, whose steam as it arose
 In puffs of keen aroma was wafted to his nose;
 And several other dishes with which a man may sport
 Who likes his breakfast British and cannot bear it short.
 He tried them all, did Richard, for he was nobly geared
 For feasts of breakfast-daring: a haddock disappeared;
 With strips of streaky bacon our hero followed on;
 A fat split sausage went the way the other things had gone.
 And in between he greatly strove to eat a muffin whole,
 And filled some chinks with tongue and ham and others
 with a roll;

Which having done he took and drained his coffee to the
 dregs,

And, last, attacked a glowing dish of highly buttered eggs.
 Now, as it chanced, the butter with which this dish was
 made

In certain paper-wrappings to the house had been conveyed.
 One lot—they did not use it—had nestled in *The Times*;
 The rest in sheets of *Walker, his lexicon of rhymes*.

And so the dish of buttered eggs, though Richard did
 not know it,

Was full of all the deadly germs that make a man a poet.

Without a thought he finished the dish;
 And swift in his blood a tingling started
 As of fiery stars that circled and darted
 About and about without his wish.

His brain became
 Like a ball of flame;

And "Apollo!" he shouted, "I'm out for fame."
 And, so for the City he departed.

(All this was done by the *Rhymococcus*,
 Which works in a way that well may shock us:
 It pales your cheeks and furrows your brows and
 Lays its eggs by the thousand thousand
 All over your bones and sinews and muscles,
 And in every one of your blood corpuscles;
 And turns you from sober to moonstruck-silly,
 And makes you a poet willy-nilly.)

I can't recount the dreadful tale—some things are better
 hid—

Of all the mad poetic things the wretched Richard did.
 On every casual broker's clerk a ballad he bestowed;
 He scared his partners pink and blue by mouthing them
 an ode.

His favourite jobbers fled from him: "Great Scott!" they
 told a friend,

"He's given us all an awful turn and frightened us no end
 By spouting yards and yards of rhymes." But what was
 really worse,

He would insist on making out his contract-notes in verse.
 The Stock Exchange Committee met—the thing required
 dispatch—

And packed the poet off that day by car to Colney Hatch.

So of all the germs that infest and fill us,
 And change our being, we can't say how,
 The worst, I repeat, is the verse-bacillus—
 You didn't know that? Well, you know it now!
 R. C. L.

A BITTER ALOE.

PETER put out his tongue at the closing door.

Norman, flinging his book into the coal-box, said, "I
 don't want to see the blooming aloe!"

"Oo!" exclaimed Joan, "you naughty!—you swore!"

"I didn't swear, silly!" said Norman.

"It's very vulgar!" said Margaret, with a grown-up air.

"It's perfectly all right," said Norman petulantly. "If
 you'd listened to Aunt Florence you'd have heard that
 the aloe only blossoms once and then dies, and that it is
 now in bloom, and therefore it's a blooming aloe."

"And it's a blooming nuisance," remarked Peter.

"You're both vulgar. Joan, we won't have anything to
 do with them. I think it is very sweet of Aunt Florence
 to take us to the Zoo to see the blossoming aloe; we might
 never see such a thing again. Besides, we shall be able
 to see the dear old owls and the elephant, Joan, and the
 camels and monkeys; we want to go and see the aloe at
 the Zoo, at any rate, don't we, Joan darling?"

"Let's go now," said Joan, her eyes big circles of glitter-
 ing excitement.

"No, dear, not now; next Saturday, Aunt Florence said."

"Idiot!" said Norman. "Can't you see it's a plant?"

"I shall next Saturday," said Margaret, adding with
 some dignity, "I never did consider a blossoming aloe to
 be either an animal or a mineral."

"I s'pose you don't know what next Saturday is," said
 Peter from the window, with a sneer.

"The day Joan and I go with dear Aunt Florence to the
 Zoo, of course," replied Margaret sweetly.

"If you hadn't been idiot enough to let that squib off in
 your hair last year, and catch a cold as well, Margaret,"
 said Norman savagely, "it would have been all right. But
 now the little dears must be kept out of danger, and taken
 to the Zoo for the afternoon and get home too late to do any-
 thing. What about our five bob's worth of fireworks in the
 potting-shed, and the bonfire we've been collecting? *Aloe!*"
 "Aunt Florence is horrid!" said Joan gloomily.



POPULAR SAYINGS ILLUSTRATED.

"TAKING HIS PLEASURES SADLY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. W. B. MAXWELL, whose work is never less than interesting, has written in *The Rest Cure* (METHUEN) a story as clever and powerful as anything he has done yet, though it possibly will not rival his earlier books in popularity. It is a tale entirely of one man, *John Barnard*, the strong, self-made hero of a hundred triumphs, who, at the climax of his devastating progress through finance and politics to an assured peerage, is struck down by the collapse of heart and brain, and condemned to the torture of a "rest cure," to which only death can put an end. Not, you perceive, exactly a cheerful theme; yet there is more entertainment in it than might be suspected, especially in the earlier half, which tells of the meteoric rise of *Barnard*, his capture of the rubber market, and his marriage into the delightfully human family of *Lord Rathkeale*. It is after the break-down that my personal complaint against the author begins. The physical circumstances of *Barnard's* end are given us in altogether too painful detail. There exists to-day a school of clever writers whose apparent aim it is to bring the very odour of the chloroform into their pages; and I am sorry to find that Mr. MAXWELL, whose power as a story-teller is in need of no such questionable assistance, is here guilty of this lack of good taste, or, more politely, this lack of pathologic reticence. That the thing is, of course, supremely well done only

makes my dislike for it the greater. As I say, however, the beginning of the story is excellent, the *Rathkeales* wholly charming, and the part about the genesis of the rubber-boom gives a touch of historic interest which should have for many readers a wistful fascination.

You will admit that it was vexing for *Jeannie*, the heroine of *The Sins of the Children* (MILLS AND BOON), who had married above her, and was enjoying her first dinner-party with her husband's people, when her low-born father suddenly dashed into the room on all-fours, having mistaken the house for the one next door, where there was a children's gathering. It was a bit disturbing for me, too, because I had been so long familiar with the original of this anecdote (about SOTHERN, wasn't it?) that its re-appearance as the crisis of Mr. HORACE W. C. NAVYER'S story rather shook my faith in his creations. This was the more a pity because he has written about them in a style which would otherwise carry a good deal of conviction. *Jeannie*, as I have told you, married into a superior social plane, and as a consequence somewhat neglected her nice old father. That is part one. In part two *Jeannie*, now a widow, has a growing-up son who treats her in precisely the same fashion. When some reference was made to the future behaviour of this son's children, I began to ask myself where the book was likely to stop. However it ends, a trifle abruptly, by *Jeannie's* surrender to the arms of an old lover, who is the real hero of the tale—a strong Imperialist, with some pronounced views

(which I should like to thank Mr. NEWTE for letting him voice at such length) on the German Menace, and altogether a desirable person in every way. A clever and unusual piece of work which, but for the incident recorded above and some apparently very careless proof-reading, would have been altogether satisfactory.

In taking the love-affairs and adventures of *Sir Harry Frankland* and *Agnes Surriage*, and altering them to suit his requirements, Q. has placed another point to his credit account. Perhaps some of us who cannot have too many of his Cornish tales may regret that *Lady-Good-For-Nothing* (NELSON) is but mildly reminiscent of the Duchy. I doubt, however, if he has ever drawn a finer character than *Ruth Josselin*, and I am sure that the irregularities of life have never been treated with a greater tenderness and sympathy. In her childhood *Ruth*—a poor servant-girl—was a victim to the cruel spirit of New England Sabbatarianism, and while paying the penalty for a trifling offence was befriended by *Captain Vyell*, Collector of Customs for the Port of Boston, Massachusetts. To him she owed her escape from poverty, her education, and a time in which her only unhappiness was that she scarcely ever saw her benefactor. During these years his conduct—considering that he loved her—was admirably generous and restrained, and his lack of delicacy was not really disclosed until she agreed to marry him. For then he was totally unable to perceive, with her, that a ceremony of marriage performed by such a villainous

clergyman as *Mr. Silk* must be more a pollution than a sanctification of their love. Her refusal of this mockery may stamp her as a pagan, but I think that when you read this fascinating story you will admit that she is a most adorable one. Q. has not always convinced me of the charm of his heroines, so I say all the more emphatically that *Ruth* possesses that rare and indefinable quality which wins both love and admiration.

We (for *Sport of Gods* was too good a thing to keep to oneself, and we read it aloud to each other) have only one small complaint to make, and that is that now and then the paragraphs incline to be too short and snappy. Otherwise, it combines all the merits of a most readable story, an engrossing plot well constructed, first-hand information of the Indian frontier given without pedantry, and the nicest ideas on all the current topics of the day in parenthesis. *Hukum Singh*, typical of the splendid Sepoy, won our instant admiration, and we loved *Major Brown* and *May Norman* from the first. We appreciated with concern the subtle problem of complex motives which kept them so long apart. Coming with reluctance to the end, "We are astounded," said we, "that in a book by a soldier all about

soldiers no chance is missed of putting in a good word for any civilians who happen to be about. Moreover, are not all the characters, be they never so minor, delightfully portrayed? Let us be profoundly grateful to Whatever-his-rank-may-be H. VAUGHAN-SAWYER for writing this novel, and to Messrs. MILLS AND BOON for publishing it."

It is some time since I first read a book by Mr. REGINALD TURNER, but I well remember thinking that, if he were not actually among the big men, he was at least working on the right lines, and I had him marked down as worth watching. Consequently, when *Count Florio and Phyllis K.* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) came along, I anticipated, in spite of the obvious struggle for a smile in the title, that I should be able to report progress made. I am sorry to say that I cannot. Mr. TURNER seems to me to have turned back. He tells the story of the marriage of an Italian nobleman of ancient family with an American heiress. There are a few complications, some Yankee slang, and, very near the end, two surprises, one mild and the other ingenious though

marred by improbability. These ingredients might conceivably make a good novel—Mr. HENRY JAMES has made use of very similar ones—but Mr. TURNER has not employed the skill which his earlier work shows him to possess. Perhaps he won't mind me very much, but so far as I am concerned he must buckle to, or I shall have to strike him off my list.

It is now many years since Mr. Punch threw open his pages to the inspired Pooter and printed therein that

delightful *Diary of a Nobody* (actually by GEORGE and WEEDON GROSSMITH), thus starting it on its triumphant career. It now appears in a new edition, with commendatory epistles, ratifying the soundness of Mr. Punch's provision, from two such illustrious sombodies as Lord ROSEBERRY and Mr. BIRRELL. Lord ROSEBERRY says that he considers a bedroom unfurnished unless it has a copy of this classic, while Mr. BIRRELL expresses his delight that the authors chose his name for a charwoman in their immortal pages. "I am there," he says. The new edition is for the pocket, and to adapt Lord ROSEBERRY I may say that no pocket can be considered furnished without a copy of it.

"On the following Saturday, St. Paul's Cathedral will be—for the third time within a few months—the scene of the wedding of Mr. Detmar Blow, the well-known architect, to Miss Winifred Tollemache."—*Evening News*.

The bridegroom seems to marry rather frequently, but we hope the third time will be lucky.

"Lady has outgrown clothes for boy 13 years."—*Advt. in "The Lady."* Then she must get some for a boy of 14 if she insists on dressing in this way.



IMPROBABLE SCENES.—V.

A MEETING OF WAITERS IN HYDE PARK PROTESTING AGAINST THE TIPPING SYSTEM.

CHARIVARIA.

SIR EDWARD GREY declared at Darlington that he saw no need for war. Unfortunately, however, this is a great age for luxuries.

The feeling that there will be a satisfactory outcome of the Conference grows in strength every day. The EARL MARSHAL is among the most optimistic. He has issued instructions to the Peers as to what they are to wear at the Coronation, as though there had never been any talk of their abolition.

Hanover Chapel, Peckham, at which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has promised to deliver a farewell speech, is to be converted into a cinematograph theatre. We greatly hope that no such fate will befall the City Temple.

By the way, is not the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL really a little bit hard on his friend Mr. LLOYD GEORGE? He writes to *The Morning Post* to deny that the recent function at the City Temple had a political object. "Had the Press reported any other speaker than Mr. LLOYD GEORGE," Mr. CAMPBELL goes on to say, "this would have been perfectly clear."

Diamonds are now 30 per cent. dearer than they were in 1908; and a lady writes to us from Park Lane to point out that this is one more example of how, under the present Government, the price of necessities continues to rise.

Mr. HENNIKER HEATON has addressed a letter to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, setting forth sixty-two grievances against the present system—one for each year of the tireless reformer's life. We understand that, while the POSTMASTER-GENERAL hopes that Mr. HEATON may live to be 100, he trusts that this letter will not become an annual occurrence.

The recent railway riots in Cairo, it transpires, were organised by the Nationalist leaders in imitation of the French strike. The imitation was excellent, even down to the fiasco.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER, speaking at the Manchester Reform Club, said that he was delighted to see the announcement that Germany was not only not accelerating her naval programme, but rather retarding it; and he trusted that might be a preliminary step towards a reduction of armaments throughout the world. Seeing that the delay is to enable our German friends to forge still more formidable engines of destruction, Mr. PEASE'S faith—and that of the whole Pease party—is as beautiful as ever.

said, intend, by way of protest, to refuse to dress their shop windows at all, leaving them in a state of absolute nudity. The police would then have to deal with the case.

"Since when," asks a writer in the *Eton College Chronicle*, "has it been the custom for lower boys and others who have no important position in the school to saunter about the five courts and to watch field matches in top hats . . . in a way that would never have been tolerated a few years ago?"

Tut! tut! This must be stopped.

At a recent dinner the tale was told of the Warwickshire yokel who, upon being asked if he knew what SHAKESPEARE wrote for, replied that he thought he "wrote for the Bible." Curiously enough, BEN JONSON said of BACON, "He has filled all Numbers."

Sir JAMES MURRAY, of the Oxford English Dictionary, has been telling us how he had to write to various authors to ascertain the meaning of certain words they had used. It is rumoured that one of them replied that he had been relying on the Dictionary to tell him.

In connection with the retirement of Squadron-Corporal-Major BUCKLETON, of the Royal Horse Guards, a contemporary mentions that one of this champion swordsman's most sensational feats is to cut in two an apple resting on the neck of a

kneeling assistant. We cannot help thinking that the kneeling assistant is also something of a hero.

Mr. FREDERICK MOORE, we are told, has just completed seventy-five years' membership of the choir of St. Mary's, Stafford. How many choir-boys can make a similar boast?

The statement that each person in the United Kingdom receives sixty letters a year is, we hear, causing some trouble to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL. An old lady writes complaining that during the past twelve months she received only 58, and would like him to search for the others at once.



Golf Maniac. "AND PRAY, SIR, WHAT MAY YOUR FAVOURITE RECREATION BE?"
Hypochondriac. "INDIGESTION."

According to *The Times* the projects for the London Memorial to King EDWARD have now been reduced to two—a proposal by Lord AVEBURY for a central building for the University of London, and a scheme, supported by Lord ESHER, for the erection of a museum of antiquities. We do hope that our love of compromise will not lead to the establishment of a University with nothing but antiques on the staff.

In consequence of Sir EDWARD HENRY'S having refused police assistance to shop-keepers whose windows are so attractively dressed as to draw a crowd, a number of tradesmen, it is

IN MEMORIAM.

William Agnew.

BORN, 1825. DIED, OCTOBER 31, 1910.

LONG had we missed you from your wonted place,
Missed from our Table what we held most dear,
The warm hand's lingering clasp, the kindly face,
The voice of genial cheer.

Now Death brings back the touch of filial ties,
The grace that set our younger hearts at ease,
The hours together under summer skies,
Afloat on summer seas.

For so we know you, host and gentle friend;
And still you kept, by absence unestranged,
Through age and weakness, even to the end,
The charm that never changed.

But who shall say what closer memory clings
About the home where grief to-day is guest
Now you are gone who loved all lovely things,
But children's love the best? O. S.

THE death of WILLIAM AGNEW leaves a void in an exceptionally wide circle of friends and of acquaintances made in divers avenues of life. The loss is most acutely felt round the "Old Mahogany Tree" where for more than thirty years the genial presence of WILLIAM AGNEW beamed from the end of the table facing the editor's chair. Among his guests at the Round Table during the greater part of the time were TENNIEL, DU MAURIER, CHARLES KEENE and LINLEY SAMBOURNE, whose footsteps towards the silent land WILLIAM AGNEW followed at so brief an interval. Of the literary staff were FRANK BURNAND, whose name is imperishably connected with *Punch*; MILLIKEN, the prolific versifier; gentle GIL A'BECKETT, his brother ARTHUR, "Toby, M.P.," and the Professor, relic of an earlier age, for awhile right-hand man of SHIRLEY BROOKS during his editorship. Of these only one now fills his accustomed chair. But many other members of the present staff sat for shorter periods at the Table with the host whose loss we mourn to-day.

WILLIAM AGNEW had a dual character, each side strongly marked. He was an exceedingly shrewd man of business, and, withal, he had the gentleness, in some aspects the simplicity, of a little child. No patron of the arts in modern times has exceeded his range. Among his *trouvailles* was the wondrous boy, FRED WALKER, who, like CHATTEERTON, died too soon. He was loth to part with some of the treasures purchased from the young painter. They hang to-day on the walls of his darkened house. It was characteristic of his generosity that seventeen years ago he presented to the National Gallery one of the best, "The Harbour of Refuge."

Picture buying and selling was his business, and he did it superlatively well; but he also loved art for its own sake with an unstinted devotion. Nothing delighted him more than to induce others to share the pleasure with which he looked at a masterpiece. One of the prettiest sights of the London season in days gone by was to see him personally conducting his old friend Mr. GLADSTONE through the rooms of the Royal Academy on the morning of the Private View Day, the great statesman listening attentively to the dicta of the master of an art other than politics.

But better than pictures WILLIAM AGNEW loved children.

It was delightful to see him with a brood of grandchildren at his knee. Their company compensated for, and brought forgetfulness of, any worries of business or any signs of failing health that might beset him. His love of little ones was not confined to the circle of his own family. He went further afield, taking to his arms waifs and strays homed in the Children's Hospital at Manchester, and in the other in Great Ormond Street, London. Of one he was President, of the other Vice-President; to the funds of both a liberal contributor.

From early manhood he took a strong interest in politics, serving for many years as President of the Salford Liberal Association and of the Manchester Reform Club. When the rising tide brought Mr. GLADSTONE back to power in 1880, WILLIAM AGNEW came in on the crest of the wave, winning a seat in South-East Lancashire. In 1885 he was returned for the Stretford Division of the county. When in the following year Mr. GLADSTONE nailed the Home Rule flag to the Liberal masthead, the Member for Stretford, with hundreds of other Liberal Members, had to decide the momentous question—should they serve under it? WILLIAM AGNEW was not the man to desert what he regarded as a just cause, more especially when it was advocated by an old leader. He declared for Home Rule, was beaten at the poll, and never more sat in the House of Commons. Tardy recognition of political and public service was rendered when in 1895 he was created a Baronet.

His long life, for the greater part absorbed with strenuous labour, had in it comparatively little of sorrow. It was darkened by the death of the sweet and gracious lady who for more than 40 years was the companion and light of his home. But he was happy and fortunate in the legacy of her children. For some years he dwelt in retirement, taking pleasure in his yacht and his pictures, and an abiding interest in public affairs.

After a few days' illness death came to him gently. He passed away without pain—a tired body settling itself to sleep. He was dowered with all that should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.

H. L.

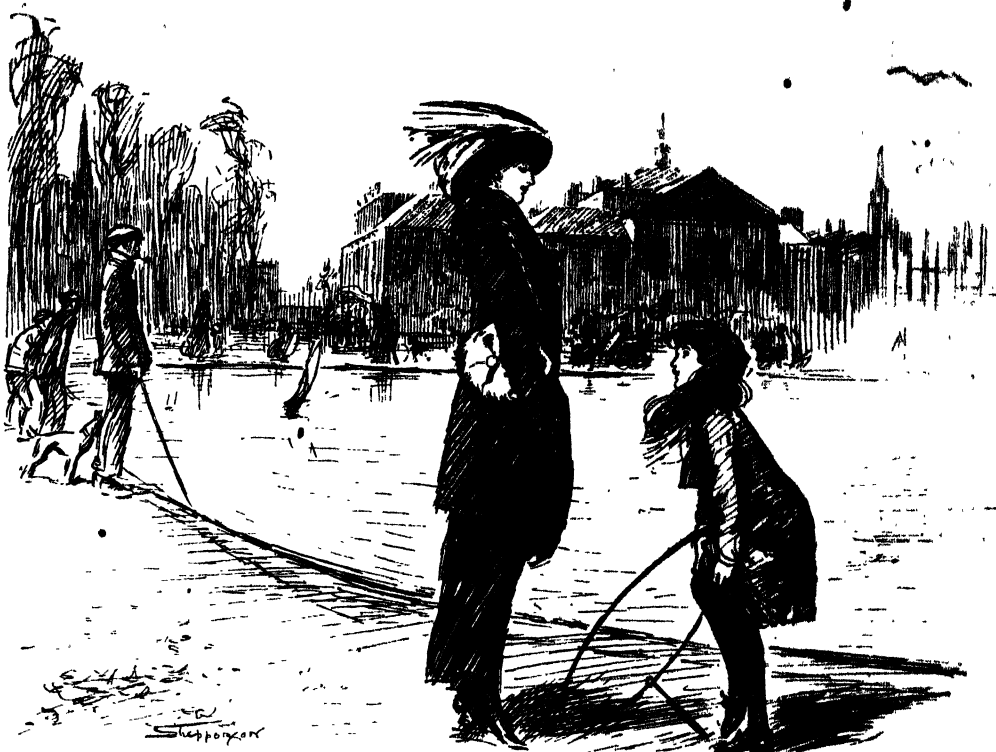
THE TRUE ARISTOCRATS.

THERE is not, I believe, an illustrated Debrett, and, therefore, one does not know what peers look like: one has no opportunity of passing them all in review and acquiring a composite concept. This surely is an omission, although as to whether it is better for the chances of the House of Lords, or worse, I would not care to hazard an opinion. But, although Debrett and the camera fail us among the salt of our own kind, Miss L. C. SMYTHE and the camera show no such timidity with the salt of another kind; and the result is that in a little shilling book called *The Pekingese* which has wandered my way I am, provided with a portrait gallery of lazy, insolent, capricious, imperious noblemen and noblemen, beside which the sons of a thousand kings would appear anxious and plebeian. Page after page it is the same: always the commanding superciliousness of the patrician. Now and then it rises to a superb and almost terrifying height, as in Champion Chu-erh of Alderbourne, and Champion Broad oak Beetle, and Heitzu of Tisbury, and Garnons Luchu, and Tuan of Blacklands, and Peiching Pu-yi, and Nan-Tyo of Newnham, and Como Muh Sing, and Puok of Alderbourne, and Champion Chin Lu, and Cupid of Eppingdale. These, one instinctively feels, are tyrants one and all. Their moods are law. No such array of mere men and women could be possible; for even the handsomest and loveliest of us have a defect somewhere.



ANOTHER GOOD MAN GONE RIGHT.

MR. JOHN BURNS (to the FRENCH PREMIER). "BRAVO, BRIAND! A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART!"



Miss Smith. "Now, MADGE, TELL ME, WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER BE—PRETTY OR GOOD?"

Madge (promptly). "I WOULD RATHER BE PRETTY, MISS SMITH; I CAN EASILY BE GOOD WHENEVER I LIKE TO TRY."

THE SPARROW.

LET others from the feathered brood
Which through the garden seeks its food
Pick out for a commending word
Each one his own peculiar bird;
Hail the plump tit, or fitly sing
The finch's crest and flashing wing;
Exalt the rook's black satin dress-coat,
The thrush's speckled fancy waistcoat;
Or praise the robin, meek but sly,
For breast and tail and friendly eye—
These have their place within my heart:
The sparrow owns the larger part,
And, for no virtues, rules in it,
My reckless cheerful favourite!
Friend sparrow, let the world condemn
Your ways and make a mock of them,
And dub you, if it has a mind,
Low, quarrelsome, and unrefined;
And let it, if it will, pursue
With harsh abuse the troops of you
Who through the orchard and the field
Their busy bills in mischief wield;
Who strip the tilth and bare the tree,
And make the gardener's face ~~be~~ be

Expressive of the words he could,
But must not, utter, though he would
(For gardeners still, where'er they go,
Whate'er they do, in weal or woe,
Through every chance of life retain
Their ancient Puritanic strain;
Tried by the weather they control
Each day their angry human soul,
And, by the sparrow teased, may tear
Their carworn looks, but never swear).
Let us admit—alas, 'tis true—
You are not adequately few;
That half your little life is spent
In furious strife or argument;
Still, though your wickedness must harrow
All feeling souls, I love my sparrow;
Still, though I oft and gravely doubt you,
I really could not do without you.
Your pluck, your wit, your nonchalance,
Your cheerful confidence in chance,
Your darting flight, your bouts of play,
Your chirp, so sociable and gay—
These, and no beauty soft or striking,
Make up your passport to my liking.
And for your faults I'll still defend you,
My little sparrow, and befriend you.

MUSIC AND MUSCLE.

THE interesting information about Mr. COATES's physical strength communicated to the public by the Press agent of the Beecham Oper. Company, has opened the eyes of many unthinking persons who have hitherto confounded art with effeminacy. As a matter of fact, the day of the weakling virtuoso is long past, and singers, instrumentalists, composers and conductors now vie with each other in their devotion to field sports and athletic pastimes.

Mr. COATES's speciality is that of weight-lifting. In the last Act of *Tiefland* he shoulders the heroine and starts off for the mountains at the double. But this is nothing to what Mr. COATES can do when pressed. On one occasion, when Mr. MARK HAMBURG was playing the pianoforte in his house, Mr. COATES, in a fit of absent-mindedness, seized the instrument by the left hind leg and lifted it seven feet into the air. The extraordinary part of the performance, however, was that Mr. MARK HAMBURG, by a supreme act of unconscious levitation, went on playing all the time until his Herculean host had lowered the pianoforte to its pristine position.

Mr. PADEREWSKI is addicted to punching the ball, pole jumping, and high diving. Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE can throw a fly further than any other Mus. Doc. within the four seas—no small achievement as any one who has tried it will readily admit. In his youth Sir HUBERT PARRY was a redoubtable cricket player, and on one occasion hit the ball so hard that it broke in two, one portion being caught by cover-point, while the other went to the boundary. The umpire, when appealed to, was so bewildered that he called "no ball," and shortly afterwards went into the wine trade.

Sir CHARLES STANFORD of late years has taken to tossing the caber and may sometimes be seen practising in Kensington Gardens with this formidable

implement, or skimming across the Round Pond in his hydroplane. Mr. HENRY WOOD attributes his success as a conductor largely to his proficiency in "flag-wagging," which dates back to the time when he was attached as honorary signaller to the Cossacks of the Ukraine during their manoeuvres in the Caucasus. Mr. WOOD also excels in Græco-Roman wrestling, skiing, and throwing the hammer. On one memorable occasion, when a refractory

sabres, disarmed him at the first encounter, and secured his consent to the marriage before leaving the field of honour. Since then he has wrestled with rogue elephants in the Mofussil, he has fought single-handed with twenty terrorists in Nijni Novgorod, he has swum the rapids at Niagara, he has ridden snapping turtles in the swamps of Florida, and been interviewed by Mr. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.



THE COMMERCIAL 'WE.'

CAN I SEE MR. DOODLE, PLEASE?"

WE PARTED WITH MR. DOODLE THREE WEEKS AGO, SIR."

violin player refused to obey his orders, he seized the rebel by the scruff of the neck and hurled him clean through the bass drum, which was standing some twenty feet off.

It is perhaps needless to remark that the strongest of all our musical strong men is Mr. MAX BAMBERGER. From earliest childhood he was famed for his pugilistic prowess, and when Sir Pompey Macmurdo declined to entertain Mr. BAMBERGER's suit for his daughter's hand, the intrepid violinist challenged him to a duel with cavalry

Strength, again, is admirably represented on the spindle side of the profession. Madame MELBA, who spent her early years in the bush, acquired a skill in throwing the boomerang which has on more than one occasion stood her in good stead. Thus, when she was once singing at Buenos Ayres a troublesome *gaucho* indulged in cat-calls in the gallery. The officials had tried in vain to silence or remove him. At last Madame MELBA begged to be allowed to deal with him herself, and with one beautifully aimed shot, which struck the offender full on the nose, completely saved the situation. As the *gaucho* afterwards observed in the picturesque dialect of his kind: "It was the finest slosh on the gob I ever got."

Miss MAGGIE TRYT, whose brilliant success on the Lyric boards has been one of the outstanding features of the autumn season, is also an athlete of no mean powers. At golf her handicap is

$$HO^2 \times \frac{y - 4}{\phi + \beta}$$

and she has already frequently out-driven the Grand Duke MICHAEL. She has also invented a new club called the Mashie-Bazouk, which is invaluable in dislodging the ball from foggy

"With regard to additional school accommodation, the Education Committee recommend a scheme by which the total number of school places will be increased by 12,658. On the basis of £30 per place, this will involve a capital expenditure of £380."—*Morning Leader*.

It doesn't work out to so much as we should have expected.



Breathless Urchin. "YOU'RE-WANTED-DARN-OUR-COURT-AND BRING A HAMB'LANCE!"
 Policeman. "WHAT DO YOU WANT THE AMBULANCE FOR?"
 Urchin. "MUYVER N FOUND THE LIDY WOT PINCHED OUR DOORMAT!"

THE WORM THAT TURNED.

A MAN like the Reverend Percival Hayward ought not to be allowed to exist, not at least without a licence. Every time he produces one of his mathematical problems at the dinner-table the licence ought to be endorsed, and when the licence has been endorsed three times it ought to be cancelled, and the Reverend Percival Hayward cancelled with it. As it is, in the present lax state of the law, he is allowed to run about loose, inflicting grievous mental harm among his fellow-men. It is only every now and then that he is baffled by people like George. "It is very odd," he began his last offence, "it is very odd how deceptive figures are."

"We will take your word for that," I answered. "Get along with the problem you want us to guess wrong about."

"Take, for instance," he continued, "the case of the worm and the four volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica. There were five

hundred pages in each volume, and the worm besides in Volume I."

"A sort of bonus for the purchaser," suggested Henry, "instead of the usual five per cent. discount for cash?"

"The worm started at page 1 of Volume I., took its time and worked through to page 500 of Volume IV. There it stopped. How many pages in all did the worm pass through?"

There was a short interval of silent and dark suspicion, while we engaged in rapid calculations.

"Four times five hundred is two thousand," said Henry, gazing at the Reverend Percival Hayward with distrust. "You want us to guess two thousand. Obviously it was two thousand, but we are not going to guess that. Try twenty."

The Reverend Percival turned to me, a little disappointed. "It was not two thousand," he said, as one who has a grievance, "but to say twenty is absurd."

I took my turn. "Don't let's spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar," said I, recklessly. "I guess two million."

The searcher for information turned away in disgust. "It is your turn, George," he muttered, "and you, at any rate, have reached years of discretion. What do you think about it?" "You say there were four volumes?" asked he.

"Yes," answered the Reverend Percival, brightening a little.

"And five hundred pages in each?"

"Yes."

George stared stolidly and solemnly at him and gave the matter full consideration. "For my part," he announced at last, "I don't believe the worm ever did it."

"With this book Mr. Forster seems to us to have arrived, and, if he never writes another line, his niche should be secure."—*The Standard*. We hope Mr. Forster will go on writing, and risk it.

"This afternoon the final final were played off and proved somewhat disappointing, both the winners securing victories."—*The Englishman*. Yes, one expects something less commonplace than that.

SIC.

NOT TO SAY "AD NAUSEAM."

(Being extracts from to-morrow's issue.)

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE invasion of Germany by the allied forces of Montenegro and Iceland commenced yesterday, the negotiations for peace, which, it will be remembered, were all but brought to a successful conclusion on lines drawn up by *The Daily Mail*, having suddenly broken down. The Commander-in-Chief of the allied armies telegraphs to *The Daily Mail* :—

"DAILY MAIL, London: We advance on Berlin to-night. The spirit of the troops is excellent, and they are much encouraged by the interest which *The Daily Mail* is taking in their cause."

In Berlin equal enthusiasm prevails. Asked for a message to *The Daily Mail*, the KATSER said :—

"The men are eagerly reading the Continental Edition of *The Daily Mail* for news of the enemy. Germany will not disappoint *The Daily Mail*."

The Daily Mail will publish a special mid-day edition, while the war lasts, containing the daily messages from the opposing generals, kings, foreign secretaries, chancellors, etc., etc., to *The Daily Mail*.

The revolution in China was successfully accomplished yesterday morning, as forecasted in *The Daily Mail* on Monday last, and recorded in the later editions of *The Daily Mail* of Wednesday. The President of the new republic cables to *The Daily Mail* :—

"DAILY MAIL, London.—I rejoice to announce to the world through *The Daily Mail* the final triumph of liberty and justice in my country. *The Daily Mail* has always been the friend of China, and the new China is grateful to it to-day."

A long message from the exiled emperor to *The Daily Mail* is unfortunately crowded out, but will appear in to-morrow's *Daily Mail*.

The Daily Mail's great feat of announcing the accession of King GEORGE to all the rulers of the Great Powers simultaneously is still talked of in diplomatic circles. *The Daily Mail* cable, it will be remembered, ran thus :—

"*The Daily Mail* has the honour to inform you on behalf of English people of accession of his Majesty King GEORGE V.—DAILY MAIL."

The Daily Mail's message forestalled by many weeks the official announcements to the different courts, and was but one more instance of the prominent part played by the press (represented

in this case by *The Daily Mail*) in modern politics.

THE COLONIES.

The opening of the first parliament in the Straits Settlements was performed yesterday amid manifestations of intense loyalty; expressions of gratitude to *The Daily Mail*, which had insisted on this form of government, being heard on every hand. The ceremony was a simple one, messages to *The Daily Mail* from all the Ministers being read, and the parliament being then declared open.

The Daily Mail has received official notification from the Colonial Office of the resignation of a certain well-known Governor, and the name of his successor. *The Daily Mail* refuses at all times to circulate rumours lacking definite confirmation, and this particular rumour seems to be altogether without foundation, no messages to *The Daily Mail* having come through to *The Daily Mail* office from either the Governor or his alleged successor.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

The marriage between Sir Julius Bupp and Lady Mary Milberry was solemnised yesterday at St. George's, Hanover Square, before a large and fashionable congregation. Asked during the service for a message to *The Daily Mail* the bride said: "I think it is going off splendidly." The clergyman who officiated, the bridegroom, and the best man also added a few words for publication in *The Daily Mail*.

A son was born to the Countess of Pimlico last night at Cadogan Square. Up to the time of going to press no message to *The Daily Mail* had been received from either the future earl or his mother.

SCIENCE.

Communication with Mars has at last been established, Professor Onoto getting the first message through shortly after three o'clock, before a large company, including the representative of *The Daily Mail*. The opening message was one of greeting from *The Daily Mail*, as representing this planet, to the inhabitants of Mars, and ran thus :—

"DAILY MAIL, London, to Mars: *The Daily Mail* sends greeting from Earth to Mars.—DAILY MAIL."

It is anticipated that this message from *The Daily Mail* will be posted on the banks of all the canals throughout the planet.

NEWS FROM THE PROVINCES.

The Great Earwig War in East

Sussex, to which *The Daily Mail* was the first to give prominence, is arousing such widespread interest that *The Daily Mail* has telegraphed to some five hundred well-known people, asking for their views on the advisability of instituting a similar campaign against other noxious animals. We print some of their replies to *The Daily Mail* :—

"Think *Daily Mail's* suggestion very good.—SELFRIDGE."

"*The Daily Mail's* suggestion is most valuable.—GAMAGE."

"I am entirely with *The Daily Mail* in this matter.—SANDOW."

Other replies to *The Daily Mail* from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the First Sea Lord, the Lord Chamberlain, the President of the Royal Academy, the Prime Minister, the Leader of the Opposition and several royalties are unfortunately crowded out.

STOP PRESS NEWS.

An extraordinary case is reported from Hertfordshire this morning. A representative of *The Daily Mail* called upon a gentleman, who shall remain nameless (though he has a certain reputation as a writer), and asked him for a message to *The Daily Mail* in regard to his forthcoming book. He replied that he would be—that, in fact, he had no message to give *The Daily Mail*; that (as far as our representative could make out) he did not like *The Daily Mail*; that he could get on perfectly well without *The Daily Mail*; and that if ever he did want to communicate with the world through the press he would avail himself of the columns of some other paper than *The Daily Mail*. His relatives are extremely anxious about his condition, and a mental specialist has been summoned.

A. A. M.

The Dundee Courier informs us that "at a recent Suffragette social one of the fair workers in the cause of woman's freedom was heard to remark :—'You see, I cannot speak in public . . . But I always go out at night when a meeting is about to be held and chalk notices on the pavement with my husband.'" It seems a clumsy way. Why not do it with an ordinary piece of chalk?

"To-night an exhibition of hand-bell ringing . . . will take the place of the usual Happy Evenings for the People."—*Irish Times*.

Bad luck.

"But there was that in human nature which brought men together when they met."

Liverpool Daily Post.

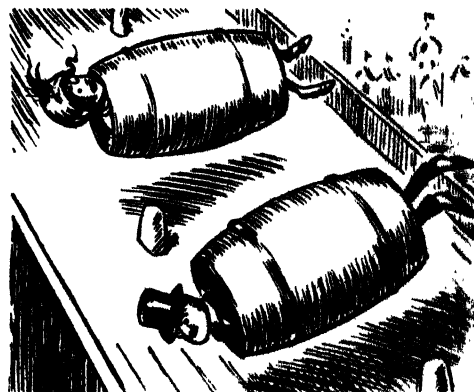
Human nature, as we have often said before, is a wonderful thing.

THE PROMISE OF MAY (1910).

WE HEAR THAT, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE GREAT SUCCESS AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH OF THE WIGGLE-WOOGLE, LITTLE CYCLOPS, AND OTHER DEVICES FOR PRODUCING ACUTE PHYSICAL ENJOYMENT, WE MAY EXPECT AT NEXT YEAR'S EXHIBITION THE KIND OF ENTERTAINMENT ADUMBRATED BELOW:—



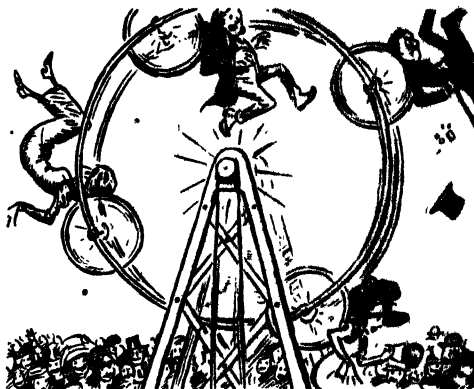
ARRIVAL OF PLEASURE-SEEKERS.



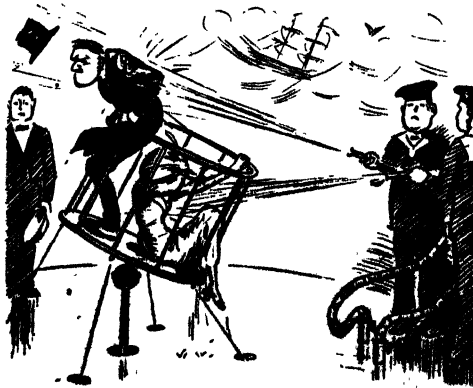
THE ROLEY-POLEY.



THE EMPTY-BUMPTY.



TH: TWIRLEY-WHISKY.



THE SEA-BUZZARD.



DEPARTURE OF PLEASURE-SEEKERS.



Mr. Margarine (on hired mount, riding in spurs for the first time, soliloquises). "I PRESUME THIS ANIMAL AIN'T NEVER BEEN RIDDEN BY A GENTLEMAN BEFORE."

THE OLD G.P.O.

ST. MARTINS-LE-GRAND stands desolate.

I love the old place, for I've done business there for many years. I remember once being greatly touched when an official behind the counter—whether by accident or not, I cannot say—said "Thank you!" to me. From the day, in my early boyhood, when I asked at the counter for a free supply of stamp-edging (of which I was a keen collector at the time) to only last Thursday, when I cashed a postal order for 3s. 6d., which I had received from one of our great dailies for a little effort from my pen, I have only once failed to obtain there what I asked for, and that was on the former of the two occasions I have mentioned.

In my early years I learnt that one could always rely on obtaining one's postage stamps quite fresh at St. Martins-le-Grand, and the flavour of the gum was superior; and, just as we always got our provisions from the

Stores, we always get our stamps and postal orders from the General Post Office. As my wife has so truly put it, when talking of this rule of ours, "the best is good enough for us."

It is natural to feel more confidence in dealing with headquarters than with branches, and the trust I have placed in the G.P.O. has rarely been betrayed. How prompt and accurate they are there. MSS. posted at the G.P.O., I find, come back with astonishing celerity. True, a letter I posted in '86 to a friend in Brussels was delivered

November, 1908, to a person of similar name in Aberdeen; but I do not complain of that. I made £1 2s. 7d. by paragraphing the incident for the press, so I have no grievance.

I shall not feel so happy in the new building, I know. If my friends do not hear from me very often in future, I hope they will understand. And will editors kindly note that payment by cheque will henceforth give me less headache than by postal order?

THE CALL.

How nobly on that pious afternoon
I started forth, how splendidly
arrayed!
In silken hat and patent leather shoon,
And creases sharp on either pantaloons,
And robe befringed with braid,

To call on Mrs. Thompson, 92
Carnarvon Terrace (terraces be
blowed!);
I happened on a bus of pleasing hue,
And travelling on its top admired the
view
And reached Carnarvon Road.

There first of all a faint forgetfulness
(Born of the dying leaves that fringed
the path)
Took me of Mrs. Thompson's true
address;
"What was the actual site?" I mur-
mured, "Bless!
I had it in my bath."

"I knew it all the morning; I could
swear
I nursed it when I started, unforget-
Yonder is 92 Carnarvon Square,
A fine commodious house; she might
live there."
She might, but she did not.

I flushed Carnarvon Avenue, I clomb
Carnarvon Hill, I ventured to ex-
plore
Carnarvon Flats, imperious pleasure
dome,
Where Alf, the sacred porter, stood at
home
Behind his burnished door.

So hour by hour I trod the mazy round,
And mild policemen watched com-
passionate
As gravel sweep on gravel sweep I
ground,
And servants bade me bootlessly re-
bound
From gate to clanging gate.

On half a score of bells I smote amain,
From half a score of mansions
turned to flee;
Where'er Carnarvon wove its winding
bane
(Except Carnarvon Terrace), racked
with pain
I trumpeted for tea.

This was a month ago, and time
does fly;
Therefore I've penned these verses
of regret,
Hoping that, if they chance to catch
her eye,
They may explain to Mrs. Thompson
why
I have not called there yet.

EVON.



THE SITTERS.

LOADING FOWL. "STICK TO IT, ALL! ONLY ONE WEEK MORE!"



SOME MORE HOPEFUL "CONFERENCES." No. 71.—MISTRESS AND MAID.

WE FEEL CONFIDENT THAT THE NATURAL ENEMIES DEPICTED ABOVE MIGHT ALSO FIND MUCH COMMON GROUND, AND ARRIVE AT A SETTLEMENT OF MANY OUTSTANDING QUESTIONS. (WHETHER THE "FOLLOWERS" OF ANY OF THE "PARTIES" CONCERNED WOULD BE SATISFIED IS ANOTHER MATTER.)

OUR PRIZE NOVEL IN TABLOID.

MESSRS. Boomer & Boomer have pleasure in presenting a tabloid version of their £125 Prize Mystery Novel, by Mr. "Guy Cliffe-Warwick," a young author hitherto unknown to fame. It will be observed by the extracts from reviews which they quote that no author of recent years has received a heartier welcome from the Press. When their representative called on Mr. Cliffe-Warwick at his combined room near Battersea Park, to inform him of the result of the competition, the young novelist expressed himself with the engaging terseness that seems to be the peculiar attribute of great men. "This is a bit of all right," he said, "for I was just on my uppers. Please don't cross the cheque." We predict a triumphant career for the latest comer in successful fiction.

RED PAINT.

A Mystery Novel by Guy Cliffe-Warwick.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

The Light in the Studio.

Hermia Hemstitch passed quickly out of Hampstead Town Hall, and without a moment's hesitation directed her steps towards Froggnal Gardens. Her home did not lie there, but to-night she was mad—mad! The blood burned in her veins. She was sick of the subscription dance, sick of the young clerks in made-up ties who asked her if she rinked. She thought nothing of the youth to whom she had promised the fourth extra. Pah! "The style is brisk and exhilarating." —*Daily Telegraph.*

Turning into Froggnal Gardens, she stopped. A mischievous gleam came into her eyes. Was not that the studio of Dedrick Deuber, the youthful R.A.?

There was a light in it. Ah! Running swiftly down the gravel path, she knocked at the door. A rattle of bolts and chains, and it was opened by Dedrick himself, a fair-haired giant of twenty-one, if as much. Squarely built, he still found time to play three-quarter-back for the Corinthians—a man indeed! ("Full of grip and go."—*The Gentlewoman.*)

"Oh, if you please," said Hermia, dropping a coy, courtsey, "I'm the new model." And without waiting for a reply she brushed past him and entered the studio.

For a moment the athlete-artist stood amazed. Then a happy smile crept up from under his golden moustache.

"This is it!" he said. "The face I have been waiting for for years. Little star," and he gazed up into the blue dome of the heavens, "I thank

thee." ("If there is one person we like more than his heroine, it is his hero."—*Newcastle Chronicle*.)

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"Who steals my purse steals trash."

Coming back from the subscription ball at 2 p.m., Mrs. Cateye-Smith, with the Misses Cateye-Smith, those plain and elderly virgins, were passing through Frogna! Gardens when Letitia Cateye-Smith grasped her mother's tulle sleeve. "Mother!" she gasped. "My dear—how you frightened me!" "Look!"

All three looked. There, coming along the gravel path of Dedrick Dauber's residence, was a well-known figure—that of Hermia Hemstitch, the girl all the men were mad about. They held their breath. Hermia, on reaching the pavement, picked up her skirts and ran. She had not seen them. The three ladies looked at each other. Oh, what a scandal for Hampstead! Chuckling with glee, they hurried home. ("The frailties of human nature are laid bare on his canvas with an unsparing brush."—*Church Times*.)

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

By whose hand?

We must return to the hour of 1.30 A.M. P.C. Bigboots ("His work is punctuated with a delicate and lively wit"—*Daily Chronicle*), passing through Frogna! Gardens on his nightly rounds, suddenly stopped, and, stooping down, shone the light of his bull's-eye lantern upon a form that lay still and mute on the pavement in a pool of blood. It was that of a portly, well-gentleman of fifty.

"Murder!" muttered P.C. Bigboots. By the corpse lay a handkerchief. He examined it, bore the name of "Dauber." "Now," said P.C. Bigboots, "what would 'Olmes do?" He considered. "Say nothing." He put the handkerchief in his pocket, blew his whistle, and with the help of two other constables conveyed the body to the mortuary. Still saying nothing, P.C. Bigboots retired to rest. After a day or two he began to have misgivings about his silence. London was in a fever about the murder. Who could have done it? At length, slowly, almost reluctantly, P.C. Bigboots produced the incriminating handkerchief—and was promptly dismissed from the Force.

Too late, they went to find Dauber. He had vanished, and a large To Let board leaned drunkenly over his garden railings. But Hermia had been seen, and late that night two heavily-built men called at her residence and enclosed her wrists in bracelets of the kind that harbour no jewels and rarely find their way to Attenborough's. ("Abounds in picturesque touches."—*Standard*.)

CHAPTER THE LAST.

The Verdict.

The Old Bailey was crowded to re-

ting part of the evidence: Why did Hermia Hemstitch visit Dedrick Dauber at midnight? We have heard that she was seen to leave his studio at two in the morning. What was she doing there? Gentlemen, I will now dismiss you to consider your verdict."

But at that moment a shout rang through the court. "Hear me. I will be heard!" Stalwart policemen, boxers most of them, fell back like corn before the sickle, and a strange figure burst on the vision of judge, jury and spectators. "Hear me, my lord! I am Dedrick Dauber!" ("A graphic story."—*Wexford Examiner*.)

Dauber! A thrill ran through the court. Dauber!

White as death, unkempt, and with bloodshot eyes, the young artist was assisted into the witness-box. "Now," said the judge, "what have you to say, Mr. Dauber?"

"I will tell you." He pulled at his collar. "Tell you." He gazed round the court. His eyes met Hermia's. "Remember my reputation," hers seemed to say. ("You must read this book, dear."—"Madge" in *Truth*.)

"My lord, I had been working late, finishing one of my Academy pictures, when there came a knock at my studio door. I opened it. There stood Miss Hemstitch. ("Thrills you."—*Southport Visitor*.) "Come!" she cried. "Something has happened!" I followed her. On the pavement without lay the body of a man, bleeding and insensible. "Stanch the blood," I said to Miss Hemstitch, handing her my handkerchief, "and wait here," and I ran up the road to fetch a doctor. Hardly had I turned the corner when I was seized, bound, drugged, and placed in a motor-car by three masked men. ("We found it impossible to put the book down until we had turned the last page."—*Leeds Mercury*.) When I came to myself I was in a small room, lit only by a barred skylight; and there, my lord, I have been until to-day, when I managed to escape by breaking the bars."

"Who could have been guilty of this gross outrage on an unoffending man?" exclaimed the judge.

"That," said Dauber, with emotion, "may be shown anon. A successful man always has enemies."

"True, true," said the judge; "have some more." (Laughter.)

"As for Miss Hemstitch," said



ABLE AND WILLING.

It! pletion. ("He has a masterly grip of the English language."—*British Weekly*.) The atmosphere of that ancient fane can generally be cut with a knife, but now it was more so. ("His simple diction delights us."—*The Rock*.) Heavy, sulphurous clouds hung in yellow masses overhead. The air was stifling.

In the dock, pale but composed, sat Hermia Hemstitch. ("I love, oh, I love, how I love the girl!"—JAMES DOUGLAS in *The Star*.) The judge was just concluding his summing-up.

"And now, gentlemen," he said, glancing at the jury, "we come to what seems to be the most incrimina-



A TRUE FRIEND.

Hostess. "I'M SO SORRY TO HEAR THAT YOU AND GLADYS HAVE QUARRELLED."
Her Dearest Friend. "YES, DARLING, AND IT'S ALL ABOUT YOU. SHE SAID THAT YOU WERE MEAN AND UNTRUTHFUL; THAT YOU FLIRTED OUTRAGEOUSLY WITH JACK RAKES; BUT, WHEN SHE SAID THAT YOU HAD YOUR CLOTHES MADE BY A SMALL LOCAL DRESSMAKER, WELL! I REALLY COULDN'T STAND THAT!"

Dauber, "she, of course, terrified by my non-return, must have retreated into the studio, leaving my handkerchief behind her. After the body had been found and removed by the constable—I have read an account of the case in this morning's paper—she, I take it, emerged from the studio and hurried home, and it was then that she must have been observed. . . ."
 ("Worthy to rank with Gaboriau himself."—*Publishers' Circular.*)

"Thank you, Mr. Dauber, that will do," said the judge.

As Dedrick stepped out of the witness-box he glanced at Hermia. Her slow smile assured him that he had done well.

"My lord," said the foreman of the jury, who did not trouble to leave the box, "we find the prisoner NOT GUILTY."

"A very proper verdict," said the judge. ("Has evidently made a close study of our elaborate legal system."—*The Dundee News-Letter.*)

EPILOGUE.

Three weeks later Dedrick and Hermia were seated at dinner at the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover. The lights shone softly; the wine gleamed golden. Dedrick lifted his glass of liqueur to his lips.

"A toast," he said.

She smiled at him ravishingly.

"To the corpse that brought us together." ("Cliffe-Warwick is a nut."—*Lotinga's Weekly.*)

THE END.

The Simple Life in Germany.

From the Tariff of a Hamburg hotel:—

"Tea or Coffee with breath and butter, M. 1.50."

This must be the waiter's breath down your neck.

Municipal Candour.

"The Board trusted that in view of the fact that all the sewage has to be pumped at considerable cost, every effort will be made to discover and make good leaky sewers or joints wherever it is possible to do so."

No. 14 Berks Herald.

From the "etiquette" column of *The*

'EMBARRASSED.—It was a foolish thing to have done. You should have quietly transferred it from your mouth to your spoon and placed it upon the edge of your plate without attracting notice. To have left the table would have been very disconcerting to your host and hostess, and have given rise to the impression that you were suddenly taken ill."

What was it—a black-beetle in the soup?

"In Norway . . . ? widowers must not remarry until six months after the deaths of their widows."—*The Colonist* (N.O.).

They have very arbitrary laws in Norway.

"Wanted to purchase, second hand skeletons (male); good condition; price, particulars, and where seen."—*The Glasgow Herald.*

No first-hand or living skeletons need apply.

THE REALLY SUCCESSFUL WITS.

I.

SCENE—A Court of Law.

Counsel. My lord, I appear for the plaintiffs, who contend that the defendant firm has infringed their copyright.

The Judge. A case of copy-wrong (laughter).

Counsel. So I hope to show, if your lordship will permit me. To continue, the plaintiff firm acquired, in 1908, the sole right in the music for a play entitled *The Red Lobster*. This, as you probably are aware, was a great success.

The Judge. It always gives me indigestion (laughter).

Counsel. Among the musical numbers was a waltz air.

The Judge. Ah, you should take this case to the Appeal Court. That's where they reverse (laughter).

Counsel. A few weeks after the plaintiffs had issued this, under the title *The Red Lobster Waltz*, the defendants published a waltz, under the title *L'Homard Rouge*—

The Judge. Is there an interpreter in court? (laughter)—

Counsel. Which, I need hardly inform your lordship, means the same thing.

The Judge. Yes, but in French. They took French leave, in fact (laughter).

Counsel. And not only was the title the same, but the music also. If your lordship will examine the copies of the two waltzes which I have here, you will see . . .

The Judge. Help! (Laughter.) What are these little dots?

Counsel. Those are notes, my lord.

The Judge. They're not like my notes (laughter). And what are these lines?

Counsel. Those are bars, my lord.

The Judge. Ah! (laughter) and what is this mark?

Counsel. That is a rest, my lord.

The Judge. A rest in a bar. (Laughter.) A very pleasant thing too (more laughter). By no means confined to musicians (loud laughter).

[And so on.]

II.

SCENE—A Class Room.

The Schoolmaster. Now then, Peters, in what year did the Wars of the Roses begin?

Peters. In 13—

The Schoolmaster. Yes, yes.

Peters. In 13—

The Schoolmaster. It seems to be an unlucky number (laughter). Peters is not Panning out very well (laughter). You, Lucas. Look as quick as you can. (Laughter.)

Lucas. 1448.

The Schoolmaster. Better. In whose reign was it, Tate?

Tate. Henry the Fifth.

The Schoolmaster. I must have a tête-à-tête with you about this. (Laughter.) In whose reign? Think again.

Tate. Henry the Sixth.

The Schoolmaster. In whose reign? Say Henry the Seventh. (Laughter.)

Tate. Henry the Seventh.

The Schoolmaster. No. As it happens you were right the time before. You overshot the mark, and I must now give you a bad one. (Polite laughter.)

[And so on.]

III.

SCENE—A Music Hall.

Low Comedian. Men, and other men's wives what they have brought with them—(laughter)—listen to this! Before I married I thought I could eat my wife. (Laughter.) I wish now I had. (Roars of laughter.) When I got home at three a.m. this morning my old woman met me at the door. "How dare you walk home at this time," she said. "I daren't," I said, "I was carried." (Laughter.) Girls—(screams)—girls, I say, listen to this. I met a man yesterday who said, "I see your wife's back from Brighton." I said, "Yes, she will wear such low necks." (Renewed screams.)

[And so on.]

A FISH OUT OF WATER.

[N.B.—This may be taken either as a joke or, if that fails, as an allegory, to be applied to any English system of education, according to the taste of the reader.]

I CAUGHT a herring long ago,
And kept him in some H₂O ;

I strained his water every day,
Till all the salt was strained away ;

And so I taught the little chap
To live in water from the tap.

Robbed of his customary brine
He had to face a fresh design.

Each afternoon I took about
A thimbleful of water out,

Till—though his needs were always
small—

He got along with none at all.

Gentle of heart and soft of roe,
He followed where I chose to go.

One day he took a walk with me
Upon the pier at Brightonsea ;

Alack ! he made a reckless bound,
Slipped through a grating and was
drowned.

Commercial Candour.

"The Years come and go, but our watches do not go."—*Advt. of a Bombay Firm.*

"DIZZY."

"GENTLEMEN, if there be anything on which I pique myself it is my consistency."

Thus young DISRAELI opened his address to the electors of Taunton, coming out in Tory colours, having thrice essayed to win his way to the House of Commons as a Radical. The assertion is delightfully Disraelian in its audacity. Any other man in similar circumstances would have evaded the topic. Dizzy seized it by the neck, dragged it into the very front of the fray, and of what his adversaries trumpeted as his chief delinquency made his especial merit.

In the *Life of Disraeli* (JOHN MURRAY), Mr. MONTPENNY rescues from contemporary record a vivid picture of the Candidate. "His face was lividly pale, and from beneath two finely arched eyebrows blazed a pair of intensely black eyes. His physiognomy was strictly Jewish. Over a broad high forehead were ringlets of coal-black glossy hair, which, combed away from his right temple, fell in luxuriant clusters or bunches over his left cheek and ear, which it entirely concealed from view. He was very showily attired in a dark bottle-green frock-coat, a waistcoat of a most extravagant pattern, the front almost covered with glittering chains, and in fancy-pattern pantaloons."

Such was the wondrous boy who descended upon London society and political life in the third decade of the nineteenth century, and, unaided by family connection, unendowed with wealth, handicapped by alien birth, won his way to the inner circle of one and the premier place in the ranks of the other. Dealing with this epoch of his hero's life, Mr. MONTPENNY has not much in the way of new or exclusive information to proffer. With the exception of quotations from a diary fitfully kept, he is chiefly dependent upon material long ago given to the public. But by skilful arrangement he presents a picture of DISRAELI in the extravagance of his youth, the budding power of his manhood, that goes far beyond anything hitherto accessible. Better than the diary are the young man's letters to his father and sister, in which, confident of his audience, he prattled about his conquests with endearing frankness.

When, on their publication, I read these, I wondered whether it were possible that with his waistcoats, his chains, his curls and his cane, DIZZY did really make the favourable impression upon acquaintances and onlookers, he taught his fond sister to believe. At



POPULAR SAYINGS ILLUSTRATED.—II.

"THOSE WHO DANCE MUST PAY THE PIPER."

Malta, for example, whither he went, after bringing garrison society at Gibraltar to his feet, he writes to his father, "They [certain officers] have been long expecting your worship's offspring and have gained great fame in repeating his third-rate stories at second-hand. We [himself and CLAY, a fellow passenger] are both equally popular." He tells an inane story of how, a racket-ball falling at his feet as he watched the game, he picked it up, and, "observing a young rifleman excessively stiff, humbly requested him to forward its passing into the court as I really had never thrown a ball in my life." "This incident," he adds, "has been the general subject of conversation at all the messes to-day."

What they really said may be guessed from an extract from Sir WILLIAM GREGORY's autobiography quoted by Mr. MONYPENNY. "He made himself so hateful to the officers' mess that while they welcomed CLAY they ceased to invite that damned bumptious Jew boy."

Sister "Sa" and the fond parent never heard of this particular incident

in the triumphal progress to Constantinople, where the young Sybarite 'courted the air in a carved caique by shores which are a perpetual scene, finding no exertion greater than a canter on a barb."

This is the puppet Dizzy, a disguise deliberately assumed in deference to the observation that "affectation tells even better than wit." Beneath the oiled and curled mask this book enables us to see at work the real DISRAELI, conscious of genius, consumed by ambition, ever labouring to achieve an end determined upon whilst still a stripling. "What do you want?" asked a powerful friend interested in his personality, ready to assist him with some small patronage. "I want to be Prime Minister," said the youth. Prostrated by illness, overwhelmed with debt, fearing to go out to dinner lest he might be "nabbed" by sheriff's officers, he kept this goal ever in view, and in time—a long time—won it.

Mr. MONYPENNY's narrative does not bring DISRAELI into the House of Commons. It leaves him standing on the threshold, just returned for Maidstone.

The prelude to the story presented by this masterly volume succeeds in investing with fresh interest the most fascinating figure in the political life of the nineteenth century.

Tony, M.P.

The Dickens.

"Dante is not a byword, but the name of a great Italian religious poet." Answer to Correspondent in "The Weekly Dispatch." So the instruction of the masses goes on.

"He must have felt rather like the unfortunate victim of a similar demonstration of affection in 'The Walrus and the Carpenter';—

Perhaps it was right to dismember your love,
But—why did you kick me downstair?"
Carlisle Journal.

Which, if you remember, was what the youngest oyster said.

"Lambert converted the second try with a fine kick. In the meanwhile J. G. M. Little had put the finishing touch to some good play on the part of the Cambridge right wing by scoring a try in a good position."—*The Times*. They should certainly have waited for LAMBERT to get finished at the other end; he might have saved the try.



IMPROBABLE SCENES.—VI.

AN ACTOR-MANAGER TAKING AN UNIMPORTANT RÔLE.

[The Actor-Manager is marked with a x]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Finer Grain (METHUEN) is a volume for which I have been, these many years, hoping against hope—a volume of new short stories by Mr. HENRY JAMES. If the bare announcement of this fact is not of itself enough to send you flying hot-footed to the booksellers, I will add that the stories (there are five of them) are every one entirely worthy of the JAMES of the best period. Personally, out of the five, I should select, as having given me most pleasure, *The Velvet Glove* and *A Round of Visits* (hark to the very sound of them! Have they not, these titles, the true Jacobean ring?) Of course no one will expect the contents of the book to be “stories” at all, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, though in at least one of them something, disconcertingly, does happen; the adventures they recount are always rather of the mind than the body. The meaning, indeed, of *The Finer Grain* is explained by the author himself, in a phrase that gives the clue to the whole, as implying “a peculiar accessibility to surprise, to curiosity, to mystification, or attraction,” in short, and comprehensively, the precise HENRY JAMES attitude towards life. It is exactly this which gives the book its own delicate and subtle charm; which, moreover, makes detailed criticism of it a blundering and impossible thing. I can only record the rare pleasure that it has given me; and my congratulations to author and public.

When Fiction conceives a little kingdom of its own, it is not infrequently carried away by its conceit. Credit is

therefore due to Mr. J. C. SNAITH for having created a monarchy and yet, in dealing with the royal personages of his imagination, maintained an excellent sense of proportion and the ridiculous. In “Illyria” there were three strong wills, which clashed. There was the king, who was for monarchy in general and the enthronement of his daughter in particular. There was the daughter, who agreed with the abstract principle but opposed the concrete instance. There was the people, who demanded a republic. But there is more here than the alarms and excursions of a smaller European state, so familiar in latter-day novels as almost to be wearisome. The trouble begins when the Princess, morganatically married to the English commoner of her choice, rides *incognito* over English hounds and resents with imperial completeness the chastisement of the M.F.H. Of the domestic upheaval among the followers of that pack and the international complications caused by “Illyrian” developments, you can have no idea unless you read *Mrs. Fitz* (SMITH, ELDER). You will be well advised in resorting to that authority. It is not denied that the book has its faults of detail, but, if it is faults you are after, you must find them for yourself. By the time you have finished your search you will discover only that you have forgotten the object of it.

Get On or Get Out.

“For the first seven years of Porfirio's life he went to the village school, but he felt he wasn't learning enough, so, with wonderful force of character, he set about earning small sums, which he set aside to enable him to get a better education.”—*Howe Ch. II.*

We picture to ourselves PORFIRIO at six, simply spoiling to get on with his Differential Calculus.

CHARIVARIA.

"TERRITORIALS," said a contemporary in its account of the Lord Mayor's Show, "displaced the military element this year." And yet people wonder at the unpopularity of our voluntary system.

Nowhere did the news of Mr. ROOSEVELT's defeat cause more lively satisfaction than in Africa among the relatives of the animals killed on his recent expedition.

In New York, we are told, the prevalent comment on Mr. DUEXEL's action in making a stand for sportsmanlike behaviour at the recent aviation meeting is that "he has lived so long abroad that he can no longer be considered an American." We should not have dared to say this.

The French submarine *Germinal* last week cut a fishing boat in two. There were fourteen men aboard the fishing boat, but they were fortunately saved. The *Germinal*, we are informed, has now been placed in the dock—and will presumably be charged with attempted murder.

Two thousand carp and other fish have been transferred from the Falmer Pond, near Brighton, to the Brighton Aquarium. They are said to be delighted at the chance of seeing the many strange and amusing objects that may be observed through a tank window.

It is pointed out that, if the war of extermination which has been declared against the rats should prove successful, hundreds of dogs who at present earn their living by catching these rodents will be thrown on the rates.

The culinary art seems to receive more attention every day. Who would have foretold a few years ago that there would be a Chair of Restauration at one of our ancient Universities? Yet *The Liverpool Daily Post* informs us that Mr. J. B. BURY, M.A., has been appointed "Romanos Lecturer" for 1911.

MR. LEONARD STOKES, in his presidential address to the members of the Royal Institute of British Architects, complained that "very little encouragement is given to those who have to provide old masterpieces for future generations." Thus, RICHARD COCKLE LUCAS, who wrought the Leonardo bust, did not become famous until after his death.



Father Moriarty. "GLORY BE TO GOODNESS, SHE'S DOLTED! SURE WE'LL BE IN THE RIVER IN A JIFFEY!"
Pat O'Hagen. "DEED AN' WE WILL, YOUR RIVERENCE. AN' 'TIS A BALE OF THE BLESSED! HARNESS WILL TAKE IN THE MORNIN'."

It is not often, we should say, that the chronicling of an item of news makes Reuter tremble with emotion. *The Globe*, however, published the following telegram: "Mr. WILLOWS has landed safely at Douai—REuter."

"Major J. N. O. KENNEDY," *The Express* tells us, "lectured on the perils of flying at the Royal Societies Club." One can well believe that the available space at that excellent institution would be found too restricted.

Says an advertisement:—"The Judgement Day" will be Pastor Russell's topic next Sunday evening. Hundreds of opinions have been offered by religionists upon this subject, as evidenced by the clashing creeds." To mention but one difference of opinion, there is the spelling of that word "Judgement."

We hear that since it was decided that, as part of the London memorial, £20,000 be spent on a statue of King EDWARD, the committee has been inundated with offers from stone-masons and others undertaking to do the work at half the price. One German firm, it is said, even offers to throw in a statue of WILHELM without extra charge.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE THICKEST.

[MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, in a recent speech at Brighton, has been recalling the early days when politicians were in the habit of going for one another with a lethal weapon.]

O GOLDEN times long gathered to the grave,
When for your wild gamo there was no close season,
When, if you differed from another knave,
You never had recourse to rhyme or reason;
You simply took a large and hefty axe
And felled him in his tracks.

You used no arguments obscure and dull,
Made no attempt to clear his mental vision,
But got your point of view inside his skull
By processes of surgical incision;
You did not wait to bandy logic, but
Just nicked him on the nut.

Our politicians, those degenerate days,
Have buried deep the bloodier kind of hatchet,
But at a pinch they still contrive to raise
Weapons of moral suaveness to match it:—
Slander and slush, abuse and gutter-pics,
And posters stiff with lies.

I find the old way better; here at least
You were not asked to eat your allegations;
You had no further trouble with deceased,
No after-crop of loud recriminations;
For, where you dropped him, there a corpse lay he,
Making no reparations.

And if, through something faulty in the blow,
By inadvertence he survived your battery,
He brought no claim for damages, oh no!
But, keeping proudly silent on the matter, ho
Just bode his hour to pay you back in kind—
Probably from behind.

And so the thing went on, from clout to clout.
Till one (or both) of you was dead as mutton;
This cleared the slate, and no one fussed about
An episode the lid of earth had shut on.
(There is a good deal to be said for blood
In place of ink and mud).

To-day our champions play a softer game;
Each on his own they grind their little axes,
But not for carving skulls; yet all the same
Seldom we see that Nature's hand relaxes
That law on which primeval races thrive:—
The thickest heads survive!

O. S.

THE LITERARY MILLENNIUM.

[Notes of a speech recently delivered by the Rev. Sir Nicholson Roberts at a dinner of the Inklings' Club.]

WHEN I look back on the quarter of a century which has elapsed since I took up my abode in the Mecca of pen-people, I cannot help marveling at the gigantic amelioration of the world of journalism and letters. When I arrived in London Mr. Harrison was still at Winchester, Sir William de Quiller had not yet arrived, and journalists with ideas were as rare as black swans. Now they are as plentiful as blackberries. Again, the attitude of the publisher towards the author was patronising and supercilious, not to say suspicious. Aspiring talent was snubbed or sniffed at, and masterpieces went a-begging in Paternoster Row. Now the chief anxiety of every publisher who can tell chalk from cheese is to secure

an author of power and *verve*. In fact, it is impossible for genius to be neglected nowadays. For this salutary revolution we are first and foremost indebted to the appearance of the literary agents. It is the fashion in some quarters to belittle this class as destroying the old personal relations that existed between authors and publishers. I cannot subscribe to this view. There may be untrustworthy agents, but I have never met them. On the contrary, all whom I am acquainted with show a liberality that is only equalled by their *flair*. My friend Mr. Huxter, for example, is a scholar and a gentleman in the highest sense of the word, and to be entertained by him at his club, to be taken for a drive in his motor, or to walk arm-in-arm with him down Fleet Street is an honour that might well make any man proud.

Again, take the case of the magazines. In the middle "eighties" the magazine world was in a depressed and declining condition. The old-established monthlies were still unemancipated from the thralldom of seriousness, and were steadily sagging in sale. Editors and proprietors still stubbornly refused to give their readers what they wanted. There was hardly any condescension to the public taste, and an extravagant deference was paid to the demands of a leisurely and fastidious culture. The cry of the democracy was unheeded, opportunism was scouted and the camera tabooed. Thank Heaven, we have changed all that. Now no self-respecting magazine-proprietor would dare to publish a periodical without a picture on every page. But, even so, our magazines hardly keep pace with the requirements of the masses. I cannot resist the conclusion that before very long the progress of applied science will enable copies of magazines to be supplied in the form of gramophone records and cinematographic films, so that the best thought and art of the hour will be brought in a dramatic and audible form within the reach of every household.

I must close these rambling remarks with a reiterated declaration of my unshaken optimism. When I came up to London from Drumnadrochit, authors were "sair hadden doon." Now I know at least twenty-five novelists who possess motor cars. Could more conclusive evidence be desired of the onward and upward trend of this influential class? But their motoring and golfing is not an end in itself, as in the case of the idle rich. They resort to these pastimes simply as a tonic to recharge the exhausted cells of their tooming and beneficent brains. The output of novels most of them superb works of genius, now runs into thousands every year, and this quantity immensely tends to better the relations between authors and critics. Criticism is beggared by this stupendous fertility and is now swallowed up in unstinted eulogy. Authors not only want but deserve praise—alike by their ability, their industry and their uniformly high character. Mutual admiration has become an agreeable necessity. Bludger's occupation is gone, and our best reviewers are those who least often deviate from an attitude of unconquerable affability.

"The return of Henry III. and his army from the Battle of Agincourt" was one of the scenes in the Lord Mayor's show, says *The Manchester Evening Chronicle*, and endeavours to hush up the meeting of Wolfe and BÜCHER at Malplaquet.

From the Mayor's "open letter to every householder in Weymouth":—

"King George V. will (after 105 years) be glad to hear news from Weymouth, the result of his relative's visit, Princess Henry of Battenburg. Why is she coming to Weymouth? You might well ask."

It is a long time to have to wait for news from Weymouth—even if it is as doubtful a place as the last sentence hints.



DISHED!

JOHN BULL. "AND MAY I ASK HOW YOU ARRIVED AT THIS RESULT?"

CHEF ASQUITH (*with dignity*). "I AM NOT AT LIBERTY, SIR, TO DISCLOSE THE INGREDIENTS."



Miss Servant. "WHAT NAME, SIR?"
Smiffkins (his first experience of a reception). "OH, MY NAME'S SMIFFKINS. LET'S SEE, WHERE HAVE I MET YOU BEFORE?"

THE EPICURE.

MAGNIFICENTLY attired, I turned into the Fashionable Restaurant. I did not put on any side. I strolled in casually. Some of the best people looked at me through eyeglasses and lorgnettes and things.

I selected a table.

Several waiters hovered round with illuminated documents.

I glanced over the *table d'hôte* menu and raised my eyebrows in mild contempt.

"I will order *à la carte*," I said.

I made a careful selection while the band played soft music.

A frightfully pretty girl at a table near by fell in love with me and refused a second helping of something.

I sent a message to the orchestra telling them to play Puccini for a bit.

My lunch was fastidiously chosen.

Silver fish from the Southern seas.

A dish of eggs and mayonnaise and tomatoes arranged like a Turner sunset.

A salad of the rarest vegetables.

I deigned to have a good appetite.

I ate everything from the dishes laid before me.

At length I lit a cigarette, sent my compliments to the chef and paid my bill.

Copy of the bill:

Couvert 3d.
Hors d'œuvres variés . . . 6d.

9d.

THE SWITCHING HOUR.

THE Introspective Man tied his pyjama-strings briskly and got cheerily into bed. He lurched right and left, gathering the blankets in comfortable tucks about him and cutting off all access for air about his neck. He gazed blissfully at the ceiling for three seconds, then squinted down his nose and prepared to sleep.

At this point he became aware that something was wrong. First it was but a whisper of uneasiness and he looked to make sure that he had eliminated the tickle-tassels of the quilt. He had eliminated them. With growing perturbation he felt his legs to see whether his trousers intervened between his pyjamas and his skin. No; he had taken them off all right. Then he inquired blankly, "What is

it?" It was overwhelmingly certain that something was wrong, something intangible. Was there a ghost in the room? A large ghost?

His scalp began to prickles. He stared round the room and in its absolute usualness found some awful terror. In the course of the next minute this did not pass away, but became more and more oppressive, twice his flesh, in places where it was not fortified by bones, quaked horribly. One thing stood appallingly clear—that for some reason sleep was out of the question, could not be thought of.

Another five minutes of horror ensued. Then with a savage growl the Introspective Man rolled out of bed and switched off the light.

Mumour in High Places.

'No one will ever cure Alderman Price Lewis of his love of a good joke. A merry jest for which he was responsible yesterday was much enjoyed. A colleague on the Aldermanic bench had mentioned that the doctor had 'stepped into the breach and played the organ at St. Peter's Church.' "Well," said Alderman Price Lewis, "I once acted as substitute for the organ-blower at St. James's Church!"

Wolverhampton Express.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE CONFERENCE.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE:—Somebody will have to make this up, so it may as well be me.]

THE first meeting of the Conference was held upon June 17th, and June 17th was a Friday. If the eight could have managed to wait till Saturday, the superstitious will say, the results might have been different.

As soon as they had all assembled in the PRIME MINISTER'S room, seated themselves, and tried the pens provided for them, Mr. ASQUITH rose.

"Gentlemen," he began—

"One moment," said CAW-
DOR; "I've got a crossed
nib."

He was provided with a new one, and the Conference went on.

"Well, gentlemen," said ASQUITH, "you know what we're here for. It is for the purpose of coming to some agreement upon the Constitutional Question. Perhaps it would simplify matters if I restated my own position. I said these words last November: 'We shall not assume office, neither shall we hold office.'"
He paused and looked suspiciously across the table. "Did you say anything, BALFOUR?"

"No. Did you, LANS-
DOWNE?"

"No," said LANS-
DOWNE, and he turned inquiringly to AUSTEN.

"I thought I heard some-
body yawn," said ASQUITH.

LLOYD GEORGE blushed and interrupted hastily.

"Can't we put it like this?" he asked. "'The Veto of the House of Lords must go.' That's our position."

"That, though expressed with unnecessary abruptness, is, in fact, our case," agreed ASQUITH. "Perhaps it would help us to some agreement if we were now to hear your side of the matter."

"The Veto must go," wrote CAW-
DOR on the foolscap in front of him.

BALFOUR uncoiled his legs from the back of his chair and spoke languidly.

"The Veto," he said, "must remain."

"Ah!" said ASQUITH. "Then that, apparently, is where we differ."

"Quite so," said AUSTEN.

"The Veto must remain," wrote CAW-
DOR carefully with his head on one

side, and asked for the blotting-
paper.

There was a long silence.

"Well?" said ASQUITH at last.

BALFOUR looked at his watch.

"I believe I can do it," he said.

"Have you an A.B.C.? Thanks. Now then, where are we—Walton——"

"You're not going?"

"Why, isn't the Conference over? What else is there to discuss?"

"It's only just begun."

"Yes, but we've done all we can. We've found out that we don't agree."

necessity for a truce. Well, the truce will only last as long as the Conference sits; so, you see, we must simply sit for a month or two."

BALFOUR looked thoughtfully at him and then returned to his seat. "True," he said; and, taking a little book out of his pocket, he began to read.

The meetings after that went on regularly. Sometimes they would bring down novels with them; some-
times they would chat and read the newspapers; more often they would

—make two tables of bridge, playing for tenpence or a shilling a hundred.

"It's rather lucky, AS-
QUITH," said BALFOUR on one of these occasions, "that you hit upon eight as a suit-
able number for a Confer-
ence."

"Well," said ASQUITH thoughtlessly, "it was with some such idea—h'r'r'r'm, I go no trumps."

But one day, when BIR-
RELL had revoked twice, even bridge began to pall upon the LEADER OF THE OPPO-
SITION. He rolled a golf-ball on to the floor and took up his umbrella.

"Come on," he said to LLOYD GEORGE, "I'll play you round the room."

"Right," said GEORGE, and they arranged a few greens.

"Well," said CREWE, at the end of July, "you might make your announcement now. The country has had two months quiet."

"Hear, hear," said LLOYD-
GEORGE, who had done the coal-scuttle in five and the ink-pot in nineteen, and held the record for the course.

"No, no, no," said BAL-
FOUR. "Let's adjourn by all

means, but we must meet again in October." He had ordered a new loft-
ing umbrella, which would not be ready for a month, and felt certain that with this he could wrest the championship from its holder.

"Just as you like," said ASQUITH. He was bunkered in the fender at moment, and spoke rather testily.

The Conference was adjourned.

As finally arranged after the Recent the course consisted of the full eighteen holes: namely, seven silk hats (for AUSTEN refused to lend his), two pairs



"COME, DORIS. IT IS TIME FOR YOU AND DOLLY TO GO

DORIS. "WHAT'S THE USE? DOLLY'S SO TIRED SHE CAN'T SLEEP, AND I'VE GOT A TOUCH OF INSOMNIA."

"Well, we knew that before."

"Perhaps; but I wasn't quite sure if you were serious about it. One sometimes says things in speeches which—well, we all know that." He got up and went across to LANS-
DOWNE. "Apparently we feel more deeply about this. Are you coming my way, LANS-
DOWNE?"

There was a shuffling of chairs as the statesmen rose to go. Only ASQUITH remained seated—a look of perplexity on his face. Suddenly he spoke.

"Look here," he said, "we can't break up like this. However much we disagree, we agree on one thing. The



Striker. "THA KNOWS, BILL, IF WE DUNNA MIND, T'-MANTERS WILL BE T' BONES!"

of shoes (from CAWDOR and BIRRELL), one pair of detachable cuffs (from LANSDOWN), the coal-scuttle, and four inkpots. And in early November BALFOUR went round in 198, which is two under bogey, and won the Downing Vase.

"Well," he said, "what about stopping now?"

"Yes," said ASQUITH. "It's about time. I wonder what the papers will say."

"The reviews will be nastiest," said AUSTEN. "Let's make it nasty for them." "Let's make it nasty for *The Spectator*," agreed LLOYD GEORGE.

"How?"

"Why, by announcing the result on Thursday night. They go to press on Friday, and it will give them a lot of trouble if they have to alter the whole paper and write pompous leaders all over again at the last moment."

"Splendid," said everybody.

And so on Friday, November 11, the news was known.

A. A. M.

THE LOST THESIS.

["We, with our emancipated women and so forth, produce exceedingly little that can be called poetry."—*The Observer*.]

OUR grandpapas' charmers, where are they?

Afar they

Have fled down the years;
With old-fashioned May-days
And Valentine gay days,
They're gone—with the ringlets that
hid their shy ears—
Sweet Patience and Prudence,
Mild maidens once wooed—hence
These tears!

Dear days of the spinet and sampler,
And ampler

Excuse for a pen;
When Burns sang of whisky
Or fired off a frisky

Effusion to Flora, the flower of the glen,
Demure rustic Dryad;
Ye Heavens! if I had
Lived then!

My song had been clear as the merle's is,
That hurls his

Bright notes far and free;
And Miss Bread-and-Butter,
On hearing me utter

Some passionate lyric (declaimed on
one knee),
Had flushed and discombled,
Had fluttered and trembled—
Ah me!

Ah me, for these fair ones and fancies;
My Nancy's

A genuine dear,
But fonder of rattling
Than ballads and tatting;
And can she inspire her enslaved son-
neteer,
When flagging he'll follow
The flute of Apollo?
No fear!

The British Congregationalist speaks
of "9111 Bisteddof Adjudicators." We
should have thought eight would have
been sufficient.

THE VAGABOND.

It was deadly cold in Danbury town
 One terrible night in mid November,
 A night that the Danbury folk remember
 For the sleety wind that hammered them down,
 That chilled their faces and chapped their skin,
 And froze their fingers and bit their feet,
 And made them ice to the heart within,
 And spattered and scattered
 And shattered and battered
 Their shivering bodies about the street;
 And the fact is most of them didn't roam
 In the face of the storm, but stayed at home;
 While here and there a policeman, stamping
 To keep himself warm or sedately tramping
 Hither and thither, paced his beat;
 Or peered where out of the blizzard's welter
 Some wretched being had crept to shelter,
 And now, drenched through by the sleet, a muddled
 Blur of a man and his rags, lay huddled.

But one there was who didn't care,
 Whatever the furious storm might dare,
 A wonderful, hook-nosed bright-eyed fellow
 In a thin brown cape and a cap of yellow
 That perched on his dripping coal-black hair.
 A red scarf set off his throat and bound him,
 Crossing his breast, and, winding round him,
 Flapped at his flank
 In a red streak dank;

And his hose were red, with a purple sheen
 From his tunic's blue, and his shoes were green.
 He was most outlandishly patched together
 With ribbons of silk and tags of leather,
 And chains of silver and buttons of stone,
 And knobs of amber and polished bone,
 And a turquoise brooch and a collar of jade,
 And a belt and a pouch of rich brocade,
 And a gleaming dagger with inlaid blade
 And jewelled handle of burnished gold
 Rakishly stuck in the red scarf's fold—
 A dress, in short, that might suit a wizard

On a calm warm day
 In the month of May,
 But was hardly fit for an autumn blizzard.

Whence had he come there? Who could say,
 As he swung through Danbury town that day,
 With a friendly light in his deep-set eyes,
 And his free wild gait and his upright bearing,
 And his air that nothing could well surprise,
 So bright it was and so bold and daring?
 He might have troubled the slothful ease
 Of the Great Mogul in a warlike fever;
 He might have bled for the Maccabees,

Or risen, spurred
 By the Prophet's word,
 And swooped on the hosts of the unbeliever.

Whatever his birth and his nomenclature,
 Something he seemed to have, some knowledge
 That never was taught at school or college,
 But was part of his very being's nature:
 Some ingrained lore that wanderers show
 As over the earth they come and go,
 Though they hardly know what it is they know.

And so with his head upheld he walked,
 And ever the rain drove down;

And now and again to himself he talked
 In the streets of Danbury town.
 And now and again he'd stop and troll
 A stave of music that seemed to roll
 From the inmost depths of his ardent soul;
 But the wind took hold of the notes and tossed them
 And the few who chanced to be near him lost them.
 (To be concluded.)

CORN CON MOTO.

Who says that the English are an unmusical nation? He will be speedily confuted by a wonderful motor horn now on exhibition, which plays "*God Save the King*." It is further stated that the time may not be far distant when motorists will be able to amuse themselves by playing grand opera on their warning apparatus. That being so, a recognised code of melodies will have to be adopted for the regulation of wayfaring etiquette. We may perhaps offer a few suggestions.

At the moment of starting, the well-instructed chauffeur—now, of course, operatically re-named *calfattore* or *scudatore robusto*—will announce the fact by *Beckmesser's* recitative "*Inconinciam!*"

As he gathers speed, the way will be cleared with a *fortissimo* rendering—we beg pardon, rendition—of "*Batti, batti*" from *Don Giovanni*, or a *prestissimo* execution of *MARTINI's* "*Vadasi via di qua!*"

Should a collision unfortunately occur, a few bars of "*Ah, perdona!*" from *MOZART* will effectually mitigate the situation, before he applies first aid—or disappears round the corner.

Motorists who are confidentially inclined and disposed to inform the public as to their destination may easily rise to the occasion. "*Ai nostri monti ritorneremo*," for instance, will, of course, show that they are off for a bit of deer-stalking in the Highlands. Or the same easily recognisable air might usefully be employed to delude the police-trap when, after all, Brighton is really the objective.

In case of a break-down, nothing can be more appropriate than "*Non più andrai*" given out *maestoso* and *rallentando*. The quiet dignity and pathos of this well-known aria will go far to disarm the satire of the gaping crowd of villagers by the wayside.

If the motorists are in more serious trouble—say, in danger of being run away with over a precipice—the tactful driver will at once turn on "*Ah che la morte*," *molto agitato*, or, at any rate, to a different time from that with which he rendered "*Ai nostri monti*" a few moments before. Half the terrors of violent extinction will thus be musically diverted.

On arriving home safely, we have an excerpt ready to hand in "*Salve, dimora!*"

We commend these hints to Mr. LANDON RONALD, the newly-appointed Director of the Guildhall School of Music, as there is great scope here for a really useful, as well as artistic, application of leit-motifs and motetts. A properly trained student should easily be able to earn his three guineas a week out in the open air.

Dr. RICHTER, also, and Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM, or whoever handles Wagnerian opera in the future, should take note of this new musical development. For instance, the Ride of the Valkyries will only be adequately treated when the aerial *chauffeuses* utter their war-song on the horns of practicable Blériots, while the trumpets in the *Einführungsmarsch* in *Tannhäuser* will naturally be replaced by the now harmonious hooters, manipulated by correctly-uniformed joy-drivers of the Automobile Club. ZIGZAG.

MORE STATESMEN AT PLAY.

THE success of the political party on the mono-rail has led to a number of Ministerial excursions, all of them yielding both pleasure and wit.

On Thursday, for example, Mr. ASQUITH, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Mr. CHURCHILL, and a number of their friends visited the Coliseum to see Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS as *Richard III.* By a remarkable coincidence, just as they were entering the building a newsboy selling *The Evening Mail* went by. The PREMIER stopped to watch the portent, raising his hat as he did so.

Everyone was delighted with the galvanic SEYMOUR'S Shakspearean performance. "It goes well, doesn't it?" remarked Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. "So unlike your Budget."

"Yes," said the CHANCELLOR sadly; "but," he added, with one of his engaging twinkles, "people will soon have to Seymour of it than ever."

On the same day Mr. JOHN BURNS, Mr. RUNCIMAN, Mr. MASTERMAN, and a number of friends were at one of the leading cinematoscope theatres. Mr. BURNS chanced, on entering, to kick against something on the ground, and to his astonishment it was a copy of *The Daily Flail*. "Even the floor takes it in," he remarked in awestruck tones, as he removed his historic bowler.

The company were intensely delighted by the various pictures flashed on the screen, but it was something of a shock when the lights first went out. "Why," said Mr. RUNCIMAN, "we're in the dark."

"Yes," said one of the ladies, "as the country was for so long about the Conference."

Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON'S party to see GEORGE GRAY play billiards was a great success. Sir EDWARD GREY (who, it may not be generally known, is the marvellous boy's first cousin), Mr. BIRRELL and Mr. SAMUEL were among the guests. Just outside the hall the FOREIGN SECRETARY, chancing to look up, observed a trolley drawn by four horses and bearing a huge load of paper cylinders labelled, "Paper for *The Daily Furor*." "What enterprise!" he murmured, as he slowly removed his green Tyrolean headgear.

The accuracy of the youth's losing hazards provoked continual applause from the statesmen and their friends.

"He never misses," said one of the ladies to Mr. BIRRELL. "How different from you when you were at the Education Office."

"Alas, yes!" said Mr. BIRRELL. "He ought to be called Off-red the Great."



Clergyman (to applicant for marriage certificate). "HAVE YOU NO IDEA WHEN YOU WERE MARRIED?"

Applicant. "WELL, SIR, I CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY. I KNOW 'T WERE SNOWIN' AT THE TIME."

This sally bringing down the House, GRAY hit the object ball too thin and missed the pocket, thus giving his opponent his first look in for some days.

On Saturday afternoon a *recherche* party, consisting of Mr. "LULU" HARCOURT, Lord CREWE, the Master of ELIBANK and Lord BEECHAM, attended the *matinée* performance of *Elektra* at Covent Garden. Lord BEECHAM, who is a near relative of the famous conductor, sat in a guinea box, while the other members of the party were accommodated with seats in Form 4 of the stalls. The Ministers followed the score with rapt attention, the "slippery blood" motive making a painful impression on the COLONIAL SECRETARY. Cheerfulness, however, was restored by a brilliant sally from the Master of ELIBANK during the death scene of

Agisthus. "You ought to be enjoying yourself," he remarked to Lord MORLEY'S successor at the India Office. "Why?" rashly queried Lord ROSEBERRY'S gifted son-in-law. "Because this is such a thoroughly Crewel work," rejoined the Scottish statesman in an arch whisper, which convulsed the representative of *The Daily Terror*, who was sitting close by.

"Special Dance, 1s. 6d., . . . 1st of company . . . dress optional. . . . Buses pass door." *Daily Telegraph*.

Nevertheless we should have thought a few of our broad-minded London bus drivers might, in the name of common humanity, have been persuaded to stop at the door to pick up some of those who had taken advantage of the rule which made dress optional. The nights are very cold just now.



THE OPPORTUNIST.

CHEER UP!

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—The art of cheering is sadly dormant in this country. Not only have the grand old British "Hip!" and "Hurrah!" (three Hips to every Hurrah) fallen into desuetude, but our people do not know what to cheer. Could not our polytechnics and our elementary schools do something to give right instruction on the subject?

At the Lord Mayor's show last week I witnessed a lamentable display of vocal indifference. The gallant Yeomanry, ready to do or die, caused my heart to swell with emotion, but I listened in vain for an appreciative cheer. One of the crowd spoke, but only to urge the riders to hold on with both hands.

Similarly, when those brave fellows, our firemen, came by, the crowd was strangely silent. Again but one voice was heard, that of a youth who called "Go it, old Globe Polish!" Though there was a tone of encouragement in the voice, a rousing cheer would have been better.

I could not contain myself when the Boy Scouts swung into view, but cried, "Bravo, little patriots, bravo!" I received no support, however. A

labouring man looked round and intimated that if I couldn't speak English I had better keep my mouth shut.

Yet when Falstaff and his reprobate followers passed, what a welcome was given! A cheer in the wrong place, if ever there was one! I was grieved, nay saddened.

Aroused from my bitter musings by the arrival of that wondrous coach, with the good and loyal citizen within it, a sudden ambition to be the leader of the cheer which must now surely come possessed me, and in bell-like tones I cried, "Hip! hip! hip!" Nobody rallied to the cry; there was cold silence, broken only by the labouring man who asked me what I was doing playing at motor cars at my time of life.

The British public seems to have lost the qualities which made us what we used to be.

I am, Sir, etc.,

AUGUSTUS V. STENTOR.

The Rectory,

Burrow-under-the-Hill.

"Those are the essentials of a car, and there are only about the same in the twelve notes of a pianoforte octave."—*Daily Mail*.

It is very nearly the same with the seven sides of a pentagon and the hundred arms of an octopus.

TO MY FIRE.

FIRE, you're a splendid fellow,
Knight with the plume of yellow,
Tossing your red lance free;
Slayer of doubts and dragons,
Lover of maids and flagons,
Rollicking, rich, and mellow,
You are the boy for me!

Yet you've the touch that's tender,
Singer, whose songs engender
Dreams of the popped breed;
Whispering knightly stories,
Filling the dusk with glories,
Till in your rosy splendour
I am a King indeed!

Hark, and the ruddy yellow
Purrs like a bow-swept cello,
Fiddles a fairy note,
Rustles like silken dresses
Wrought by Queen Mab's princesses,
Laughs with a giant's bellow
Up in the chimney's throat!

Hot Effort by "The Weekly Times."

"The first all-British shopping week ever held in the metropolis area will commence on Monday at Ealing, where a large number of shops will be decorated, and their windows stocked with British-made goods, specially advertised as such."



VERY ROUGH RIDING ;

OR, THE BIG STICK UNSTUCK.

ROOSEVELT THE IRRESPONSIBLE. "WELL, I GUESS THIS BUCKS ME UP SOME!"



BACK TO THE TUMBRILS AGAIN.

THE "CONFERENCE" HAVING COLLAPSED, MINISTERIALISTS ONCE MORE GET OUT ALL THE OLD REVOLUTIONARY PARAPHRASIA, AND HASTEN TO PUT THEIR OPPONENTS AGAIN "IN THE CART." IT SHOULD BE QUITE LIKE OLD TIMES LISTENING TO THE FAMILIAR RUMBLING OF THE TUMBLRHS ON THEIR WAY TO THE GUILLOTINE.

THE THANKLESS MUSE.

[The Government have under consideration a scheme of State insurance against unemployment.]

Ho, Toilers, raise a pæan
And let your hearts be gay
To hail the golden won
That dawns on you to-day;
No dread of unemployment
Need haunt you when you're paid
In innocent enjoyment
To slumber in the shade.

I, too, were four times happy
If only Britain's purse
Were open to a chappie
Whose *métier* was verse ;
I would be merry-hearted,
Nor should I curse the time
When, like a fool, I started
To live by writing rhymes.

At college I suspected,
Like many another fool,
My think-tank was connected
With the Piorian pool;
Nor could a stream of fancies
From such a deep supply
In any circumstances
Conceivably run dry.

All things seemed fresh and curious,
And I rejoiced to find
That thoughts flew fast and furious
Across my teeming mind—
So fast that, lest I missed 'em,
I sought the nimble aid
Of PITMAN's magic system,
To catch them as they played.

Alas! how things have altered!
The pen that once would run
All day, nor ever faltered,
Won't write a word—not one:

The quips that used to thrill me
In those my youthful years
Now only serve to fill me
With wonder and with tears.

The wheezes so familiar
That I was wont to write
Grow sillier yet and sillier
Each time they see the light ;
Fresh jokes no longer stream on,
And, if the old I try,
Some d——d Socratic demon
 ^{εἶδ' ἢ ἀπορροῖα.}

Ah, if this scheme they mention
Might only cover me,
And bring a modest pension,
How happy could I be!
I'd dirty no more pages—
My task I'd gladly shirk—
If I'd the right to wages,
What price the right to work?

THE DICKENS TESTIMONIAL STAMP.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—I notice in a letter to the Press a suggestion that the Dickens stamp should be used for affixing to our letters as well as to volumes of his novels. In the opinion of the writer this would "doubtless mean a larger sale." She estimates that the number of Dickens' Books we each have in our possession seldom runs to more than fifteen or sixteen, while our letters "would number that at least per week." I have heard that some people do have an enormous correspondence, and, if these statistics are reliable, one must admit that the sale would be materially increased. But, Mr. Editor, let us not stop there. It is my belief—and I simply give it to you for what it is worth—that, if we were to affix a Dickens stamp to each cigarette that we smoke, "doubtless it would mean a larger sale." Don't you think I'm right? I see that in the letter I refer to it is pointed out that if the stamp is large it could be put on the back of the envelope. By all means. But my plan is quite equal to that emergency. If the stamp is large it could be used as a cigarette paper. It might mix up the flavour a bit, but perhaps the publishers could be induced to bring out a special issue made of rice-paper. You see, that would mean with each of us from fifteen to sixteen a day. It mounts up.

Now, Sir, I appeal to you. Can't we all work together to make this thing a success? Let newspaper proprietors affix one to each number of their papers; that would mean a lot. Let us have them on every match-box; let us have them on every bottle. Let's mark our clothes with them, printed on silk. Let's have them on every knife and fork; yes, and floating in finger-bowls. Let's stick 'em on the soles of our boots. Why shouldn't we plaster them all over the mantelpiece, and put one on every white key of the piano? I think, myself, the thing would look jolly well on a boiled egg, and it might have the date on it. Unfortunately we have let the Fifth of November slip by, or we could have had one on every firework, but we can still insist

on having one on every Christmas card. I should put them on receipts and make it legal so that the other fellow could say he never got the money if it wasn't there. It only wants a little enthusiasm to make the thing go.

Then there are railway tickets and theatre tickets and picture post-cards. I feel that if we really put our heart into the thing we can have the place so blistered with them that you simply

tomed to living in a world that simply reeks of the Dickens stamp we shall be ready, then and not till then, for the forthcoming issue of the SHAKESPEARE MEDAL, the WALTER SCOTT BUTTON, and the CORELLI HAT-PIN.

Yours, A LOVER OF GENIUS.

A New Record.

"Purchased out of the profits of the recent flying week, the Mayoress of Burton-on-Trent was invested with a gold chain of office, the design of which includes a mono-plane model."—*Evening News*.

This must be the first Mayoress who has ever been purchased out of the profits of a flying week.

Well Meant.

"The Dollar Princess' is to be at the Royal Manchester next week, with Miss Nora Barry as the Princess. She needs on 'look half so pretty as the poster of the piece—which she will—to ensure a good reception."

Weekly Dispatch.

"A hymn was sung, as the bride, accompanied by her father, was attired in a traveling costume, consisting of a coat and skirt of braided white serge, with suitable hat."

Newbury Weekly News.

A pretty old custom.

"Mr. John went to Middlesbrough forty years ago, and, like his partner, the beginning was a very small one."—*Western Mail*.

Is it quite in good taste to drag in the size of Mr. John's partner?

Extract from a testimonial:—

"My wife, especially during the winter, has been a misery to me." We do not like these tales out of school.

The Bristol Times quotes

Dr. FREEMAN as saying that Writton Church can claim the "finest square towel" in all England. Our own towel is oblong or we should have entered it.

The Star devoutly hoped the other day that "even at the fifty-ninth second of the twelfth hour," the Conference would come to an agreement. That would still have left them fifty-nine minutes and one second for any odd jobs.

"All the visitors in Yorkshire's ties on Saturday were home teams."

Yorkshire Evening Post. Anything for a change.

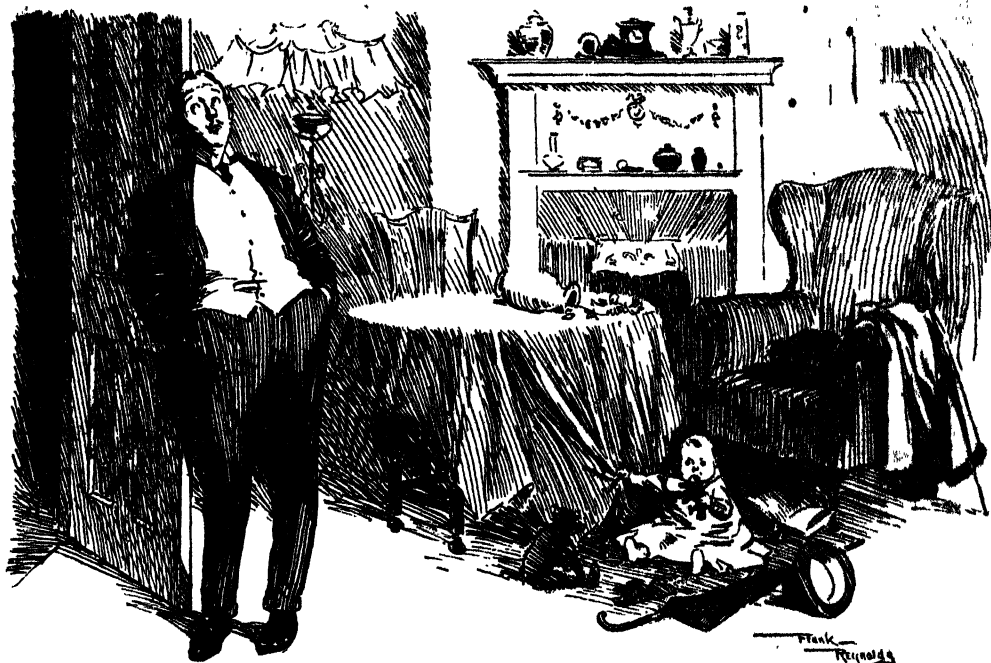


Sportsman (having emptied both barrels at a rabbit). "THERE, JACOB, I'M SURE I HIT THAT ONE!"

Jacob. "WELL, 'E ZURTAINLY DID ZEEM TO GO FAASTER AFTER YOU SHOT AT 'IM, ZUR!"

can't get away from them. I should suggest their being taken up by our hospitals to be used for cuts and bruises in place of the customary stamp paper, and that a fund should be raised to paper the walls of the air-ship garage at Wormwood Scrubs with them. That would be a pretty big thing, and should increase the sale, as the lady says in her letter.

But my object in writing to you is twofold. Of course I want to make the Dickens stamp a success. But I also want to prepare the public mind by these means for what is to follow. When we have once become accus-



Patient Father. "DEARIE! BABY'S EATING MY GLOVE NOW. IS IT ALL RIGHT?"
 Dearie (from above). "OH, QUITE ALL RIGHT—(pause)—YOU'RE SURE IT'S YOURS!"

A LITTLE ROMANCE.

It is considerably more than a year ago since I first met Miss Robinson. She is not so strikingly beautiful, I think I may fairly say, as to compel a life-long adoration at first sight, and the same remark, my friends insist, applies with even greater force to myself. The room in which we were introduced was very hot and very crowded, and the following tensely dramatic dialogue took place between us:—

I. "May I get you some coffee?"

She. "Please do."

I plunged into the vortex, but when I returned, spilling the grateful fluid to right and left, I observed that Miss Robinson was already holding a cup in her hand. So I fell back and, to prevent further jettison, satisfied my own thirst. Here the idyll might have ended, but as luck would have it three days afterwards I met Miss Robinson in the road, and, as the authorities upon etiquette very properly prescribe, she bowed, I raised my hat, and we passed on. Seven times during the next three months this incident repeated itself, and each time her bow grew slightly more distant, like the nods of a china mandarin. Then it struck us both, I suppose, that the

thing was getting rather silly, and upon the next occasion we pretended a profound interest in the autumnal foliage, and failed to see each other. After that we became entire strangers.

The weeks went by (as they say in the books), and about six months later I found myself suddenly re-introduced to Miss Robinson in another very hot and very crowded room. With every sign of embarrassment and guilty confusion we bowed, and I said hoarsely, "The weather is simply too terrible, is it not?" and she replied (like one in a dream), "Yes, but I am almost getting used to it now." Then some one else claimed her attention, and we drifted apart once more on the eddying tide. . . . Eight times since that day we have passed each other on the opposite sides of the same road. She has bowed; I have removed my hat. But I have a feeling that our friendship cannot last. Sooner or later the bond must be severed, we must disappear out of each other's life, and meet without recognition; it must all be as though it had never happened.

And then probably we shall get introduced again. So strangely may the strands of two human destinies be interwoven and snapt and interwoven and—so forth.

"My Dear Watson" surpasses himself.

"When arrested she was dressed in female attire, and gave the name of Raymond O'Down. The examining magistrate was struck by the prisoner's physique, and expressed the firm conviction that she was a woman."

Daily News.

"Sir William Crundall was elected Mayor of Dover for the thirteenth time. He mentioned that for one fifth of his life he had been Mayor of the town, which meant for every five minutes he had lived he had been Mayor for one minute."—The Daily Telegraph.

Give us time and we will think of another way of putting it.

"Gray reached 2251 to Lovejoy's 3305 at the interval. . . . At the close the scores were Gray 3,001, Lovejoy 2,912."

Yorkshire Observer.

Apparently Lovejoy dropped 453 points in the evening. He must have been doing losing hazards.

Seen on a boarding:—

"Advertise by Bill Posting. If your business isn't worth advertising, advertise it for sale." This is the true "get on or get out" spirit, so much to be desired.

"A pair of smart fitting Trousers has more effect than a £20 diamond ring."

Advt. in "Harnes Herald."

Besides being warmer. .

AT THE PLAY.

"A SINGLE MAN."

THIS is one of those plays which make me marvel why everybody cannot be a successful dramatist like Mr. HUBERT HENRY DAVIES. It looks so simple. I suppose there must be some art concealed about it. Anyhow, I am sure that it needed a very good company to play it, and I am also sure that, with one exception, it had what it wanted. The disturbing element was provided by Miss NANCY PRICE, who was much too sinister a siren, and brought the savour of Drury Lane into The Playhouse.

After seeing him last in that silly play, *Tantalising Tommy*, whose success made me despair of British audiences, I was delighted to find Mr. CYRIL MAUDE in a part that gave scope for his versatile intelligence. He was even more excellent in his serious wooing of the right woman for his years than in his light-hearted abandonment to the lure of youth and spring-time. Sentiment, however, was never allowed to weigh upon us; for we were always secure in the knowledge that *Robin Worthington's* pleasant preoccupation with his own tastes would save us from excesses in this direction. For all the seriousness and apparent altruism of his attitude towards *Miss Heseltine* one felt that the pathetic narrative of her sombre past was not of absorbing interest to him; and when he intervened with the suggestion that she should take a little more champagne one was conscious that the balance of emotions was being tactfully adjusted. Indeed, throughout the play there was an admirable sense of proportion, as between sentiment and pure fun. And the fun was always spontaneous, from the primitive episode of *Bertha's* finger and the jam (so typical, as *Lady Cottrell* says, of British humour) to the charming phrase, "A man can only be middle-aged once."

The device of consulting a woman about your love-affairs in language so ambiguous that she is led to imagine herself to be the object of your attentions must be a little threadbare by now. But for the rest, the play is very fresh, even if its originality is only that of a nice April day.

I wish Miss HILDA TREVELYAN had been allowed a larger share in the

humour of the play. Humour may not be becoming in a typist, but her manner, with its slight touch of angularity and abruptness, lends itself less easily to serious sentiment, though here, too, she is always irreproachably sincere.

Miss MARY JERROLD, the match-maker who introduced the siren into her brother-in-law's house, and then couldn't get her out under several weeks, was quite excellent. Miss DULCIE GREATWICK played very naturally, but seemed to be a few years under her proper age; however, it was her business to be boisterously young, and I don't complain. As for Miss FLORENCE HAYDON, playing an old lady who knew what she knew—her dry humour was of course, as always, a thing of absolute beauty.

O. S.



W. H. BAKER.

Miss HILDA TREVELYAN (*Miss Heseltine*). "I've never tasted champagne before."

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE (*Robin Worthington*). "Then you can't have played in many drawing-room comedies. We never drink anything else."

"JUST TO GET MARRIED."

Miss CICELY HAMILTON's play is announced to begin at nine, but does not. I arrived at nine, and found myself in the middle of a curtain-raiser of positively startling dullness. A gentleman, called *Basil of the Iron Hand*, was delivering, in an assumed voice, a series of speeches of interminable length, from which I gathered that he was in love with his first wife's sister, while his second wife was in love with his nephew. It was an awkward situation, and the iron-handed one decided to go off on a pilgrimage, which was perhaps best.

Just to Get Married is a protest against that view of life which regards marriage as the whole end of woman. It is a sermon which has been preached by Miss HAMILTON before; it is so pleasantly preached on this occasion that I should like to think of it as doing

good; but I am puzzled as to what audience it is which Miss HAMILTON is trying to convert. Her heroine, *Georgina Vicary*, is twenty-nine, and a spinster. In a last endeavour to "get Georgina off," *Aunt Catherine* invites *Adam Lankester*, a shy bachelor, to the house. *Georgina*, aided and abetted by her aunt, pursues *Adam* in the most open way, and finally wins a proposal from him. She does not care for him, she is doing, it just to get married. But on the eve of the wedding her conscience begins to work; *Adam's* adoration is too wonderful a thing to be played with. So, confessing that she has lied about her love, she refuses to go on with the marriage, and runs away from the house to escape her aunt's wrath. The happy ending made

possible by the fact of her meeting *Adam* unexpectedly at the station, and finding that in the last hour she had grown to love him, is intelligible, though it does not assist the sermon.

Now to whom is that sermon addressed? Not to men, surely. For *Adam*, anyhow, was guiltless; *Georgina's* uncle was extremely uncomfortable about the whole thing; and *Cousin Tod*, insufferable puppy as he was, stood up for *Georgina* when she had broken off her engagement. On the other hand, who recognised callously that marriage was a trade to be carried through at the cost of honour? *Georgina*. Who brought her up to this belief; and was the leading spirit in putting it into action? *Lady Catherine*.

Miss HAMILTON is obviously preaching to women. Well, I am extremely glad of it. Here, anyhow (I sigh thankfully), is something for which she does not hold my sex responsible. Votes for Men!

The dialogue is extraordinarily natural; this and the excellent acting gave the play, in the First and Third Acts, a quite unusual air of reality. The Second Act was a little too serious for Mr. GODFREY TEARLE, and though Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON tried hard she could not carry it through by herself. Mr. TEARLE is never quite happy unless he is smiling; in this Act he smiled a good deal when he couldn't have been happy. Two delightful performances by Mr. THOMAS SIDNEY and Mr. EVERARD VANDERLIP (as the worried uncle and the unloved cub respectively) must be mentioned as being uniformly good. M.



Little girl. "Please, Sir, I've brought the remains of the medicine you gave Grandfather. He's dead, and Mother thought you might like it for somebody else!"

RUDENESS VIA CIVILITY.

MR. STRACHEY'S punctilious letter of explanation concerning a remark made by him upon the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER should revolutionise the art of epithet. It is too good not to quote in full:—

"Sir,—I note in your issue of to-day that you quote the following passage from the speech I made at Guildford on Friday:—

"I, like many others, have had my Form 4 to fill up, and I am tempted to say of it what Mark Twain said when speaking of a certain subject:—'I don't profess really to know much about it, but I think I understand it as well as the idiot who invented it.'"

"May I point out that I made a very important addition, as you will see from the following passage which I quote from the *Surrey Advertiser's* report of my speech:—

"In adopting that phrase with regard to Form 4, however, I would say, 'I don't profess to know much about it, but I think I understand it as well as the courteous gentleman who invented it.'"

"I should be exceedingly obliged if you would publish this correction, as I am most loath to appear to have applied Mark Twain's formula to the Chancellor of the Exchequer without the alteration in question.

"J. ST. LOE STRACHEY."

Here we have the beginning of a new line in abuse: the ironical inversion,

the polite censure, the wolf in sheep's clothing. Thus, one can imagine the chairman of a discontented shareholders' meeting referring to the promoter of the company:—"I will not animadvert on Mr. Brassbound's high-mindedness or business-sagacity. I will say that in bringing him to book it will probably be necessary to repeat the proverbial counsel, 'Set an honest man to catch an honest man.'" Or again, when one Member of Parliament has occasion in the future to reflect upon the mendacity of another Member—as so often has happened in the crude past—he will say that the incident reminded him of the old definition of untruth-tellers as "liars, d—liars, and the souls of honour," adding that never was there a soul of honour whiter than that of his honourable friend.

At present the only speaker unlikely to avail himself of the new periphrasis is MR. LLOYD GEORGE himself. But even he may come into line. "There is no Editor of *The Spectator* like an old Editor of *The Spectator*," one can perhaps see him saying, with infinite benevolence, or "An Editor of *The Spectator* and his money are soon

parted," or "Editors of *The Spectator* rush in, as you know, gentlemen, where angels fear to tread."

Anyway we look confidently to the reports of speeches in the near future for a diverting harvest from the seed sown by our ingenious ST. LOE.

The Seeing Hand.

"The Duke himself, in grand military uniform, gave the word for the commencement of the overture, standing up all the time, beating time with one hand and watching the orchestra through an immense glass with the other."—From "*The Life of Benjamin Disraeli*," p. 51.

From a catalogue:—

"This machine has given ample evidence of its superiority over its rivals, and will satisfy the demands of even the most fastidious."

We don't know what other facetious people may expect of it, but we want to see it run over a Bishop.

A licence for the sale of beer and porter on Ailsa Craig (now being quarried) has just been refused. We understand that another haunt of wild sea-fowl, "The Bass Rock," has a prior claim to a licence.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

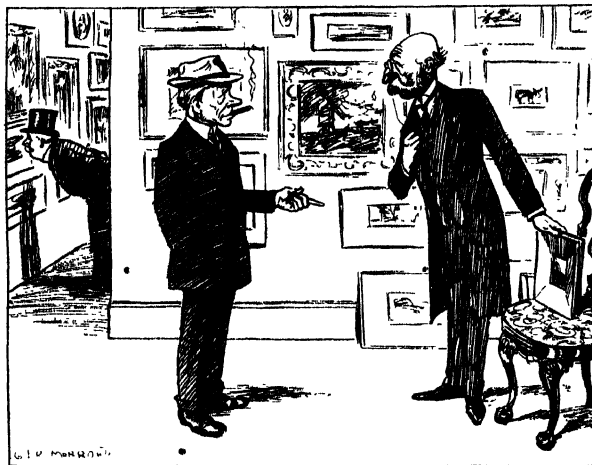
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *John Redmond* (HURST AND BLACKETT) MR. REDMOND-HOWARD presents an interesting narrative of Irish politics covering the period during which the present leader of the Irish Nationalist Party has sojourned in the Parliamentary field. There is a certain monotony about it, since it is necessarily a record of continuous wrangling. "An Irish leader," Mr. REDMOND-HOWARD sagely remarks, "has two battles to fight, one with political parties in the House of Commons, the other with public opinion outside it." There is a third, more fatal in weakening the national crusade. It is the daily fight with revolting sections of the Party, by men who were once loyal colleagues. To-day we have Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN and Mr. TIM HEALY spitting fire at Mr. REDMOND and Mr. DILLON, who, to do them justice, are not lacking in reprisals in kind. 'Twas ever thus. O'CONNELL was supplanted by the Young Ireland Party. BUTT was superseded by PARNELL. PARNELL was politically done to death in Committee Room No. 15. To-day Mr. JOHN REDMOND stands at bay, target of the vituperation of WILLIAM O'BRIEN and the bitter sarcasm of TIM HEALY. Mr. REDMOND-HOWARD's book brings the story up to date, its value being increased by its studiously moderate tone.

I don't think that MAARTEN MAARTENS can escape the charge of unnecessarily scaring the trustful reader in his latest novel, *Harmen Pols*. The hero of this book (published by METHUEN) is a young Dutch peasant who, on the top of the grief that comes to him when he finds his ancestral farm must be sold, gradually realises, through a number of rather Ibsenesque allusions, that he is not the son of his supposed father, but of a former friend of his mother's, *Govert Blass*. Later on he falls in love with *Govert Blass's* ward and so-called niece, only to learn from a servant of hers that the girl is really his daughter. The curious thing about these two "horrible revelations" is that neither of them is true, the latter being a superfluous lie, and the former suggested by the neurotic conscientiousness of his mother, who had always been in love with *Govert Blass*, and therefore felt that she was living a life of deceit with *Steven Pols*. The story is full of acute strokes of characterisation and fine flashes of philosophy (as anyone might guess from reading the author's name), and the romantic passages between *Harmen* and *Greta* are very pretty indeed. But when I turn back to the notice on the paper cover and learn that the result of the hero's emotional trials is to make him realise that the two supreme things in life are pity and love, I feel inclined to urge a strong plea for yet another supreme boon, namely accuracy of information.

One thing I noticed about *The Glad Heart* (METHUEN) was that the character whose nature gives its title to Madame ALBANESI's quite delightful tale makes but a very fleeting and occasional appearance in it. To say this is really to mention the only fault that can be found with the book, the range of it is so wide and the canvas so crowded that we have hardly time for more than a nodding acquaintance with two-thirds of the interesting persons whom it presents to us. "The glad heart" was owned by *Peggy Mariller*, a novelist, with an artist husband, many debts, and three entrancing children; and her only connection with the story is that her brother, *Duck Framley*, eventually marries its heroine, *Ellen Alhier*. Naturally, however, heaps of things happen before that. *Ellen*, whose fox-hunting father had left her very badly off, goes as companion to *Lady Norchester*, the beautiful village-girl whose husband and his noble family were uniting to cold-shoulder her, after what was, to them, a regrettable misalliance. The picture of this woman, with her fierce

love for the husband who now detests her, her jealousy, and her final revolt, is at once the cleverest and most detailed in the book. The whole atmosphere of the life at Wynch Castle, under its unhappy mistress, seemed to me to be excellently well conveyed. Of course, *Norchester* falls in love with *Ellen*, and at one time, so impetuous was his wooing, I thought that, with his wife out of the way, he was going to prove the favoured suitor. But in novels this is still the day of the middle-aged, and, after all, *Duck Framley*, the paternal, romped home in the last chapter. Which I was glad of, except that he there-



The Very Rich Man. "I'M SORRY THAT'S THE ONLY ONE YOU'VE GOT. YOU SEE, I ALWAYS BUY MY COATS IN PAIRS."

by ended a most entertaining story.

It was necessary to *Max* (HUTCHINSON) that *Ned Blake*, a quick-tempered, slow-witted seeker after love, should be extraordinarily lacking in discernment. The trouble, however, really is that the reader knows all about *Max*, and cannot help wondering at *Ned's* stupidity. To watch him floundering on and not guessing to which sex *Max*—in spite of trousers, etc.—belonged, is like watching the performance of a simple trick which you know yourself and therefore cannot imagine how anyone can be deluded by it. But if you can swallow the accommodating blindness of poor old *Ned*, you will find Mrs. THURSTON's story very enlightening. Here she treats Bohemian Paris frankly, and yet with no ill-flavoured freedom. She understands the highly-strung temperament, and her book is especially to be recommended to those revolutionary spirits who think that the obligations of sex can easily be avoided.

"Kent . . . possess a fast hard-wording pack."—*Daily Express*. We have heard them. Luckily, however, hard words break no bones.

CHARIVARIA.

"At a meeting of the Liberal Association here yesterday," cabled Reuter from Toronto last week, "the speakers declared that Canada had no need at present of a reciprocity treaty with the United States. They held that Canada should 'stand pat.'" Over here, too, we have often had to stand Pat, and, according to Mr. REDMOND, we shall soon have to take him lying down.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR has been alluding to the fact that ISAAC BUTT demanded Home Rule on Federal lines. Well, of course there are butts among us still, and that's where Mr. REDMOND's fun comes in when he goes out with his little bow and arrow.

Mr. O'CONNOR also told the representative of *The Daily Chronicle*, "Although we have always demanded Home Rule for Ireland, we have never excluded Home Rule for Scotland and Wales, and England as well, and what we ask for ourselves we are quite ready to concede to these." There speaks a generous heart.

"The sum collected," said Mr. O'CONNOR, referring to the result of his tour, "is the largest we have ever got, except during the palmiest days of Mr. PARNELL." "Palmiest" seems a good word in connection with the outstretched hand.

With reference to the two Englishmen who are in prison at Leipzig on a charge of espionage, it is stated that they protested against being allowed only one bath a month. This protest, we understand, will be used by the German authorities as evidence of the prisoners' nationality.

The task of designing the robes and dresses for the forthcoming Coronation has, it is announced, been entrusted to Mr. A. SHAW, of Grays. In consequence of the breakdown of the Conference, it is thought that there will be just a suggestion of mourning in the Peers' robes.

"The cost of Divorce—and also the cost of Marriage—should be borne by the State," says Dr. DAVID WALSH. This does not go far enough, in our opinion. The State should also be responsible for our wedding presents.

Sir HOWARD VINCENT's silver cup for the best piece of detective work of the year has been awarded to Detective-Inspector A. WARD. We understand that, with a view to counteracting the



"OH, MUMMY, LOOK! THEY 'RE FEEDING HIM!"

emulation caused by the institution of this trophy, a number of public-spirited criminals are about to offer a gold cup for the worst piece of detective work of the year.

The Government has refused to accept any amendments to its Parliament Bill. Can it be that the thing is past mending?

The list of gentlemen who have consented to serve on the Advisory Board to deal with the censorship of plays includes the name of Professor WALTER RALEIGH. If there is anything in a name, he may be relied upon to have some sympathy for a certain amount of broadness, as reminiscent of the spacious days of good Queen Bess.

We are sorry to hear that there was some discontent among the men of the American warships visiting our country. It seems that, though they were promised four clear days in London, some of them were foggy.

"British fowls," we read, "gave unmistakable evidence of their progress in the past few years, at the International Poultry, Pigeon and Rabbit Show at the Crystal Palace." This bears out the view of the optimists that, though there may be decadence here and there, yet the entire nation is not standing still.

Signs of the times:—For sale, At half price, a large stock of Teddy Bears.

A SINGLE-CHAMBER MAN.

"For the future," said Julian, addressing the rest of the Octopus Club, "I will ask you to regard me as a Single-Chamber man."

Our party, including the one who had dealt this sudden blow, numbered eight—four Liberal Conservatives and four Conservative Liberals—who were in the habit of dining once a week in unison, drawn together by a common love of good food and a common detestation of political extremes. The dining part of the idea (I will not disclose the restaurant, or you would all come and then they'd start a band) was thought to be original; but its conversational features were traceable to the late Conference. The failure of the other Eight had not shattered our belief in the ultimate triumph of moderate counsels; and when Herbert (who could cite poetry to his purpose) once referred to Britain as

"A land of settled Government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent,"

we had all agreed in looking forward to, and assisting the advent of, the time when these admirable words would once again be found to have some relation to the facts.

And now Julian had given us notice that for the future we were to regard him as a Single-Chamber man!

If a bolt had fallen from the blue, the shock would have been slighter; for indeed the imagery of the less expensive journals had tended to familiarise us with this heavenly phenomenon. A painful silence ensued. Had Julian, we asked ourselves, mislaid his sanity? Strange mental disturbances had before now been produced by the imminence of a General Election. Clearly it was a case for sympathetic treatment; a harsh phrase might permanently disfigure his reason.

After a considerable pause I stepped into the hiatus. "My dear Julian," I began, "we naturally appreciate the fundamental principles which have moved you to declare in favour of a Single-Chamber policy. All of us—Liberal Conservatives and Conservative Liberals alike—desire on any given point to see the better judgment of the People prevail. But how do you expect them to arrive at a clear and cool vision of any problem in the blinding heat of a General Election, with its bitter partisanship, its variegated issues, and its gaudy appeals to ignorance and greed?"

"I don't expect anything of the sort," said Julian; "and I abhor General Elections. Especially two in one year."

"Yet," I resumed, "you would apparently allow those who are elected under these conditions to make hay of the country's best traditions with no one to put a check upon their orgies! What, pray, would this lead to?"

"Red ruin and the breaking-up of laws," said Herbert, in inverted commas.

"I stigmatise the present constitution of the Second Chamber as rotten," remarked Julian.

"But why not reform it?" interposed Archibald. "Why not arrange for a round half of it to be elected by decently-qualified voters; others to be nominated, like the Privy Council, for services to the State, or for proved experience in business or statecraft (a good proportion of these would be drawn, by right of personal distinction, from the Peerage); a few others, perhaps, for the sake of tradition, to be selected from among the Peers by their own body; one-third of the whole to retire in rotation, say, every three years; and the referendum to be employed in cases where the majority on any vital question falls below a fixed proportion of those present and voting?"

"That," said Julian, "is approximately my own notion of an ideal House of Lords."

"Then would you propose," said Oliver, "to exterminate the existing Chamber before or after reform?"

"Much," said Julian, "as I admire the alleged moderation of Sir EDWARD GREY, I would not share the humour of his attitude when he advocates a reformed Second Chamber, and meanwhile goes hand-in-hand with those who clamour for its practical extermination. I would insist upon the House of Lords being reformed on some such lines as those indicated by Archibald; and then no honest politician would ask for its extermination."

"But," said I, "you are an honest politician, yet just now you declared yourself to be a Single-Chamber man."

"So I am," said Julian.

It was then that Henry, who was a mathematician, intervened.

"How," he asked, "can you reduce Two Chambers to a Single Chamber without eliminating one of them?"

"You can't," said Julian.

"But," said the lot of us, "if you are going to retain an amended House of Lords, how can you call yourself a Single-Chamber man?"

"Easily," said Julian.

The club-doctor, at our request, has examined Julian's mind, and pronounced him absolutely sane. Julian, in turn, has now commissioned him to investigate the mental condition of us others, and was very anxious about the result.

O. S.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

AN actress of the Comédie Française, who recently announced in an interview with the representative of a Paris paper that an English peer had asked her to marry him—"To be or not to be an English Duchess, that is the question"—caused it to be known the same evening that she "was very sorry these statements had been printed, and that she was exceedingly desirous not to be talked about."

The force of example is notorious, and we understand that a well-known Cabinet Minister, in an interview with a representative of *The Westminster Gazette*, remarked with genuine feeling that he would cut off his right hand if so he could obliterate the unfortunate impression created by his premature Manifesto. It was a deplorable document, vitiated by false sentiment, exaggeration and prolixity. Worse than all, he had put his admirable chief, the PRIME MINISTER, in a false position, since he had usurped the privilege, which belonged to his Leader, of issuing the first Manifesto in the campaign. The Cabinet Minister, who was now shedding tears, exclaimed in a broken voice: "After all, I am young enough to learn by this painful lesson. I can only say that I am bitterly sorry that my letter was ever printed, and that I am sincerely anxious not to be talked about, even by my best friends, but to do my duty quietly, firmly, and without any illegitimate appeals to publicity."

"The debate in the House of Lords lasted from half-past four till ten minutes to six. In that brief hour and fifty minutes the Peers presented a spectacle of undisguised panic."—*Daily News*

The briefest hour and fifty minutes that we remember to have come across.

"DEEN SOCIALISM IN ITS HISTORIC DEVELOPMENT," says an advertisement in *The Scotsman*; and most people will endorse the epithet.



A BIT OVER THE BORDER.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. "O, YOU 'LL TAK' THE HIGH ROAD,
AN' I 'LL TAK' THE LOW ROAD,
AN' I 'LL BE IN SCOTLAND AFORE YE."



She. "HERE COMES DIANA WEYBRIDGE. DOESN'T SHE ENTIRELY SATISFY YOUR 'ARTISTIC' SENSE?"

He. "DEAR LADY, SHE SAVOURS TOO MUCH OF A STATEMENT. WE ANTE POST-PRANDIAL IMPRESSIONISTS SEE BEAUTY SEMI-SUGGESTED INTERPRETATIONS."

A LAY OF FEDERAL HOME-RULE.

WHEN the Unionist Party was starvin'
For lack of a spicier fare,
There uprose a young genius named
GARVIN,

Who gave them a Benjamin's share.
His mien was tremendously solemn,

His style was alert and alive,
And what others could say in one
column

He swelled into five.

Though his past had been partially
tarnished

By views that good Ulstermen shock,
He had swept and attractively gar-
nished

His mind with an up-to-date stock.
It was vain to be harsh or censorious;
For he carried the Party by storm,
With his faith so sublime and so
glorious

In Tariff Reform.

Home-Rule? He religiously shunned it,
As under the ominous name
Of "Calchas," oracular pundit,
He reaped an anonymous fame.
Or in prose that was gay as a gala
And deep as the roar of the sea,

He bettered the exploits of SALA
Upon the D.T.

He lent to *The Outlook* its lustre,
The National sat at his feet;
No intimate Tariffite muster.

Without him was counted complete.
His sayings were constantly quoted,
His portrait appeared in *The Mail*,
And his censure, the Suffragettes noted,
Made ASQUITH turn pale.

By MAXSE acclaimed as a wiser
Political thinker than BURKE,
He blended the pomp of a KAISER
With the strength of a Terrible Turk.
He was closeted daily with leaders,
Awarding them praise or rebukes,
And among his most diligent readers
Were all of the Dukes.

At the height of his patriot fervour
He kindly consented to come
To the aid of the ancient *Observer*,
And made it amazingly hum;
For his leaders assumed a more strident
And ultra-pontifical tone,
Till it seemed that the Spear and the
Trident

Were GARVIN's alone.

For a season he ruled as Dictator,
Till all of a sudden the rôle

Of National pacificator
Appealed to his sensitive soul
So, having empow'ed a Commission
Of eight to consider the means,
The realm he resolved to partition
In four smithereens.

Alas for the tragical sequel!
Alas for the frailty of man!
The zeal of his friends proved unequal
To working the Federal plan.
They owned he'd the pen of a
PETRARCH,
But they wounded his pride to the
quick
By saying that REDMOND the Tetrarch
Was rather too thick.

The Downward Ascent.

The *Daily Chronicle's* Special
Humorist at Nottingham reports that,
when Mr. BALFOUR spoke of the deter-
mination of the Unionist party to
fight for a strong navy he "rose to
shrieking bathos." He soared, in fact,
into the deeps.

Life's Little Difficulties.

"Wanted, Suite of Furniture: adult ex-
change harbor's pole for same - Davies, Butcher."
Advt. in "South Wales Daily News."

DOLLARS!

[NOTE.—This speech may be performed in all parts of Great Britain and Ulster on payment of a fee of one guinea (English money).]

GENTLEMEN, it is my duty as an Englishman to explain to you clearly the nature of the crisis with which we are at this moment faced. This duty is the more necessary because, for reasons of their own, certain so-called Englishmen are already at their old game of obscuring the issue, are once again trailing their red herings invitingly for their opponents to tread on. I for one shall not tread on them. I shall not be led away to discuss such academic questions as Tariff Reform, the Navy, and the abolition of the Veto. These questions, important as they are in their proper time, sink to insignificance before the dominant question of the day—*Are we to be bought and sold by American dollars?*

The Dictator is here! He has arrived on these shores, the shores of this happy land, this England, set in a silver sea, his pockets bulging with foreign gold, his trunks crammed with the ill-gotten dollars with which the enemies of this country (many of them Canadians) have loaded him. He has come to buy up our England, to offer the gold of the foreigner in exchange for the liberties which our forefathers won for us. When once that fact is understood of the people, is there one patriot who will not writhe in shame, is there one Englishman, however lowly, who will not strike his breast and say, "While I have a breath to draw, this thing shall not be"? Tell it out among the counties! Tell it out among the boroughs! Tell it in the public places! Tell it in the public houses! *The Dictator is here with his dollars!*

Dollars! Not honest British pounds; not gay French francs; neither the unstable Indian rupee nor the unemotional German mark; not doubloons, nor sesterterii, nor pieces of eight. Had he come to buy us with Russian roubles even, our shame had not been so deep. But it is with dollars that his pockets bulge, with American (and Canadian) dollars that his portmanteau is stuffed. Tell it out among the counties, tell it out among the boroughs

—it is for *them* to say if they will be bought with foreign gold.

Two hundred thousand dollars! Think of it! For what purpose has the Dictator made this unprecedented journey to a foreign land and collected this stupendous, this unheard-of sum (£40,000 in our money) from the sworn enemies of England, such as Sir WILFRID LAURIER? For *what purpose*, I ask. Ah, we know well that there is only one purpose which can demand so colossal, so staggering an amount—

votes of freeborn Englishmen. *But we are aware of one fact.* The Dictator is here with his dollars! Tell it in the public-houses!

With an amazing effrontery characteristic of him Mr. REDMOND does not seek to hide the sources of his ill-gotten gains. He actually publishes a list full of outlandish foreign names, like O'Leary and O'Flanagan. How different from the modesty of our own English Tariff Reform League, which publishes no balance sheets, although we know that the familiar name, dear to every Englishman, of Naselheim would be found there!

Luckily there are still some Englishmen left who are not afraid to stand up to the Dictator. Mr. BALFOUR has once again put the case in a nutshell. He has taken in the situation at a glance and summed it up in these noble words (spoken at Nottingham):

"I appeal to every man whatever be his tradition or position to state that Great Britain shall manage the affairs of Great Britain."

Our hearts beat quicker as we read this, and learn that the Duke of PORTLAND leapt to his feet and waved his programme. An Irishman might say that this is precisely what his country has been asking for—for the last twenty years; but that is an uncivilised retort such as no gentleman would make. What Mr. BALFOUR meant is plain: *Are we to be bought and governed by foreign gold?*

Gentlemen, you understand the issue now. The Tariff question, the Constitutional Question, Land Questions, Licensing Questions, Education Questions—all

these are nothing compared with the one great question before the country to-day: *Are we to be bought by American dollars?* At other times and other elections we have asked you if you wished to be ruled by Germany—we shall ask you that question again at future elections. But for the moment Germany sinks into the background. The question to be decided to-day is this:

Do you wish to be ruled by America?

Gentlemen, I can trust you, as lovers of your country (by which I mean England, other than Wales, and parts of Scotland), to decide this question in a true and patriotic spirit. A. A. M.



Caddie. "OT STUFF, THE MAJOR."

Friend. "NOT ARF."

Caddie. "FIFTEEN SOLVER, TOO."

Friend. "YUS—(pause)—I SHUDDERS WHEN I THINK OF UNIVERSAL

an amount nearly as much as some of our Dukes can earn in a whole year! He has designs on England! He has come to purchase the Government!

As yet we do not know how the money will be divided. The details are not settled; the exact proportion to be given to the Cabinet, the blood-money of the junior members of the Ministry, the difference between WEDGWOOD BENN's bribe and the price demanded by Earl BEAUCHAMP for his share in the conspiracy—these matters are of minor importance. We do not even know yet how much will be allotted to each constituency in Great Britain in the attempt to purchase the



THE PINK MAN'S BURDEN.

DIRGE TO A DEAD OWL.

["Most proprietors nowadays strictly preserve these beautiful and useful birds."—*Natural History*.]

SILENT, mysterious, on wings of down,
A swift, deceptive presence in the cover,
Vaguely irre olute, soft-breasted, brown,
Bird of Minerva, tawny-eyed moon-lover,
You faced the sunshine mid the fir-trees gaunt,
Roused by the beaters' distant sticks a-tapping,
From some sequestered, hidden, noontide haunt,
Where doubtless you'd been napping.

Now, all that's mortal of you, limp and dead,
Lies where a few pale, floating plumes still fly light;
Your little ghost, I like to think, has sped
To the dim nether world of endless twilight
(Fit paradise for one who loved full well
The empty dark), those shores forlorn, abhorrent;
To sail for ever o'er the asphodel,
By Styx's gloomy torrent!

Meanwhile with hasty hands the mould I'll heap
• Over your warm, uncaring, earthly habit,
Over the pinions that no more may sweep
Upon the unsophisticated rabbit;
Lost to the daylight (which you couldn't brook,
You loathed that sunrise bore, the dull but good cock),
None of the guns shall guess that I mistook
You for the sweepstakes woodcock.

Horrible Snobbery at Nottingham.

"There is no class in all England so aristocratic as the hangers-on of the aristocracy, and Mr. Balfour—an aristocrat to his finger-tips, although not possessing even a courtesy title—can always command the homage of an army of hangers-on, the cardinal point of whose political creed is worship of the aristocracy."

"*The Daily Chronicle's*" Special Correspondent at Nottingham.

Terrible as the toadyism of this gathering of delegates of the National Union of Conservative Associations must appear to all right-thinking persons (every man in the audience having his eye on some Household appointment in the next Unionist Ministry), there is something to be said for these hangers-on of the aristocracy. After all, let us concede in their favour that the man they were just then hanging-on to is not strictly an aristocrat, since he does not possess "even a courtesy title," and therefore has no claim to the highest place of honour in *The Daily Chronicle's* "Social and Personal" column.

From a story in *The Church Family Newspaper* (we always hide our copy when the ladies come into the room):

"Mrs. Fairfax professed a polite interest in the house that had come to Lovel with his uncle's death, whist she nursed one of the King Charles's spaniels and occasionally addressed that petted animal in a kind of baby talk, listening to his replies with an obviously wandering attention."

Spaniel. "Why don't you listen? For Heaven's sake don't keep pawing me about like this." Give me air . . . Oh, all right, go on . . . What's for tea? . . . I said, 'What's for tea?' . . . WHAT'S FOR TEA? . . . Mashed biscuit again—what a life!"

POST-IMPRESSIONIST PROBLEMS.

(A SKETCH AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.)

TIME—Saturday afternoon. Visitors discovered, some making irreverent remarks, but the majority conscientiously endeavouring to understand if not admire works which they have been assured by the only people who know represent the Apotheosis of French Art, and, incidentally, the annihilation of all previous artistic standards.

Miss Pamela Sleyd (a young Art Student, who has not yet "found herself," to Mr. Dryden Prewin, a painter who has long since found himself, but has not, as yet, been discovered by anyone else—as they inspect MANET's Portrait of Mlle. Lemonnier). I like the modelling of the nose, but do you know (with some hope of impressing him by her anatomical knowledge), I can't help feeling that her right sleeve has no arm inside it.

Mr. Prewin (languidly). And why should it have? MANET, whatever may be said against him, was perhaps the first to introduce the principle of eliminating all detail that is not absolutely essential.

Miss P. S. But isn't a right arm an essential detail?

Mr. P. Not if it doesn't happen to appeal to the painter. In that case he simply ignores it.

Miss P. S. I feel that must be right. (As they pass on to MANET's "Un Bar aux Folies-Bergère.") Now this I really do like. Those oranges and the still-life on the counter are quite marvellously real! It isn't possible to put more truth into bottles than MANET has into all those, is it?

Mr. P. (pained). Possibly not. And it is just that realistic treatment that we Synthesists are in revolt against. It is too hopelessly out of date nowadays. We have got so far beyond MANET now!

Miss P. S. (an assimulative young person). Ah, poor dear! Perhaps he was just a little—er—early Victorian!

Mr. Ellis Dee (a young City man with advanced views on Art, to Miss Nebula Mistley). You may like this new style of painting, or you may not; but I can tell you this: it's like the motor-car, it's come to stay. You'll see—everybody'll be doing it in a year or two!

Miss Mistley (dubiously). I wonder. A good many people don't seem to see anything in it at all.

Mr. E. D. No more they did in TURNER or WHISTLER and all those chaps. And look where they are now!

Miss M. I wish I knew someone who could tell me about these pictures!

Mr. E. D. (hurt). That's just what I am doing. Why, there are fellows in Johannesburg—fellows who know, you know—buying everything they can get hold of. And prices simply bounding up.

Miss M. (impressed). Really? Then there must be something in it!

Miss Sleyd (before "Calypso" by M. Maurice Denis). I love that. I do really! The colour-effect of those warm pink rocks against the green sea is too charming!

Mr. Prewin (drily). Much. These attempts to represent Nature under a pleasing aspect are unspeakably offensive to the eye of all the more advanced Synthesists.

Miss S. (feeling sorry she spoke). Oh, I quite see that. And of course, as Art, a thing like this is simply nowhere!

Mrs. Molesey (to Mr. Rumbell Wetheram, an eminent Art Critic, before some of M. Gauguin's Tahitian studies). Yes, Mr. Wetheram, I do feel the rhythm and the emotional significance and all that, but I should like to know why some of the figures are drawn with such hard black outlines.

Mr. R. W. Because, my dear lady, Primitive Art makes

no attempt to draw what the eye perceives, but—ah—aims at putting a line round a mental conception of the object.

Mrs. M. I see. And they're Tahitians, too—so interesting! I must get a book about Tahiti and read it up. (She stops in some stupefaction before a landscape in which the foliage is represented by irregular polygons of Indian red, chrome-green, salmon-pink, and Prussian-blue, edged with ochre rims). Now really, Mr. Wetheram, I can't quite see why he should paint all his trees such odd shapes and colours!

Mr. R. W. That, dear Mrs. Molesey, is purely a matter of technique, which, let me remind you, is entirely the Artist's own affair. The Public has no right whatever to dictate to a painter how he should render the "tree-ness" of a tree.

Mrs. M. You mean he must be allowed to paint trees as he thinks they ought to be?

Mr. R. W. Precisely. And Synthesists have passed from the complexity of the appearance of things to the geometrical simplicity which design demands.

Mrs. M. I see. Then of course it's all right.

Miss Platt (a matter-of-fact young woman, to Miss Dobbs, another). "Le Postier." But why have they given him a green beard?

Miss Dobbs. Perhaps he'd been dyeing it just before he was taken. (They pass on to a study of a black bottle and a chamber candlestick). "Le Bougeoir!" Fancy giving it a title like that!

Miss Platt (tolerantly). Oh, well, they had to call it something.

A Wife (to her husband, with enthusiasm). Oh, George, how I envy the possessors of these glorious things! Don't you?

George. Well, not particularly. They may have 'em for all I care. But I tell you what, Laura, if you're so keen on 'em I don't mind giving you one for your birthday present. Only mind, you must hang it in your own room.

Laura. It's ever so sweet of you, dear—but I can't let you be so extravagant. You shall give me that sealskin and chinchilla coat I told you about, instead.

Mr. Askalon Gathborne (a frank Philistine, to Mr. Prewin, who has been trying in vain to evade him). No, but I say—just look at that picture of a donkey there. Why, it's more like a wooden animal than a live one!

Mr. Prewin. Possibly; but, as the introduction to the Catalogue very justly observes, "A good rocking-horse often has more of the true horse about it than an instantaneous photograph of a Derby winner."

Mr. A. G. Has it? I should be sorry to back it for a place, all the same!

Mr. Prewin. My dear fellow, that's entirely beside the point. But, of course, if you only come here to jeer—

Mr. A. G. Not a bit of it, dear old man. This has opened my eyes, I do assure you. I quite see from the way all this has caught on that there's only one set of men whose work is going to count in this country.

Mr. Prewin. I hardly expected you would say so, but you are perfectly right. If English Art is ever to be rescued from its present state of utter degradation, it will be by us Post-Impressionists.

Mr. A. G. I wasn't thinking of you, old fellow. I meant those chaps who exhibit on the pavement. But perhaps I'm wrong. Some of 'em do seem to have learnt to draw a bit!

[Mr. Prewin is about to reply that, to the Synthesist, Drawing is entirely unimportant in solving the problem of how the artist may best express his own temperament—but decides, on second thoughts, to reserve his pearls for a more appreciative recipient.] F. A.

CIVIL ANSWERS TO CIVIL QUESTIONS.

I.—AT THE DOUANE.

Question. Have you anything to declare?

Correct Answer. No trumps.

Further Question. No trumps?

Correct Answer. None whatever.

II.—IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Question. Amelia, will you be mine?

Correct Answer. No. But I will marry you, if you like.

III.—IN THE STUDY.

Question. May I ask as a father what your intentions towards my daughter are, Sir?

Correct Answer. You may.

Further Question. What are your intentions?

Correct Answer. I give you three guesses.

Further Question. Sir, I demand to know. What are your intentions?

Correct Answer. I haven't any.

Further Question. Do you call yourself a gentleman, Sir?

Correct Answer. I have too high an opinion of myself to call myself names.

IV. IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

Question. Have you a cigarette on you?

Correct Answer. I have left my case at home, so I am afraid you will have to burn one of your own.

V.—IN THE STREET.

Question. Won't you come round and dine with us one of these days?

Correct Answer. Yes. Which?

VI.—AT THE ENQUIRY OFFICE.

Question. What is your name, Madam.

Correct Answer. N. or M. Strike out one of these.

VII.—IN COURT.

Question. Prisoner at the Bar, how say you? Are you guilty or not guilty?

Correct Answer. That is for you to find out.

VIII.—AT THE TELEPHONE

(TRUNK CALL).

Question. Are you there?

Correct Answer. Your question admits of two answers, "Yes" on the one hand, and "No" on the other. It largely depends on what exactly you mean by "there."

Further Question. Are you two-three-double-six-nine Central, London?

Correct Answer. Again it is necessary to go into the matter at some length. You ask, "Am I two-three-



OUR ARTIST'S DREAM AFTER HEARING A PERFORMANCE OF T-CHAIKOWSKY'S "1812."

double-six-nine Central, London?" In a way I am, and in another way I am not. I am often addressed by that name, but in fact, in so describing myself in the directory, I have, I fear, been guilty of a little harmless deception. I mean, that is not the name with which I was presented at my christening. My god-parents will, I am sure, bear me out in that statement. Their respective addresses are . . .

Further Question (from the London Exchange). Three minutes is up. Are you done?

Correct Answer. In approaching this,

the third problem that is propounded to us . . .

Further Question (from the same source). Can't follow you. What's that?

Correct Answer. In approaching, I say, this, the third problem that is propounded to us, precision is equally necessary. The word "done" is capable of several interpretations, and it is essential to your enquiry . . . [Cut off.]

Postical decision by editor weary of new billiard records: Gray's Bard.



CONSOLATION.

Wife of Belated Fishhunter. "OH, PERKINS, WHAT DO YOU THINK CAN HAVE HAPPENED TO SIR JOHN? SURELY IF HE'D BEEN THROWN AND HURT THE MARK WOULD HAVE FOUND HER WAY HOME BY NOW?"

Coachman. "OH, NO, MUM—A NICE GENTLE ANIMAL LIKE 'ER WOULD HAVE BROWSED ROUND THE BODY UNTIL IT WAS FOUND."

Notes and Queries.

Several correspondents have asked if they may call our attention (and we freely give them permission) to our comment on a *Daily Mail* cutting in last week's issue. They point out that, if you count all the sharps and flats (which we should never dream of doing) there are twelve notes in an octave, and they want to know what we have to say to that. We have to say:

(1) That, if there are, there oughtn't to be, because the whole point of calling it an octave is thus lost.

(2) That for the sake of our readers in America, where the colour question is so strong, we were purposely ignoring the black notes.

(3) That, even if we weren't, we always count an octave "from C to C" (as KIPLING says), and that this gives you thirteen.

An Electrical Shock.

From an advertisement of Memphis (U.S.A.) in *The Saturday Evening Post*:

"BRING THE 'WORLD TO MEMPHIS is the

slogan of the City and it exactly expresses the intense desire of every man, woman and child in Memphis. This sentiment is backed up and given practical effect by the great Business Men's Club of Memphis, embracing 1,800 progressive citizens. They occupy their own \$250,000 Club House . . . Every man of them is a live wire . . .

It is this thoroughly wide-awake progressive metropolitan people who will extend you the glad hand."

The italics are ours, but there our interest ceases. We do not propose to grasp the glad hand of a live wire.

"But, whatever the sandwich used, the hostess should endeavour to make it distinctive of herself."—*Daily Chronicle*.

There is, however, a right way and a wrong way of doing this, and the thumb-mark way is the wrong one.

The Prophetic Eye.

"IMPERIAL DURBAR
A GREAT SOLEMNITY.
PROBABLE PROGRAMME.
By an Eye-Witness."

The Daily Telegraph.

"The Mayor and Corporation of Penzance yesterday attended service at St. John's Church."

For some reason unknown to us (it is really no business of ours at all) *The Western Morning News* heads this PENANCE."

"Mr. Winston Churchill does not propose at present to fill up the second of the two appointments as Labour Adviser to the Home Office, the first of which has been accepted by Mr. D. J. Shackleton, M.P."

The Home Secretary wishes it to be known that he does not propose at present to fill up the second of the two appointments as Labour Adviser to the Home Office, the first of which has been accepted by Mr. Shackleton."

—*Leicester Daily Mercury*.

Well, that's all right. Now, it is known.

"The Press Association says: Before the end of next week the present will have ceased to exist."—*Liverpool Courier*.

Epigrams like this depend for their effect entirely upon the way they are said. In the mouth of a practised raconteur like the Press Association they appear extremely pointed.



PARDONABLE CURIOSITY.

LORD CREWE. "THIS, I THINK, IS THE INSTRUMENT YOU WERE ENQUIRING ABOUT?"

LORD LANSDOWNE (*on his way to trial*). "THANKS. I THOUGHT I'D JUST LIKE TO GLANCE AT IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, Nov. 15.
 -- Something sublime about affectation of indifference assumed by House of Commons at critical epochs. Reassembled to-day amid intense public interest, testified to by unwonted crowd at gates of Palace Yard watching arrival of Members, arbiters of destinies of the Empire. When SPEAKER took the Chair every seat on floor was occupied. Late comers overflowed into side galleries. The menaced Peers were in the dock -- I mean the Gallery over the Clock. Behind them serried rows of Strangers. To their right a line of Foreign Ministers and other distinguished personages. Buzz of eager conversation filled the Chamber.

The Conference had broken up, admitting failure. There had been going and coming between Downing Street and Sandringham. What did it portend? Immediate dissolution, or further parleying with Peers over the Veto Resolutions? Members crowded to Westminster to hear the promised answer to portentous question. All the world listened at the door.

And what do you suppose was the business the House straightway took in hand and proceeded to deal with in deliberate, prosaic fashion as if the political crisis everyone was talking about had its local habitation in the planet Saturn? Why, it was consideration of Gas Companies (Standard Burner) (No. 1) Bill, a measure which seems to have escaped ruthless hand of the Lords and reached the Commons intact. Anyhow there it lay upon the Table, with intimation that it had come on from the other House. What it was all about only nine Members, including the CHAIRMAN OF WAYS AND MEANS, had slightest idea. Of these, eight filled five folios of the Orders of the Day with notices of motion referring to it.

Thus it came to pass that, whilst the thronged House curbed its impatience, the Gas Companies (Standard Burner) (No. 1) Bill was understood to be dimly threading its way to the Statute Book.

This disposed of, surely we should have eagerly expected statement. Not a bit of it, as DON'T KEIR HARDIE said to himself. May be true that

HARDIE Don't Keir for some of the impulses and observances common in certain grades of social and public life; but he does greatly 'keir' for an opportunity of advertising himself. Here was one fashioned with lavish hand. He seized it by the hair, as the French say. Proceeded to cross-examine SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR with respect to despatch of troops to protect life and property in disturbed colliery districts of South Wales. Nine times he rose to reiterate in slightly varied form enquiry already answered with Napoleonic courtiness modified by Haldanean courtesy.

House looked on with ill-disguised impatience at surprising clemency of

Then there was heard something resembling the click of a closing box. Members, looking towards spot where REES lately stood, found he had disappeared.

Up again presently. This time certainly scored. To long list of interrogations addressed to urbane smiling NAPOLEON B. HALDANE, DON'T KEIR HARDIE, commencing new column of advertisement, propounded long, argumentative conundrum addressed to WINSOME WINSTON. Came once more whirring sound from second bench below Gangway. JACK-IN-THE-BOX REES out again, fearlessly fronting the Chair. Distantly alluding to himself as "the hon. Member for Montgomery" he asked whether KEIR HARDIE's views expressed in short speech put in form of Question were more in order than those that earlier brought upon himself rebuke from the Chair? General cheer approved point of enquiry. SPEAKER did not reply.

At last to business. PRIME MINISTER significantly absent. Understood to be in further conference with HIS MAJESTY on momentous issue at stake. In his absence CHANCELLOR of EXCHEQUER, in halting accents, with timid manner unfamiliar at Limehouse, explained that eagerly expected statement would not be made to-day, nor even to-morrow. On Thursday it should be forthcoming from lips of PREMIER. Turned out that PRINCE ARTHUR engaged in country on that day. Finally settled that full disclosure shall be made on Friday.

Absolomen! murmured the MEMBER FOR SARK, under whose complex character lurks a stratum of superstition.

Business done. -- Gas Companies (Standard Burner) (No. 1) Bill read a third time.

House of Lords, Wednesday. -- Muffled, presumably interesting, conversation going forward through hour-and-a-half. To those whom duty calls to attend Debate in the Lords, the Chamber familiar as the sepulchre of speech. This afternoon, interest in proceedings abnormally acute, entombment more than usually complete. LANSDOWN as a rule successful in making himself heard. In the eye over the Bar where Commoners are, as they say in police-court reports, "accommodated with a seat," only by painfully intense listening



JACK-IN-THE-BOX REES.

(Always a delightful counter-irritant to the Precious Little Empire Lot.)
 (Sir J. D. Rees.)

the SPEAKER. The letter and the spirit of procedure strictly limit number and range of Supplementary Questions. And here was KEIR HARDIE having his fling unrestrained and unrebuked.

Too much for JACK-IN-THE-BOX REES. Is accustomed to keep watchful eye over irregularities at Question time. Now, with that unexpectedness that suggests the mechanical toy, he leaped to his feet and submitted point of Order, designed to put down KEIR HARDIE.

"That is not a point of order," the SPEAKER interrupted.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX not to be shut up so suddenly.

"With great respect, Mr. SPEAKER," he said, "I venture to think--"

"The views of hon. Members," interrupted the SPEAKER icily, "do not concern me."

'could the drift of his remarks be guessed at. ROSEBERY is another of the few Peers who can be heard in the Gallery. He also collapsed. Contemplation of growing iniquity of the Government, of increasing danger to the Empire, affected not only his spirits but his voice.

As for CREWE, barely audible at the best of times, he was exorcising. What made it worse for lookers-on from the Gallery was the aggravation of his manner. One could guess from the action of his hands, the gleam of genius on his countenance, that he was making an eloquent, probably a convincing speech, of which only here and there was caught fragment of a sentence.

Climax reached at close of CREWE's reply to what was understood to have been LANSDOWNE's speech. ROSEBERY, quitting Cross Bench, stood at Table facing Ministers. I made verbatim note of what followed as far as it was heard from Gallery where Commons clustered, and transcribe it for information of posterity, who will like to know how debate is carried on in House of Lords.

Lord Rosebery. "... first and second reading ... opportunity to-day ... printed?"

Up gat CREWE, anxious above all things to convey information. His play with his hat was, in absence of articulation, illuminating. Clutched it from his head with evident intention of demolishing hostile querist. As, holding it in hand, he advanced to Table, tenderer thoughts filled his mind. Proper sense of fealty to a father-in-law seized him. By time he reached the Table his nature so softened that he quite gently deposited, brim upper most, what a moment earlier had been a really truculent hat. Then, in courteous accent, he made full reply.

Lord Crewe. "... er ... in this matter ... Monday next ... er ... I confess I ... to everyone in the House ... er ... in any other case ... er."

Lord Rosebery. "... slippery work ... of course ... am I to understand ... next week?"

Lord Crewe (emphatically). "Yes."
Lord Rosebery. "Then may I ask ... are we to ... propositions of the Government?"

Lord Crewe. "... or ... like all other Bills ... our position was ... we were willing ... er ... no amendments."

Happily one gleam of light shone through the mirk. On Orders of Day appeared Resolution in name of Lord LANSDOWNE inviting Government forthwith to submit their Veto Bill. Putting this and that together, closely following eloquent movement of CREWE's hands and arms, gathered that request was conceded. Anyhow, no division. Noble Lords congregating in Lobby haggardly

amid murmur of conversation along the benches.

Another surprise was the excessive tameness of the proceedings. Here was climax of situation whose growth had occupied men's minds for a full fortnight. Reasonable to look for scene of seething excitement, passion finding outlet in bursts of cheers and counter-cheering. That the impulse was there was testified to by the ringing cheer from Opposition that greeted entrance of PRINCE ARTHUR, a demonstration lustily responded to from Ministerial side when, five minutes later, the PREMIER entered from behind the SPEAKER'S chair.

Evidently there was plenty of gunpowder strewn about the floor. A match carelessly or designedly dropped would lead to explosion shaking the roof.

At the outset the artful PREMIER sprinkled cold water over the gunpowder. He was solely concerned in getting business through. Fireworks we might, if we pleased, have in another place on another occasion. Striking a conversational note, avoiding incitement to party feeling, in the space of twenty minutes—one-third of the time wasted on Questions—he announced that dissolution will be decreed on Monday the 28th. In the meantime business of session will be quietly wound up.

"A master of precise statement," PRINCE ARTHUR hailed the PREMIER, and taking time and tune from him delivered equally brief speech, also free from appeal to party passion.

It was not magnificent but it avoided futile fury and consequent waste of time.

Business done. — Dissolution announced.



Persuas ve, deprecatory, lucid, charming to look at—but inaudible in the Gallery!

compared notes as to what they thought they had here and there caught of purport of two speeches and one cross-examination.

Business done. — Generally understood that Veto Bill was read first time.

House of Commons, Friday. — Dominance of the unexpected kept up to last. Prevailed even in detail of Questions. Through the session Ministers enjoy on Fridays immunity from interrogation. To-day, the House thronged to fullest capacity with audience eager to know what the PREMIER had to announce on political crisis, an interval of a full hour was occupied with questions put and answered

"So the Asquithian coup de main fails in the nerveless arm of the Prime Minister, and the bottom falls out of the overblowing cup."

Pull Mail Gazette.

Horrible thought! Can the writer have translated "coup" by "cup"?

"Two hundred inmates of the Belfast County Gaol enjoyed a variety entertainment on Saturday, and listened to organ solos played by the prison governor." — Manchester Evening News.

It is a nice distinction, and we appreciate the tact with which it is made.



Small Boy (to High Priest of stately equipage). "DRIVE ON HOME, AUGUSTUS. I SHALL WALK!"

RHYMES FOR RATS.

[A lament suggested by the old rural superstition that rats could be rhymed to death.]

WHEN I despondently review
The way the modern poet's trade
Yields profits barely equal to
The takings of a twenny maid,
I sigh for those attractive times
When rats were massacred with rhymes.

For then, when ravage in his rick
Had set the farmer swearing hard,
His friends would tell him: "Send
round quick

For Robinson, the gifted bard,
Who boasts a pretty talent that's
As good as sudden death to rats."

And straightway he would summon
me,

Acting upon this timely tip,
And beg me try what poetry
Could do to give the beggars gip.
"Dead for a ducat," I would shout,
And he would dole the ducat out.

But even vermin treat to-day
All music with a cold neglect,
And Bawking's friend might pipe
away

(Like billyo) without effect.
When man is fighting rats, no more
The minstrel boy goes to the war.

HINTS TO HOSTESSES.

[“Hostesses often complain that they do not know how to entertain their guests in the long winter evenings unless they play cards, and the result is that the non-card-players retire early, having nothing better to do.”—*Daily Mail*.]

Poor ladies, you must be helped;
or else you must give up asking non-gambling visitors to your house at all.

One way to keep these unreasonable guests up is to make their bedrooms extremely uncomfortable. Forget to put hot water in their bottles; for nothing is more depressing than a cold water-bottle. Let their fires out, or don't have them laid at all. Leave the windows open. Shut the dog or cat up in the room.

That is one way. Another way is to have dinners later and later, so that there is no time for cards for any one. Don't sit down till ten and then serve slowly, so that the table is not finally left till midnight. This will break up the evening very pleasantly, and no one is likely to want to sit up much later.

Another way is to find you are out of cards. "Of course you'd like Bridge, wouldn't you?" you can say quite naturally (practise this before a phonograph), "but unfortunately I can't put my hand on our packs. We have such lots, but I'm afraid one of our new maids

has been lighting the fire with them—she's Irish, you know!" or "The boys had a paper-chase yesterday and the little rascals used all our squereers—how droll of them!" or "My husband's aunt, you know, she's very strict—quite an Anabaptist I call her! she hates cards, so that I'm afraid she destroyed them. She left only this morning." Say something like this, guily and humorously, and then suggest your alternative attraction, whatever it is—Spillikins, or Squalls, or Consequences, or Charades.

But if all these devices fail and you are driven back on the conclusion that most of your friends actually do come to stay with you for the sake of Bridge, why then you must sacrifice those who don't. Nothing is so uncomfortable as to have friends who hate gambling. Don't ask them any more. Perhaps this is simplest.

"When butter is not worked properly, or is badly made up, its colour is often straky and the flavour impaired. Butter should never be dragged along the bed of the worker, as this is a sure means of detracting from the quality of the finished article."

—*The Farmer and Stockbreter*.

If we must have our bed tampered with we certainly prefer the ordinary apple-pie.

THE VAGABOND.

(Concluded.)

So, moving on where his fancy listed,
He came to a street that turned and twisted;
And there by a shop-front dimly lighted
He suddenly stopped as though affrighted,
Stopped and stared with his deep gaze centred
On something seen like a dream's illusion,
Through the streaming glass, mid the queer confusion
Of objects littered on shelf and floor,
And about the counter and by the door—
And then with his lips set tight he entered.

There were rusty daggers and battered breastplates,
And jugs of pewter and carved oak cases,
And china monsters with hideous faces,
And cracked old plates that had once been best plates;
And needle-covers and such old-wivery;
Wonderful chess-men made from ivory;
Cut-glass bottles for wines and brandies;
Sticks once flourished by bucks and dandies;
Deep old glasses they drank enough in,
And golden boxes they took their snuff in;
Rings that flashed on a gallant's knuckles,
Seals and lockets and shining buckles;
Watches sadly in need of menders,
Blackened firedogs and dented fenders;
Prints and pictures and quaint knick-knackery,
Rare old silver and mere gimcrackery—
Such was the shop, and in its middle
Stood an old man holding a dusty fiddle.

The Vagabond bowed and the old man bowed,
And then the Vagabond spoke aloud.
"Sir," he said, "we are two of a trade,
Each for the other planned and made,
And so we shall come to a fair agreement,
Since I am for you and you're for me meant.
And I, having travelled hither from far, gain
You yourself as my life's best bargain.

But I am one

Who chaffers for fun,
Who when he perceives such stores of beauty
Outspread conceives it to be his duty
To buy of his visit a slight memento:
Some curious gem of the quattrocento,
Or something equally rare and priceless,
Though its outward fashions perhaps entice less:
A Sultan's slipper, a Bishop's mitre,
Or the helmet owned by a Roundhead fighter,
Or an old buff coat by the years worn thin,
Or—what do you say to the violin?
I'll wager you've many, so you can't miss one,
And I—well, I have a mind for this one,
This which was made, as you must know,
Three hundred years and a year ago
By one who dwelt in Cremona city
For me—but I lost it, more's the pity,
Sixty years back in a wild disorder
That flamed to a fight on the Afghan border;
And, whatever it costs, I am bound to win it,
For I left the half of my full soul in it."

And now as he spoke his eyes began
To shiver the heart of the grey old man;

And the old man stuttered,

And "Sir," he muttered,

"The words you speak are the merest riddle,
But—five pounds down, and you own the fiddle!

And I'll choose for your hand, while the pounds you
dole out,
A bow with which you may pick that soul out."

So said so done, and our friend again
Was out in the raging wind and rain.
Swift through the twisting street he passed
And came to the Market Square at last,
And climbed and stood
On a block of wood

Where a pent-house, leant to a wall, gave shelter
From the brunt of the blizzard's helter-skelter,
And, waving his bow, he cried, "Ahoy!
Now steady your hearts for an hour of joy!"
And so to his cheek and jutting chin
Straight he fitted the violin,
And, rounding his arm in a movement gay,
Touched the strings and began to play.

There hasn't been heard since the world spun round
Such a marvellous blend of thrilling sound.
It streamed, it flamed, it rippled and blazed,
And now it reproached and now it praised,
And the liquid notes of it wove a scheme
That was one-half life and one-half a dream.
And again it scaled in a rush of fire
The glittering peaks of high desire;
Now, foiled and shattered, it rose again
And plucked at the souls and hearts of men;
And still as it rose the sleet came down
In the Market Square of Danbury town.

And now from hundreds of opened doors,
With quiet paces
And happy faces,

In ones and twos and threes and fours,
A crowd pressed out to the Market Square
And stood in the storm and listened there.

And, oh, with what a solemn tender strain
The long-drawn music eased their hearts of pain;
And gave them visions of divine content;
Green fields and happy valleys far away,
And rippling streams and sunshine and the scent
Of bursting buds and flowers that come in May.

And one spoke in a rapt and gentle voice,
And bade his friends rejoice,
"For now," he said, "I see, I see once more
My little lass upon a pleasant shore
Standing, as long ago she used to stand,
And beckoning to me with her dimpled hand.

As in the vanished years,
So I behold her and forget my tears."
And each one had his private joy, his own,
All the old happy things he once had known,
Renewed and from the prisoning past set free,
And mixed with hope and happy things to be.

So for a magic hour the music gushed,
Then faded to a close, and all was hushed,
And the tranced people woke and looked about,
And fell to wondering what had brought them out
On such a night of wind and piercing sleet,
Exposed with hatless heads and thin-shod feet.
Something, they knew, had chased their heavy sadness;

And for the years to come they still may keep,

As from a morning sleep,
Some broken gleam of half-remembered gladness.
But the wild fiddler on his feet of flame
Vanished and went the secret way he came.



Lady (wanting some wallflowers for bedding out). "HAVE YOU ANY 'BLEEDING WARRIORS'?"
New Assistant (inexperienced in floral nomenclature). "WELL, MA'AM, OUR FOREMAN HAS TWO BOYS IN THE SCOUTS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I SUPPOSE that what Miss S. MACNAUGHTAN doesn't know about Scotch country life isn't worth knowing, or at least making a book about. Her latest story, *The Andersons* (MURRAY), is just as good as those that have gone before; and there are many people who will recognize this for very high praise indeed. Though I have just finished reading it with a great deal of pleasure, I doubt if I could tell you accurately what *The Andersons* is about, except that it is about the *Andersons*—and they are a family to whom nothing very out-of-the-way happens, from one end of the book to the other. In fact, when, about halfway through, they moved from Clydebank to Kensington, and appeared anxious to involve themselves in the complications of an ordinary novel, I was quite sorry. Because, frankly, I do not think "plot" is Miss MACNAUGHTAN's strong point, and, indeed, the episode of *Maggie* and the cheque struck me as so artificial as to be silly, and certainly quite out of place. I like the *Andersons* ever so much better when they are content to remain just ordinary and human types, and to reveal themselves as such, through the art of Miss MACNAUGHTAN, and with that exceedingly dry humour of which she alone of women appears to know the secret. Old *Mathew Anderson*, the shipbuilder; *Beatrice*, with her art-jargon and general futility; *Maggie* herself (except in

that matter of the cheque-heros); and the practical *Flora*—all these hold the attention as only living characters can. For these alone the book is excellently worth buying. And the storm that ends it is a quite tremendous piece of descriptive writing; I know of no wind in fiction (except perhaps the one in *Ravenhoe*) that has left me feeling so buffeted and breathless.

If I am to have my highwayman endowed with most of the Christian virtues, and only indulging his besetting foible at the expense of unrighteous attorneys and the like, I think I prefer the author to go the whole hog, and make him marry the heroine at the end. Take, for instance, *Jemmy Abercraw* (METHUEN), who is Mr. BERNARD CAPES's ideal night-rider. Most of his escapades were undertaken in a spirit of pure frolic humour; he never had to shoot a man (because people knew he could hit bats on the wing), and when, from want of funds and in the hope of securing some hidden treasure, he was led to impersonate the Young Pretender, thus imposing on those ardent Jacobites *Lady Drummond* and her charming niece, he backed out as soon as he discovered that the girl's honour was in danger of being compromised. Finally he saved this young lady's life and that of her more respectable but not nearly so attractive suitor, *Lord Desville*. And for all this virtue and gallantry how does Mr. BERNARD CAPES reward him? Why, with a dastardly shot in the back on page 303. It is enough to make one despair of living a

noble life. For the rest, there is some very pretty writing in this novel, and the author has managed his final and most thrilling situation with extreme skill; also he has introduced a couple of delightfully villainous desperadoes as a foil to the stainless chivalry of his young gentleman of the road. But why not have made *Jemmy Abercraw* a duke in disguise? And he could easily have built a hospital or a free library to atone for the trifling errors of his past.

I am come regretfully to the conclusion that Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC, M.P., is not helping us as he should. All is not well with England; yet, while there are Englishmen called BELLOC to point the way, should we not be able to escape from the mire? That Prime Ministers and Leaders of the Opposition are dishonest and incompetent fools (not, it may be, having enjoyed the advantages which you and I have enjoyed); that the two front Benches maintain a Portuguese indifference as to which shall be in power, so long as the salaried posts are divided equally between their friends; that Ministers are ruled by their wives and their wives by fat foreigners who pose as Englishmen—all this we have known and regretted for years. But we have thanked Heaven that, remote from the crowd of fat foreigners who pose as Englishmen, there has stood one honest Anglo-Saxon to whom we might look for the way out; "A BELLOC for England!" has been our cry. Alas! Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC, M.P., has not responded as we had hoped. Once again, in *Pongo and the Bull* (CONSTABLE), he dwells lovingly upon the disease, rather than indicates the remedy. He shows us no contrast between sincerity and insincerity; he pictures for us no honest Hercules M.P. struggling with the Westminster stables. Perhaps, you think to yourself in a moment of unrelieved gloom, there is no honest M.P. Ah, but we know that there is one . . . and he is not giving us the help that we expect from an Englishman.

In your study you devour
NIETZSCHE, KANT and SCHOPENHAUER;
Something in a lighter vein
Suits your fancy in the train.

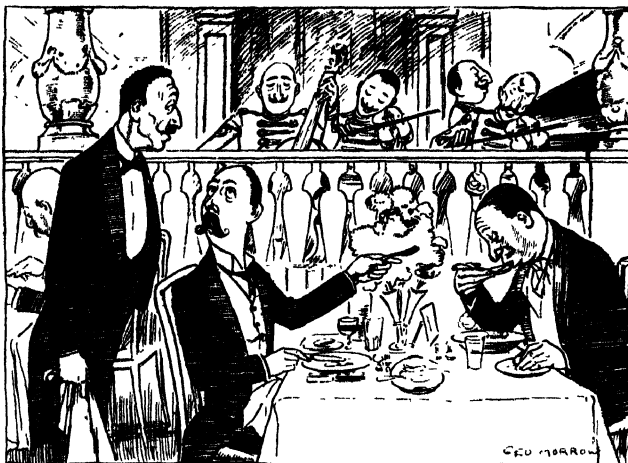
MR. RIDGE (PETT RIDGE) and I
Recommend that you should buy
Light Refreshment. Don't abstain,
But consume it in the train.

Go for RIDGE's food and shun
Sandwiches and penny bun;
RIDGE's food will give your brain
Ease and comfort in the train.

City clerks and working-men,
These inspire his current pen;
You will find them, in the main,
Good companions for the train.

Sometimes a pathetic note
Checks the smile—I'd like to quote
Had I space, but must refrain;
Wait and read it in the train.

HODDER, aided by his chum,
STOUGHTON, brings it out. The sum?
Just a florin; so the twain
Cater cheaply for the train.



The *Epistole*. WAITER, TAKE THIS GENTLEMAN'S SOUP AWAY. I CAN'T HEAR THE BAND!

Since MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF published her *Journal* I have not read anything more illuminative of the complex character of woman than Mrs. T. P. O'CONNOR's book, published by METHUEN, *I Myself*, she calls it, with

characteristic frankness. Whilst it incidentally deals with many, well-known people with whom she has made acquaintance, it is of herself chiefly, to a certain extent unconsciously, that she writes. POPE insisted that the proper study of mankind is man. He did not live to know Mrs. O'CONNOR. Born in Texas, she brings to the harder nature of more Northern latitudes an unfamiliar fire. She was nurtured in the luxury of a Southern home "befo' the wah," but circumstances threw her in early life upon her own resources. Gifted, strenuous, not afraid of hard work, she began her struggle

for a livelihood in New York journalism, and in moderate measure succeeded. She never failed to get what she wanted by reason of undue shyness in asking for it. Desiring a modest appointment in a Government office, she did not pester round head clerks or even Under Secretaries. She went straight to the President of the United States, and talked taciturn General GRANT into giving her what she wanted. Not the least interesting chapters of a book which deals principally with life in London are the earlier ones devoted to pictures of her upbringing on a Texan plantation. They throw vivid light on a domesticity that has for ever passed away.

"Feasting that they may spread plague, large numbers of rats are being shot or poisoned in the Dunmow (Essex) district."

—*Daily Chronicle*.

This is most public-spirited of our dumb friends. Few humans could rise to these heights of self-sacrifice.

"The wide air of the world was theirs to breathe, but they breathed it only in short pants."—*Harpers Magazine*.

You can't do that nowadays, people are so strict.

CHARIVARIA.

"THE Government," said Mr. C. F. G. MASTERTON at Stratford, "demand as much justice for the pickpocket as for the peer." We can well believe this.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL was much mistaken if he thought that the release of the Suffragettes would please them. Nearly all, we hear, were angry, but the most aggrieved of them was without doubt the lady who, before attending the Court, had let her house furnished for a month.

If proof were needed of the unpopularity of Form IV. it is to be found in the CHANCELLOR'S confession in the House of Commons that, out of 8,601,447 issued, no fewer than 7,000,000 have been returned to him. It surprises us to hear that anyone should want to keep them.

While the POSTMASTER-GENERAL does not see his way to adopt Mr. HENRIER HEATON'S proposal that, in telegrams, the letters M.P. shall be charged as one word instead of two, a compromise has now been reached on the point. If the Government are returned they will introduce a measure for the payment of salaries to M.P.'s.

"Let the Unionist party give a new value and added meaning to its title," suggests D. L. B. S. in *The Observer*, "by declaring and working for a union between rich and poor, instead of class hatred." There are difficulties, of course, but the poor, we understand, are quite willing to take the rich into partnership.

Die Post announces that measures have been taken by the German military authorities to prevent the repetition of such offences as that of Lieutenant HELM by other German officers visiting England. We understand that the form these measures take is strict instructions to other officers not to be found out.

The German newspapers are annoyed

at the American fleet's avoidance of Germany. *Die Deutsche Tageszeitung* protests against its attitude of obsequious friendship to the United States, and declares that "we should in no circumstances give even the appearance of running after the Americans." Such a proceeding, in the event of war, would be obnoxious to the Americans also.

Meanwhile at Brest and Cherbourg there is considerable dissatisfaction as to the disturbances caused by the

CARTON'S play, *Eccentric Lord Chamberlaine*, is to be followed by one from Mr. LAURENCE HUGHMAN'S pen, entitled *Eccentric Lord Chamberlain*.

"Never sit in damp shoes," says *Health*. As a matter of fact for years we have made it a rule never to sit in a shoe of any sort if there is a chair handy.

We thank you, O *Dublin Evening Mail*, for the following sentence in an account of a recent concert:—"The programme throughout was an exceptionally strong one, compromising the names of some of Dublin's most talented and popular artistes."

Some of our newspapers come dangerously near spoiling their readers by their acts of generosity. For instance:—"The Express presents its readers to-day with a new novel feature—a display page for advertisers." And without extra charge! How can it be done?

A young lady who was charged in Paris last week with smashing the glass of a fire-alarm pleaded that her fiancé was a fireman and that she hoped to see him by this means. This, of course, is not an original scheme. CALVERLEY had the same idea when he threw a stone through the window of the Dean of Christ's.

"What we have to do," said Mr. JOHN BURNS at Battersea, "is to scotch the Lords." But we quite thought they were to be Irished.

"SALOME AT COVENT GARDEN, BAN REMOVED"

By THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, "Well!" she exclaimed, "I should have thought her costume was already scanty enough."

A congregation of Oxford University has negatived by 188 votes to 152 the proposed statute to abolish Greek for responsions, and in Constantinople the feeling against our country is more bitter than ever.



Candidate. "MAY I HOPE, MRS. SAUNDERS, THAT YOUR HUSBAND WILL SUPPORT ME?"
Mrs. Saunders. "SUPPORT YOU! W'Y, 'E AIN'T SUPPORTED ME THE LAST SIX MONTHS!"

American tars, and the French are saying that they would never have helped the Americans to gain their independence had they known that they were going to use it like that.

There have been many worse crazes than the vogue for Pageants, and we are pleased to see that there is now an "Association for the Supply of Spectacles to London Elementary Schools."

It is rumoured that Mr. R. C.

BETWEEN NOW AND THEN.

"PEACE and good will to men?" Quite so;
But that's for Christmas: that can wait;
There's still a goodish time to go
In which we're free to fight and hate;
We've had the schedule nicely planned—
A fortnight sees our ructions ended,
Leaving us just a week in hand
To get our muddy souls amended.

So let us make it our delight,
As doth the vicious mongrel pup,
To growl and bark and sniff and bite,
And chew the Constitution up;
A little hell we mean to raise
For blighted dukes that hold, or let, and,
Then purge our sins for seven days
(No chance of this for poor old Shetland).

And on the night, with turkey puffed,
We'll talk about this heathen feud—
What made us scalp each other's tuft,
And how we came to be so rude;
And wonder, o'er the nuts and wine—
Sick of the war we've just been waging—
Why Christian Moderates can't combine
And leave the rest to do the raging. O.S.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

A CASE OF POSSESSION.

Bow Street, Nov. 25.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—DR. JULIA SETON SEARS, M.D., the founder of the New Thought Church and School, U.S.A., is over here on a crusade. She expounded her views at a "small parlour audience" yesterday afternoon to a select few disciples and others. She holds that if you want a thing badly enough you get it. All you have to do is to concentrate your thoughts, visualise whatever you want to occur, and "see yourself in instant possession."

Fortified with this simple programme of procedure I determined to put it into practice at the earliest opportunity. It occurred to me this morning, while strolling through the National Gallery, that I badly wanted ROMNEY's portrait of Lady HAMILTON.

I concentrated hard for forty seconds, and visualised the occurrence most successfully.

No sooner thought than done.

I lifted the picture off its hook and walked away with the precious acquisition under my arm, feeling really immensely grateful to Dr. SEARS. I was, however, observed by an officious attendant.

The next moment I was practically "in instant possession" of the picture, and am now waiting to be bailed out. Will the leader of the New Thought kindly think me out? The case is urgent—or, rather, it is proceeding, and it will soon be too late.

(Signed) A MARTYR TO THE CAUSE.

WHEREAS the Editor of *The Calgary Daily Herald* (Alberta) has lifted from *Punch* a picture of a football crowd, and re-named it to suit local requirements; and WHEREAS he has done this without publishing any sort of acknowledgment; Now *Mr. Punch* herewith begs to make full acknowledgment on his behalf.

A ZEALOUS CONVERSION.

[*Mr. Punch* understands that the following suggestion for an election poster has been submitted to the headquarters of the Unionist Party.]

All Who Wish To
ABOLISH THE HOUSE OF LORDS
Must Vote for the Unionists.

The Unionist Leaders have Pronounced
THE DOOM OF THE HEREDITARY PRINCIPLE.

Those Who Support ASQUITH Support
AN EFFETE

AND SUPERFLUOUS PEERAGE.

Lord LANSDOWNE and Mr. BALFOUR Will

CLIP THE PEERS' CLAWS

and

DRAW THE DUKES' TEETH.

VOTE FOR [*here insert name of Unionist Candidate*]

and

NO INTERFERENCE WITH BUDGETS.

JOINT SESSIONS.

THE POPULAR REFERENDUM.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

TRIUMPH OF THE DEMOCRACY

and

THE ASSURED PREDOMINANCE

of

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Whoever desires to Give

A DEATH-BLOW TO FEUDAL PRIVILEGE

Must

VOTE FOR [*here insert name of Unionist Candidate*].

NORFOLK.

[A disrespectful postscript to some verses recently published in *The Spectator*.]

VISIONS of old that we vainly cherish,
Dim and faint are your forms to-day,
Ancient memories fade and perish,
Ancient houses decay.

Leisurely methods are out of favour,
Cottagers follow the City mode,
Rural odours have lost their savour,
Speed and smell are lords of the road.

Welcome, I ween, are the boons you offer,
Norfolk, to those who eschew repose:
Sporting links for the red-faced goller

Flaunting his florid hose;
Sands for the matutinal dippers;
Surf where they tumble and shout and sprawl;
Sea fronts blackened with cockney trippers,
Raucous with strains of the music-hall.

Here, no matter what hour you waken,

London papers are out on sale,

Here no hamlet, however forsaken,

Is free from the *Daily Mail*.

Here of yore was the home of the bustard;

Here were the Peggotty chapters planned;

Here to-day is the Mecca of mustard;

Here is the centre of Bloaterland.



A PLAGUE ON BOTH YOUR HOARDINGS.

RIVAL BILLPOSTERS (*together*). "WHO SAYS TRADE'S RUINED BY THESE ELECTIONS? I LIKES 'EM!"



[“The German public has lately been regaled with tales of a talking dog.”—Daily Press.]

Wife. DO BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU ARE SAYING, DEAR. I FEEL CONVINCED THAT OUR CONVERSATIONS ARE REPEATED BY PINCHER IN THE SERVANTS' HALL.”

A DINNER-TABLE TOPIC.

I HAD led her in to dinner; I had found her a chair next to myself; I had translated for her the opening bars of the *menu*; I had surrounded her with every condiment that money can buy; and still she wasn't satisfied. She looked up from the soup and said: “Well, what do you think of LLOYD GEORGE?”

I was so startled that I upset the pepper.

“Oh, I am sorry!” I said. “Has it gone all over you? My table manners are awful, I'm afraid—in fact my family always refers to them as my stable manners. But that's so like a family. And you had just said you wouldn't have any pepper,” I added remorsefully, as we brushed it up. “There, that's all right. A—a—a—*tishoo!* Have you been to many dances lately?”

She accepted my apologies, helped herself to toast, and turned brightly to me.

“Well,” she said again, “what do you think of LLOYD GEORGE?”

“Just for the moment I had forgotten about him. Won't you try one

of these almonds? What I say is, a man either likes almonds or he doesn't. If he does he starts at once. That,” I added, indicating the third from the end, “is a nice brown one.”

“Thank you. What's going to happen, do you think? Shall we get this wretched Government out?”

“I wonder. I'm afraid I shan't be able to help. I say, *isn't* the weather being rotten?”

“You don't mean to tell me you're a Radical?” she said in horror.

“I most certainly *didn't* mean to tell you. All I meant to say just then was that I hadn't got a vote this election; there isn't going to be a contest in my division. Wasn't that an awful fog the other night?”

“I suppose the Radicals are afraid of fighting it,” she said scornfully.

“I expect they are a little unnerved. They got beaten by about three thousand last time. Our Unionist man had the most telling poster of the whole election. It simply said, ‘ALL GENTLEMEN ARE UNIONISTS.’ I dashed off and voted at once. . . . Have you begun to think of Christmas presents yet?”

“I was looking round the shops

yesterday afternoon. They say they will all be ruined by the action of the Government in forcing an election on the country at this time of the year.”

“You should look at it like this: What are a few shops compared with the safety of the Empire? Every day that the Government is in means a day less safety. I suppose you were at the Motor Show?”

“Of course it is certain that we shall win, isn't it?”

“According to the papers both sides are going to win. So, whatever happens, half the Press is bound to be right. That is a solemn thought. You'll have some pepper now, won't you? I'll be more careful this time.”

“You know, I simply cannot understand how any decent, honest man can vote for this Government.”

“Oh, where does that come from?”

“What do you say?”

“I thought it was a quotation,” I explained. “Well, you know, I'm bound to confess—we may never meet again, so it doesn't matter—I am bound to confess that I do know one or two fairly decent Radicals. (Comparatively decent.”

“And honest?”



PORTRAIT PAINTING, PAST AND PRESENT.

THE DECAY OF FLATTERY.

"The servants often leave them alone in the drawing-room for a minute or two . . . and one lends them books . . . and so on."

"I meant honest in their convictions." "They think they are. That's as far as you can go."

"Of course, I daresay even a Socialist could be honest in his convictions—"

"Honest between his convictions, let us say."

"—because he does really want the rich man's money; but I don't see how a gentleman possibly could vote Radical."

"Perhaps they aren't gentlemen, then; I never know. One of them wears a top-hat, but that isn't saying much nowadays. Top-hats are so cheap, thanks to Free Trade—I mean they will be so cheap when Tariff

Reform comes in—I say, let's have another almond."

I had an almond, and she had something more substantial, and then we returned to the all-important subject.

"Did you read the leading article in *The Observer* last Sunday?" she asked.

"Well, I did begin it after breakfast," I said, "but I had to go out to supper, and I didn't have time to finish it. I often wonder how these writing fellows think of the things to say. Don't you?"

"How anybody after reading that could pretend to be in any doubt as to which way he ought to vote—"

"Exactly; even by the end of the ninth column or so I was in no doubt at all. But unluckily I shan't have a vote at this election. Do you know, until I heard that you had read a whole leading

article in *The Observer* right through, I wasn't really in favour of Women's Suffrage. I should like to offer you my vote, as it's no good to me."

She was very honest about it. "I didn't really read it right through," she confessed. "Father quoted bits at breakfast."

"Ah, I thought perhaps that was it. In instinct you women have the better of us—but in stamina, no."

"They speak of a woman's tact, too," she said, forgetting for a moment the dangerous condition of the Empire.

"I often wonder about that. For instance, if by some awful chance I had been a Radical, this evening's conversation would have been singularly embarrassing for me. But I suppose your instinct—"

"Of course! I knew you couldn't be. I take it for granted that all nice people are Unionists."

"Yes, but you don't really know that I'm nice. That's the point. Quite a short time ago I spilt the pepper over you. And I've got an elbow on the table now. Besides—"

She looked at me with wide-open eyes. I could see that she was trying to remember all that we had said.

"You're not really," she began in amazement—

Somebody at the opposite end of the room put in the reverse, and the conversation swung round. The man on her other side eagerly claimed her attention. The lady on my other side turned to me.

"Well," she said, "what do you think of Lloyd George?"

A. A. M.

Interesting Announcement.

A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between *The Chocolate Soldier* and *The Quaker Girl*. The bride will be given away by Mr. CADBURY. The best man will be the Editor of *The Spectator*, assisted by the Editor of *The Star*. We don't think.

Two consecutive advts. in *The Daily Mirror*—

"Ask your Grocer for Free Sample of—Wine Powder, sufficient to make a bottle of best Port or Marsells Wine.

Drunkards Cured quickly, secretly: cost trifling; trial free."

See how the passion for wine powder grows on one. Let this be a warning.

"Then came the first goal of the match from the foot of Vizard, who jumped at the ball from a centre by Stokes and headed into the far corner of the net."—*Yorkshire Post*.
We spell it Wizard.



Country Candidate. "LET'S HEAR THE PROGRAMME FOR TO-DAY AGAIN."

Agent. "CAR TO SLOFTON INTERVIEW FACTORY OWNER 9.45 LOCAL BRICKLAYERS 10.10, BACK HERE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE 11.0 CAR TO MUDFORD SPEECH TO BRICKWORKS HANDS 12.0 SMOOTH DOWN MUDFORD COMMITTEE 12.30 BACK HERE FARMERS' LUNCHEON 1.15 CAR TO RIPLEY KICK-OFF FOOTBALL MATCH 2.30 TREASURE AMALGAMATED CORNDEALERS 3.15 THEN ODD JOBS CHICKWEED GROWERS' DINNER AND THREE EVENING MEETINGS BACK HERE MIDNIGHT COMPOSE SPEECHES FOR TO-MORROW."

Candidate. "RIGHTO. GOT THE PROTRID AND CHOCOLATE! THEN COME ON!"

COMING ELECTIONS CAST THEIR SHADOW BEFORE.

"But we must have a General—all soldiers do," said Peter. "So I'll be the General."

"General what? General Post Office?" asked Margaret.

"I'll be General KITCHENER."

"An' I'll be Gen'al Lekshun," said Joan, marching round with Peter's gun on her shoulder.

"I say," said Norman, popping up from behind the sofa, where he had been waiting to be attacked, "I quite forgot to tell you; I heard father say at breakfast that there is to be an election, and before Christmas."

"Get down—don't spoil the game."

"Peter, dear, we'll put off the game; Norman has introduced something far more important," said Margaret.

"He's afraid of getting licked, that's what it is," said Peter ungraciously.

"It may not matter to you whether Uncle Bob forgets us again this Christ-

mas," said Norman, "but it jolly well does to me."

"To say nothing of the ladies," murmured Margaret.

"If people must put up for Parliament they ought not to make their families suffer for it."

"You mean relations," said Margaret. "Uncle Bob hasn't any families—he isn't married, you must remember."

"Well, you know quite well what I mean, and if he was so busy last year that he forgot us, he'll be busier than ever this year and he'll forget us again, unless we do something."

"But what can we do?" said Peter, tossing his sword away.

A heated discussion followed. Norman was for a deputation; Peter advocated what he called a Red Robin; Joan was in favour of anything that would settle it quickly and allow them to return to the field of battle.

"No," said Margaret, "it is rude to ask for Christmas presents. I will write him a letter." And she wrote:

"DEAREST UNCLE BOB,—We are all so glad you are putting up for Slingshampton again, and we hope you get in. It seems ages since we saw you—it must be two Christmases ago. Poor Peter has had such an accident—his model steam-engine has been smashed to bits. Norman is very well. He is very keen on a model aeroplane and talks of trying to make one after Christmas if necessary. I am giving up foreign stamps for my hobby; I think of taking to painting in a month or two, if possible. Those paints in little tubes are sweet, I think.

Your affectionate Niece,

MARGARET.

P.S.—Dear little Joan is quite well. She can eat plain chocolate now without being a bit sick. Isn't that splendid?"

Commercial Candour.

Advt. in *The Motor Cycle*:

"We shall have all machines of any value on exhibit. Also our — Motor Cycle."

PICTURES OF LOVE.

My Bella is a charming maid,
One of the fairest of earth's creatures,
Brown eyes, brown hair, a frifle staid,
Well off, and with attractive features;
She is a thing without a taint:
The one fly in my pot of honey
Is that she thinks that she can paint;
It's very funny.

Truth is an attribute I prize;
But in the processes of wooing,
When she displayed to my shocked eyes
Some dreadful daub that she was
doing,
I praised it warmly on the spot;
I called it great—but meant to flatter;
It was a lie, but I did not
Think it would matter.

Nor did it then. But ever since
We told our love (with some emotion)
Fate has inspired her to evince
The breadth and depth of her devo-
tion
With gifts—not goods of silver, gold,
And such—not even an umbrella—
But pictures, awful to behold;
Oh, Arabella!

I have a "Spring" which makes one
creep,
"Autumn" (the trees alone are muddy),
Some things which I believe are sheep,
And something which she calls a
"Study,"
"Dawn on the sands" in fleshly pink,
A pair of blue seas and a green one,
And a weird cow, which makes you
think
She's never seen one.

My humble walls were once bedight
With works of some artistic merit;
Some bought, because they pleased the
sight;
Some, I was lucky to inherit;
Those well-loved friends have vanished
now;
Others, with strange and startling
faces,
Headed by that infernal cow,
Usurp their places.

It may be, as my friends declare,
I err in being too fastidious,
But can the eye that holds her fair
See that her work is aught but
hideous?
And, tho' I try to bear in mind
The thought that love is blind, or
should be,
I am not blind—I can't be blind—
I wish I could be.

And yet, when Bella roams unchecked
About the room where hang those
pictures,
And stands, admiring the effect,
I clean forget my private strictures;

The simple fact that she is high
Seems to improve their aspect vastly;
It's when the artist isn't by
That they're so ghastly.
DUM-DUM.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF PLASTERER PAINTERS.

(A further notice, in the manner of the gusher-
critics of the Post-Impressionist School.)

THIS delightful *exposition* might be
described as a *salon de franc-tireurs*
which has declared a *guerre au mort*
against draughtsmanship. Here, at
last, we can revel in all the *nuances*
of an art untrammelled by the impedi-
ments of academicism. Most of the
craftsmen have cut themselves free
from the worship of reality, and the
sapient amateur, therefore, can revel
in a Gargantuan banquet of artistic
hors d'œuvre and decadent *entremets*.
I was particularly *bouleversé* by one
novelty, the absence of frames, the
necessity for which up to the present
has been an *idée fixe* with the pot-
boilers. This *nouveauté*, with the
triangularity of nearly all the canvases,
added greatly to the charm of the
collection.

238. "*Fog in a Coal Mine*," by A.
D'Aubergne, though catalogued as an
esquisse, almost possesses the attri-
butes of the *grande machine*. Marked
by frank reticence and well-considered
tonality, the *peinture* gives forth a
satisfactory colour appeal; the two
coal trucks glooming through the murk
are full of pendulous limpidity.

29. "*Madame de B—and Daughters*,"
by M. Fou, a *capo di opera* in this
master's best vein, is replete with subtle
femininity and *clairvoyant* coquetry.
The central figure, *la mère*, asserts
itself by the masterly way in which
her *can de Nil cheveux* are touched in.
With one bejewelled hand (I think it is
a hand) resting on the head of her
daughters, she combines the *svettes*
attraits of the greyhound with the
more ruminating maternity of the
vache. The *chiaroscuro* is well con-
sidered, and the *essayage* strikes the
just milieu between decadence and art.

349. "*Bethnal Green in Flood Time*,"
by Miss Slade, is not so *sérieuse* a
symphony as one would expect from
her brush. The reverberations of the
chimney stacks in the overflow from
the gas works are void of colour music
and are also too full of nervous line,
and the fact that, for some occult
reason, the picture has been hung *d*
l'envers obliges one to view it from a
somewhat inconvenient pose.

268. "*The Model's Siesta*," by Herr
Johann, is a daring *étude* full of subtle

appas, by the pioneer of the tessellated
school. The recumbent figure posed
in front of the lectern is imagined
with audacity, and the dislocations of
the right shoulder admirably fore-
shortened. The flesh tints, though,
are not sufficiently *grisaille*, which,
added to the fact that the drawing of
the hands is indicated, fills me with
the misgiving that Herr Johann is
becoming a renegade and is pandering
to the uncultured taste of the many
who demand reality in art.

A SUPER-DIAMOND WEDDING.

[M. FERDINAND DUGUÉ, who wrote plays
produced between 1835 and 1875, and Mme.
DUGUÉ have just celebrated in Paris the
seventieth anniversary of their wedding day.
M. DUGUÉ is ninety-five years of age and his
wife ninety-two. The *Petit Journal* has invented
the expression "radium wedding" to denote
this unusual occurrence. To silver, golden and
diamond weddings, presents in those respective
metals are appropriate, but here we must draw
the line.]

A Radium Wedding's the latest
advance—
It hails from the home of marital
romance
And twentieth-century science—that's
France.

O the radiant smiles, we can guess
how they play
Round the features of M. and Mme.
DUGUÉ
Faisant nocce in their nonagenarian
way.

But one little protest we'd like to
make known
To persistent and elderly friends of
our own
Who are trying to match such a Dairly
and Joan!

We can't—times are harder than ever
—present
Any *radium* tribute to mark the event,
As our last ready million was long
ago spent.

Chronological Inexactitude.

Mr. Punch finds that a series of
misprints which appeared in his last
issue under the heading "Hot Effort by
The Weekly Times" ought to have been
credited to *The Evening Times*. He
hopes that both papers will please pardon
him.

Reading that Bournemouth is sub-
stituting the over-head for the conduit
system of electric trams, a pedestrian
over whom a Panhard passed the other
day writes to suggest that a still more
pressing desideratum is an efficient
substitute for over-head motor cars.



(*caller* to *little Daughter of the House*). "HULLO, DEAR, WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO?"
Daughter of the House. "I'M JUST GOING UP TO WATCH MARIE DO MOTHER'S HAIR."
caller. "OH, DEAR! THEN I'M AFRAID WE SHAN'T BE ABLE TO SEE YOUR MOTHER."
Daughter of the House. "OH, YES, YOU'LL FIND HER DOWN THERE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM."

MUSIC AND POLITICS.

THE political crisis and the pending election are variously regarded by singers, instrumentalists, and concert-givers. Some take a pessimistic view of the situation and resign themselves to a period of inactivity, while others evince a laudable desire to rise to the occasion and turn their talents to party or patriotic uses. Thus Mr. Otho Dithers has composed a song cycle entitled "*Rex Dollarosus*," with which he intends to tour in the Unionist interest, while Mr. Widgey Biffin, an ardent and uncompromising Radical, has written a striking ballad entitled "*The Idle Plutocrat*," of which the first verse runs as follows:—

"Meet, O meet me in the gloaming
 When the bloom is in my blood,
 When the salt sea waves are foaming
 And the Lords are in the mud."

Another extremely interesting musical product of the crisis is an illuminated symphony which Mr. Josef Quarterburn has composed and dedicated to

Lord LANSDOWNE. The "programme" is furnished by the formula which appeared in last Friday's *Westminster Gazette*, and may be here reproduced:—

"The Lansdowne policy may best be stated in a mathematical formula in which the various letters represent the unknown quantities:

Let h = hereditary peer,
 h' = hereditary peer *ex officio*,
 p = person chosen from outside,
 m = member of House of Commons.

Then
 House of Lords (New Style) — $xh + yh' + zp$

If the two Houses differ, then a joint Session is to be held, the members of which would be:

$$xh + yh' + zp + \frac{670m}{b}$$

where a and b are indeterminate and unknown divisors."

Each of the quantities will be represented by a separate motive, while the Joint Session will be treated as a *Presto strepitoso* with a grand coda typifying the Referendum. Mr. Quarterburn has already completed the opening section, *maestoso assai*, in which the motive of

the hereditary peer is assigned to a muted trombone.

Finally Mr. HAROLD BUGHIN, inspired by his conversation with Mr. LAOWN GEORGE on the "national peril" of Tory snobbishness, is to rewrite the old topical song, "*The Galloping Snob*," under the title of "*The Motoring Snob*." The same gifted lyricist will also furnish a new song called "*Free Trade in a Tea-cup*," dedicated to Lord DEVONPORT.

"Even the best friends of the R.A.C. can hardly refrain from saying that the club 'Journal' has from first to last been as dry as ditchwater."—*The Westminster Gazette*.

Water, water everywhere
 And never a drop of wet!

"Seventy guests lunched at Leicester round one of the dials of the great clock which is being built for the Royal Liver Insurance Company's new offices."—*Eastern Daily Press*.

On such an occasion the most dyspeptic guest could safely let himself go.



G. W. STAMPS.

Man of the World (fighting up). "We'll 'AVE TO GIVE IT 'EM, I EXPECT, CHARLIE!"

STARVATION FOR PEGASUS.

YE tradesmen of England, who hear with dejection
The partisan shouts and the bellicose trumps,
On whose weary shoulders this plaguy Election
Has superimposed the most heavy of humps—
Good fellows, I echo your piteous cry;
You're losing your trade—so am I.

Time was when my Pegasus soared in a flighty
Career that confounded the aeroplane;
But now, overcome by a *tædium vite*,
He sticks to the earth and won't flutter again.
It isn't caprice or an obstinate mood;
It's simply a question of food.

In those happy days, now regrettably ended,
When statesmen were shorn of their freedom of speech,
Consigned to quiescence while eight supermen did
Their best to repair the political breach,
The papers would furnish my epicure steed
Each day with the daintiest feed.

He browsed with delight on those curious topics
On which their unoccupied space they'd bestow—
Those pats on the hobble-skirt, modes in the tropics,
The KAISER and ROOSEVELT, the CENSON and Co.;
When finished with these, and desirous of more,
He nibbled a bit at Form IV.

But these airy trifles, these delicate soufflés
Are now superseded by stodgier things,
And Pegasus, sullenly stamping his hoof, lays
Aside his high spirit and draggles his wings.
Election addresses *will* stick in his chest,
Manifestos he *cannot* digest.

Desponding, despairing, I ransack the journals
In search of a morsel to tickle his void;
But naught can I find that will suit his internals;
Meanwhile I must herd with the poor unemployed.
So off with the motley and on with the sack,
And ashes *ad lib.* for the hack!

"Besides the coats and skirts, there are some three thousand odd
satin petticoats in 151 different shades, which should prove an instim-
able boon to the girl who is contemplating a busy dance season or a
round of country house visits."—*The Standard*.
We don't know much about these things, but we should
have thought that 2,937 satin petticoats, not necessarily
odd, in 148 different shades would have been quite enough.

Topical Irish Joke.

Teacher. What country is called the Land of Song?
Bright Boy. The Canary Islands.

"POPULARISATION OF TRICITILECY."—*Yorkshire Observer*.
They must hurry up—we had never even heard of it.



DISOWNED OR DISARMED?

LORD LANSDOWNE (*Reformer*). "LOOK HERE, MY GOOD MAN, THERE'S NO PLACE FOR YOU IN MY SCHEME."
"BACKWOODS" PEER. "OH, I SAY, YOU'RE WORSE THAN ASQUITH; HE SAYS I MAY STAY ON IF I DON'T INTERFERE. DASHED IF I SHAN'T HAVE TO THROW THE FULL FORCE OF MY INFLUENCE ON THE RADICAL SIDE AT THESE ELECTIONS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, Nov. 21.—No one observing LANDSDOWNE entering the House this afternoon would suspect him of having a card up his sleeve, much less a dirk in his hose. Well groomed, smiling, courteous, he took his seat as if things were likely to go forward in customary humdrum style. Reviewing events by light of final conflagration one recalls a swift look from under lowered eyelids comprehending His Majesty's Ministers on bench opposite, all unconscious of coming doom.

House crowded in every quarter. Unionist Peers finding no room on their own side crossed floor, redressing the balance between Ministerialists and the Opposition. Gave the ordinarily desolate quarter quite a comfortable appearance. From the galleries, on this occasion reserved exclusively for Peeresses, bright eyes rained influence. Some wives from whom no secrets are hid probably knew that mischief was afoot. Came down to see it launched. Black frocks imposed by LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S edict gave funereal appearance to a portion of the stately Chamber which at other times blossoms like the rose.

For a while business went forward on ordered lines. Last week Opposition insisted upon having what is officially known as the Parliament Bill, more popularly the Veto Bill, brought in. Expected Government would refuse, on ground that since Dissolution is fixed for the 28th there would be no time to debate so important a measure. Possibly that had been original intention. By afterthought Cabinet decided Bill should forthwith be brought in, read a first time, second reading taken this week. This embarrassing for Opposition. Electioneering purposes much better served if able to say a tyrannical Government had withheld from House of Lords opportunity of discussing measure proposing to revolutionise its constitution.

Noble Lords on Front Opposition Bench were not born yesterday, or even

the day before. For the game of tactics they number among them some of our oldest, ablest parliamentary hands. It would never do to throw out on second reading a Bill introduced at their urgent request. Introducing it CREWE stipulated that, since there would be no time for amending it before came the Dissolution with exigent shears and slit the thin-spun thread of the life of

lude customary conclusion by motion for its rejection.* Whilst this was awaited, LANDSDOWNE, literally stiffening his back, raising his voice, quickening his utterance, moved adjournment of debate till Wednesday, when, he announced, he would submit a series of Resolutions.

These, subsequently read, were found to embody alternative scheme of reform of the Second Chamber in substitution of that provided by Government measure.

Not even in succession of surprises that has marked growth of crisis since Parliament resumed its sittings has there been anything so dramatic as this. CREWE actually gasped for breath. (Good KING GEORGE, confronted by the mystery of the apple enclosed in the seamless dumpling, was not more taken aback.

Almost expected to hear the flustered inquiry reported by PETER PINDAR, "What's this? What's this? What's this? What's this?"

Instinctively observing parliamentary formula, CREWE falteringly said, "I do not rise to oppose the noble Marquis, but I do not understand the nature of the proceeding he contemplates."

"What I propose to do this evening," LANDSDOWNE replied, with courtesy foreign to his habit, "is to move the adjournment of the debate."

Which he forthwith did, and so shunted into space the Veto Bill.

Business done. Lord LANDSDOWNE prepares little surprise for His Majesty's Ministers.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—The shadow of Dissolution, thickened by November fog, falls heavily on House. Contrast of appearance of Chamber this afternoon with scene of last Friday marks illimitable difference.

Then thronged with multitude of excited Members. To-day benches almost empty. Members altogether listless. For all practical purposes tale is told, their task is done. House of Commons no longer hub of political universe. Those who remain in town in obedience to frantic Whips are chiefly composed of Members who do not mean to offer themselves for re-election, or whose seats are so secure that they need not hurry off to fence



OH! (MR.) LAW!

Mrs. Tariff Reformer. "What! Not to go out to-day, either! Oh, Bonar! I believe you're ASHAMED OF ME! You said I should have such a lovely time in Manchester—'taxes everywhere,'—and here I am cooped up in this miserable hotel and hardly allowed out at all!"

Mr. Bonar Law. "Well, you know, it really isn't my fault! Look here, I'll tell you what, I'll try and let you out after the declaration of the Poll!"

Parliament, the Lords must vote "content" or "Non-content" on question that the Bill be read a second time.

Here was opportunity, and LANDSDOWNE suddenly, unexpectedly leaping aside from the track along which he had jogged for half-an-hour, seized it.

CREWE moved second reading in speech to whose temperate tone LANDSDOWNE paid tribute. LEADER OF OPPOSITION followed, criticising measure in familiar fashion that seemed to pre-

hem about. For the rest their hearts are with their constituents, their hearts are not here. They want to be out and about, telling it in the boroughs, telling it in the counties, telling it in Tottenham Court Road.

Only BUTCHER (J. G.) rises above influence of tyrant circumstance. Remains to make one last protest against conduct of iniquitous Government. Has discovered that Form IV., fallen like a hailstone on English homesteads, is withheld from hapless Ireland.

"Why should this be?" he sternly asks, with glittering eye fixed on trembling CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER.

Here is a Government professedly sympathetic with Ireland, insistent that its people shall in all respects be treated on footing of equality with the Saxon. Of course, what really is the case is that Ministry blench at the nod of their Master just back from the United States, shudder in their loes when they hear the jingle of his many dollars. Any way you like to put it here is the unmistakable fact: whilst Form IV. is lavishly distributed throughout pampered England, Ireland, Cinderella of the Empire, is deliberately ignored.

Why should Ireland wait?" exclaims BUTCHER, a tear of sympathy coursing down his still youthful cheek.

Presses point home in slightly varied phrase through a dozen questions. Having finally floored CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, makes off with light footstep for York to renew his triumph of a year ago.

Business done.—Budget Bill read second time without debate or division. PRIME MINISTER tackled two delicate controversies. Informed Labour Members that under certain conditions he will next Scission relieve pressure of Osborne Judgment upon Trade Unions.

"Blow your conditions!" Labour Members shout in chorus.

Next undertook in New Parliament (which he persistently assumes he will lead) to give effective opportunity for discussing Woman's Suffrage Bill. Lovely woman declines to stoop to folly of discussion. What she wants is an Act of Parliament. By way of retort courteous to PREMIER's concession she hunts him from Downing Street to sanctuary at Athenæum Club, mobs St. AUGUSTINE BYRRELL, beats his hat down over his



"OFF TO YORK."

"Having finally floored Chancellor of the Exchequer."

MR. J. G. BUTCHER.

intellectual brow, and leaves him on the sick-list.

The ladies desire it should be known that if these arguments do not prove convincing there are plenty more of same kind in stock. At any cost they are resolved to demonstrate their capability and suitability for taking active part in the direction of public affairs.

Friday.—House of Lords adjourned yesterday after passing without division

what JOHN MONLEY sweetly calls "their schoolboy scheme" of Reform proffered alternative to Government Veto Bill. Commons also had arranged to adjourn and thus anticipate Prorogation and Dissolution by a few days. But, echo of an historical lapse of memory, the House "forgot" REES. On Monday JACK-IN-THE-BOX, popping up to some point of order, thought he might as well jump over to Opposition benches and there find new seat. This he did, amid good-humoured rallery of old political friends.

Let them laugh who win," he murmured, as he surveyed faces of the mocking crowd.

Yesterday business of session and, as it happens, of Parliament, finished. PREMIER moved that at its rising House adjourns till Monday. This DON'T KEIR HARDIE's positive last chance. Interposed with long screed denouncing police for conduct towards "law-abiding and God-fearing citizens," who have for some weeks kept South Wales in state of terror. WINSOME WINSTON having replied, 'BRADY followed, proposing to discuss cognate subject of habits of Dublin Constabulary.

Now chance of JACK-IN-THE-BOX. House almost literally empty. Survey of Reading-rooms, Smoking-rooms and Library showed them deserted. Returning, he moved a count. Only 36 Members responded to call of the Bell. Sitting broken up and to-day's gathering made necessary to manifold discomfort of all concerned.

Business done.—Adjourned till Monday.

House of Lords, Monday.—Parliament prorogued. Ceremony immediately followed by Dissolution.

"PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, at the Nomination of Candidates for the Office of Mayor, the following Gentlemen were nominated, namely:—

JOHN GALT.

THOMAS MACGIBBON.

1 Bay COLT, Gys. by Kentucky Yet (broken to saddle).

1 Bay Hackney MARE."

Mataura Ensign.

The competition, owing chiefly to the sudden nomination of the last candidate, is unusually severe.

The season for applying for licences for Theatres and Music Halls is now upon us. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has seen to it that, anyhow, the Paragon Music Hall gets as much licence as it can do with.



"Dye lumme! Yer sh'd see me knock 'em in the Mile En' Rahd!"



First Golfer. "WHAT'S THAT CHAP'S HANDICAP, I WONDER!"
Second Golfer. "GREEN CHARTREUSE!"

ONE.

BY TRICKS.

[A modest attempt at the sincerest flattery of Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS.]

LOOKING back on my strange mercurial life the most striking thing is the extraordinary number of men I have known, all of whom had at once the wittiest tongues in England and were my very dearest friends. Try as I might I have never succeeded in knowing a dull man or disliking anyone.

As everyone knows—since one must either get on or get out, and one can get on only by advertising—I am a man whose pores work very easily. The other day I was lunching with my dear old friend Plantagin, the dramatist. He noticed me wipe my brow several times, and then he remarked, "Tricks, old boy, you ought to re-name yourself Lieutenant Sudor."

It was about this time that I first met that prince of good fellows and author of some of the most delightful *bons mots*, Charlie Wintry, the comedian, now my closest pal. He was the maddest wit and the joy of the Paregoric Club, to which I had just been elected. Seeing me enter its hospitable portals one day, he said, "Hullo, Tricks, old boy, it's all over the town!" "What

is?" I inquired. "The sky," he replied. He was always saying brilliant things like that, to the discomfiture of matter-of-fact people who did not think in lightning flashes, as he does.

Apropos of good stories, I remember an irascible pork butcher who had by some means got into the Pullman car in which TOOLE, IRVING, GARRICK, Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE, BURBAGE, I and some others were going down to Brighton one Sunday not so long since. That type of man always excited BURBAGE to do his best, and he tipped us the wink. "Good morning, Sir," he said. "I have just been informed by the guard that there is no stop before we reach the Queen of Watery Places." "Of course there isn't," said the stolid merchant. "Why should there be? This is a non-stopping express." "Do you know why?" BURBAGE asked, with the same incomparable gravity. "No? Then I'll tell you: Because there's a 'b' in 'both'!" By this time we were all convulsed; but not so the pork butcher, who moved angrily into the next car.

Sam Boaker, the manager, is, I am proud to say, one of my very best of friends, and has been ever since we first met. The wittiest of men, I never heard anything fall from his lips but

delightful sentiments and the finest thoughts. I remember once that we were walking on the Brighton Front. It was just after the police had had to be called in to his theatre owing to a row in the pit; I forget about what. He had suffered accordingly, and was not a little sore about it. When, therefore, a beggar stopped him and asked if he could spare a copper there is no wonder that he replied: "Spare a copper, my good man! Why, I could spare the whole force!" which was, I think, one of the neatest *repliques* on record.

What my future plans may be I cannot at this moment state, but the public is hardly likely to be long in doubt. Meanwhile there is a little lawsuit trouble about *Richard III.*, so I think I'll stop this autobiographical caper and attend to it.

"The eclipse of the moon on Wednesday evening was eagerly viewed here. In a perfectly clear sky it presented a magnificent spectacle, and it is wonderful how accurately it was timed to take place." —*London Standard*.
Dashed clever fellows, those astronomers.

"CHRISTMAS DATES APPROVE," says *The Daily News*, but the announcement is premature.

AT THE PLAY.

"ECCENTRIC LORD COMBERDENE."

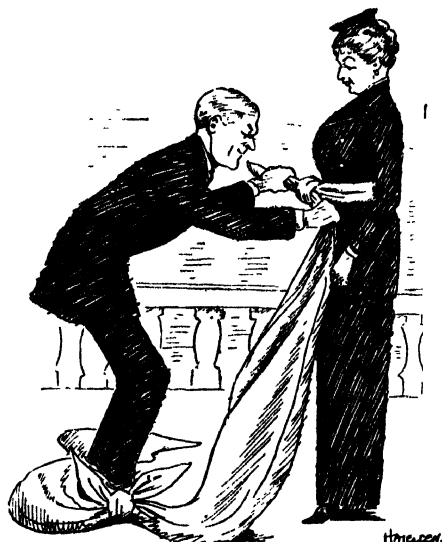
At the end of the First Act it was darkly whispered by one or two critics, enjoying privileged information, that Mr. CARTON was giving us a travesty of a shilling shocker. In the interval after the Second Act the secret was in the possession of quite a number of people, and the fear was generally expressed that the ruder intelligences would fail to grasp the subtlety of it all. What the average man could make out unaided was this: That here was a play with a rather improbable and loosely-woven plot (not an uncommon thing in the legitimate drama); with a lot of secret conversation liable to be overheard (also a not unusual feature of the ordinary play); and with some very refreshing wit in the less lurid sections of the dialogue. If these are the right characteristics of a shilling shocker, then Mr. CARTON is an excellent parodist. But, of course, the only resemblance lay in the absurdity of the construction, and, perhaps, in one or two trifling eccentricities in the character of *Lord Comberdene*, who served as a kind of showman to point out the author's intentions.

I should have thought that if you are going to burlesque a novelette you should try and burlesque it all through. You can't combine a plot out of *The Family Herald* with dialogue of the first water. "Has he a wife?" "Not one of his own." Is this the sort of thing you look for in melodrama from across the bridges? And, to increase the inconsistency, some of the characters who were asked to do the most farcical things were perfectly reasonable between times; for example, *Joseph Radburn*, impossible as a criminal, was altogether probable and consistent as a hotel conversation-fiend. I really think that the people who enjoyed the play best were those who took it as pure melodrama, and did not worry themselves about the author's scheme. Certainly the enthusiasm was most spontaneous at the point where the hero outwits the villain and locks them up in the room they had meant to burgle.

All the same, I have a sneaking admiration for Mr. CARTON's enterprise. Anything for a fresh idea, if it only means the revival of an art long lost to the regular stage.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER as *Lord Comberdene* was very happily suited, and seemed to enjoy himself. But

then he had known all the time what the author was trying to get at. He was too generous to keep the knowledge to himself, and confided now and again to our dull ears that he was supposed to have the makings of a melodramatic hero. Miss COMPTON was irresistibly solid, but I wish she had been given a few more good things on which to employ her captivating drawl. Miss RITA JOLIVET was clever and piquante as a Grand Duchess masquerading as a maid, and Mr. LYSTON LYLE in the part of *Joseph Radburn*, arch-criminal, was so admirable when he assumed the disguise of a harmless prattler that I recommend him to give up the primrose path of crime and settle down as a virtuous bore.



GETTING THE MAIN SHEET INTO A KNOT.

Lord Comberdene ... MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Lady Glenmoray ... MISS COMPTON.

Captain Clamp, on the other hand, (played easily by Mr. BARNES) had no occasion to disguise himself, and was just *Captain Clamp* all through—a tough and villainous sea-dog who stuck at nothing and did not trouble his head about finesse.

The deck of *Comberdene's* yacht, *The Morning Star*, was the best deck I remember to have seen on the stage.

O. S.

Commercial Candour.

"This Dynamo was thoroughly overhauled some little time ago, and has not worked since."

From a Malta programme:—

"N.B. Felice Scioccamorra will punish with a pound sovereign who does not laugh."

A similar threat from some of our musical-hall stars should draw thousands.

TO ARAMINTA.

(Who suddenly proposes a meeting to-morrow after a separation of several years.)

Ah! no, Araminta, 'twere better

To leave the affair as it was—

Myself in the merciless fetter

Of Cupid (because

You refused me) and you with the memory sad

Of one who—how silly—

On grass that was chilly

Knelt down at your feet and proposed—
—an absurd undergrad.

Let us probe not the past nor awaken

The power of the slumbering spell,

But leave me to languish forsaken—

I do that so well;

For I doubt if I know how to greet
you and grin

With the air that romances

Prescribe and your fancies

Expect of a party that's seething
with passion pent in.

Or leave me a month or two longer

To learn the appropriate mien

Of a love that has hourly grown
stronger,

While winters between

Have swept with their storms; let
me study the works

Of the pens that exhibit

Poor souls on the gibbet,

But doing their best to be calm in
the difficult circles.

For it's not that I fear, Araminta,

That (careless of whether it
snows)

I shall sprawl at your feet and
imprint a

Chaste kiss on your toes,

Or shall whack myself (wild with
the heat of my mood)

A terrible punch on

My chest after luncheon;

I never take exercise now on the
top of my food.

But, unless you can grant me a trifle

Of studious ease to prepare

The pose of a heart that must stifle

Its passionate air,

You may fancy perhaps from the cool-
ness I show

That a heart you had busted

For ever (you trusted)

Has somehow got mended—and that
will annoy you, I know. Evooe.

"Two women were fined 40s. or 14 days for throwing stones at Mr. John Burns's residence, and missing."—*Western Morning News*.

We must have Efficiency.

"To appreciate — Whisky one trial is enough."—*Advt* "Daily Telegraph."

Once bit twice shy, as they say.



A CURE FOR OLD AGE.

First Sportsman. "I WONDER YOU RIDE A BRUTE LIKE THAT AT YOUR TIME OF LIFE, JACK!"

Second ditto. "KEEPS ONE YOUNG, DON'T YOU KNOW."

First ditto. "LIKELY TO PREVENT YOUR GETTIN' OLD, ANYWAY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS is so accomplished and versatile a writer that sooner or later one knew he would write a fairy story for children. I must confess, however, to being a little disappointed by the result—*The Flint Heart* (SMITH ELDER)—for it has faults both of matter and of manner; and those of manner I had most fervently hoped were obsolete. I refer to the clever sophisticated asides of the author, in a story that ought to be wholly and single-heartedly addressed to the young. Mr. PHILLPOTTS should be peculiarly able to resist this temptation since he has such a large purely grown-up public. As for the faults of matter, they are chiefly due to a complex rather than a simple scheme, and extend even to the creation of a pixy named *Thomas de Quincey*, and to an imbroglio in the domain of frogs not too unlike our own political crisis. But the first part of the book and the controlling idea is excellent, and I wish that no fairy had ever been let in, Mr. PHILLPOTTS being so peculiarly a writer about human beings.

I think that VIOLET PEARN was ill advised to introduce a cricket match so early into *Separate Stars* (MURRAY), especially as it has so little to do with the plot of the book.

"As he spoke Roger lifted his bat" (this was how the game ended), "the ball smashed through the air over the fielders' ducking heads; it was the third six of a magnificent innings. The match was won for the Gunners with two wickets and thirty seconds to spare." After that I should, if I had been the printer, have placed a whole row of stars. But as a matter of fact the context which forms the theme of the novel is that of *Art v Love* in the soul of a woman prevented by circumstances from realising her own considerable talent. *Joan Pellew* marries a gay officer (the Jessor alluded to above) and when he dies still hopes to see her ambition fulfilled in the genius of her son. When he turns out to be a painter of brilliant technique but no grandeur of inspiration, she sets to work in despair to learn again the craft she has almost forgotten. Both the matter of the story and the manner of its telling improve considerably in the later stages, and the childhood of *Maurice* and the characters of *Lady Julia Harlecastle*, with whom he falls in love, and of the artist who falls in love with his mother in her widowhood, make up for the rather wooden portraiture and style with which the book begins. But I am glad that *Maurice* did not take to cricket like his father, and cut sixes through the shrinking chests of third man and second slip.

It all depends on whether you have outgrown your taste for Polperro Rock. You remember the stuff? Made by

Uncle Polperro (FISHER UNWIN). Anyhow, it was a sort of illustrated sweetmeat ("Bite where you like and there's always a picture in the middle," as Mr. ALPHONSE COURLANDER takes care to remind you), made of a combination of three simple ingredients, boiled sugar, gelatine, and liquorice. What is more, this ingenious Rock enabled Mr. *Polperro* to retire from business and purchase the title-deeds of Bongoland from a kind of confidence-trick man, by name *M. Jenairien*; and if you study that name closely you will realise to the full the trustfulness of Mr. *Polperro's* character. By his successful manufacture of confectionery Mr. *Polperro* brought happiness to thousands of children without impairing their digestion; and his failure to become the self-made President of the Republic of Bongoland spells bliss, I gather, to those two other children, *Jennifer*, his niece, and *Charles Hastable*, his hard-up medical nephew. More than a third of the book is occupied with an account of the voyaging of the would-be Republicans from London to Bongoland on board the *Dje-mi-meh* (so readily does Mr. COURLANDER appreciate the humour of names), and the vessel is commanded by *Captain Snack*, the most saccharine sea-dog who ever conducted a mutiny, and a gelatine mutiny at that. As a make-weight *Lord Aveling* is thrown in. He is a peer who takes unconventional holidays. "In London," he says, "do you think I could go into a cheap restaurant without losing half my friends?" And it is the disguise of a mate that he ships under the unsuspecting *Snack*. There is no lack of boiled sugar in this story, but I was not in the least fed up.

I cannot help feeling a little sorry for *Carfax*, into whose mouth Mr. "JANE WARDLE" has placed his story, *The Little Gray Man* (ARNOLD), because he suffered from such inefficient stage-management that—to get the information which his rôle required—he was everlastingly hiding in cupboards, dodging round corners, and placing his ear to keyholes. Still, I am not concerned to say that either my excuses, or those which he made so lavishly for himself, leave him a desirable creature. In the race for the iniquity-stakes, however, he was a very bad second to *Mandevil*, who was so incredibly vicious that I regarded him more as a globe of concentrated wickedness than as a human being. Possibly the author gains some piquancy from the way in which he has chosen to tell his tale; nevertheless, should any budding novelist be thinking of writing in the first person, I do not hesitate to recommend this book as a warning. Let me add that it also contains several distinct thrills, and that—since the innocent ulti-

mately wax rich and multiply, while suicide disposes of *Mandevil*, and *Carfax* reports himself in debt and "in a beastly thirty-pound-a-year villa in Tottenham"—it emphasises the danger of being either a criminal or a cad.

When an author, still more when an authoress, sets about to tell a pretty story of rustic love in a rose-garden, of white cottages, of sunny orchards, and of a fairy god-mother in modern dress, it is always a matter of touch and go whether the written word be one of sweet simplicity or laboured affectation. Once, indeed, ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH (MRS. LEE-HAMILTON, that is) touched and

went, for she told the critic that through the open door of a church "the scent of newly mown hay wandered in hand in hand with the summer day," and the critic laughed at the idea of it. For the rest, when he laughed, he laughed with her at the quaintness of the country carrier and the town-bred smartness of Mrs. Pratt-Thompson; and, when the loves of pretty *Ruth* and proud *Roger* did not go well for all the legacies of Miss Madden, the sentiment was very touching and the pathos never too pathetic. There were, moreover, Mrs. Cartwright, stern mother of *Roger* and outspoken old gossip, and some other village bodies, happy protégées of *Ruth*; there were the amiable gentry, even an intellectual or two, and on the whole the critic has no reason or desire to suggest that, for delicacy of taste and lightness of touch, the substance of the book is a whit inferior to its title, *The Little Company of Ruth* (METHUEN).

When I was about ten I narrowly missed a black eye from a youth of eleven because I gave away the plot of a Henty before the excited

young pugilist had had time to read it. I am not, therefore, going to let the cat out of the bag in respect of Mr. HERBERT STRANG's book, *The Adventures of Dick Trevanion* (FROWDE AND HODDER AND STOUGHTON). I will say merely that there are smugglers in it, and excisemen, and caves, and privateers, two young heroes, a first-class villain, and regular top-hole adventures. Let those take note who are prospecting for Christmas gifts.

The *Western Morning News* prints Mr. F. F. SMITH as follows:

"Little fleas have smaller fleas upon their backs to bite them;
Smaller fleas had lesser fleas, and so on ad infinitum. (Laughter.)"
This is hard on Mr. SMITH, but it is also unfair to the big flea, who gets left out altogether.



(Countryman (giving the benefit of his greater experience). "WHEN THE COVEY T' OTHER END SAYS, 'BE ERE THERE, JARGE?' YOU SAY 'YES' OR 'NO,' AS THE CASE MIGHT BE."

CHARIVARIA.

THE capital proposal has now been made that not only shall Members of Parliament be paid a salary but they shall also be provided with a neat uniform, to lend them an air of distinction—as is done in the case of postmen and policemen and other paid servants of the State.

In this connection we have to report that one of the most useful police dogs of Moscow, according to *The Express*, has just fallen a victim to the misplaced zeal of an official dog-catcher who mistook him for a "stray," and made away with him. No doubt this will lead to these canine policemen wearing uniform in the future instead of being plain-clothes dogs.

"On the Female Suffrage question women themselves are divided." Suggested new title for the Sex:—The Divided Skirts.

"You may take it from me," said Mr. ASQUITH at Reading, "that Mr. REDMOND has no more to do with the Dissolution than the man in the moon." But surely the man in the moon had something to do with it? See Reports of Lunacy Commissioners.

"At present," said Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL at Farnworth, "the Lords have doubled like a hare with the hounds behind." The word "hounds," we hear, has given grave offence to many of Mr. SAMUEL's fellow-sportsmen.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's sympathies are certainly limited. He decided to give an habitual criminal whose acquaintance he and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE made at Dartmoor "another chance." But the Lords—

By-the-by, *The Law Journal*, in commenting on this case, says, "This man has a habit of stealing from churches—a peculiarly mean form of crime." But, we would ask, has the Editor himself never stolen from church—during a dull sermon?

A writer on the subject of "Fashions for Men," after stating that "the frock-coat has fallen irreversibly into the debris of shattered institutions,"

goes on to mention that they are still worn by certain peers of the realm. This is not quite that attitude towards the aristocracy which one has come to expect of a writer on fashions.

"The election posters," says OBSERVATOR in *The Observer*, "bear signs of having been put out in a hurry. One, in a representation of Mr. ASQUITH, contrives to put the big toe on the right side of his right foot!" This, however, is only a clever piece of symbolism; the big toe is supposed to have needed a change, being tired of "toeing the line."

to us, had better make the most of Eton collars while they are left to it.

book entitled "Aspects of Death in Art." This seems to suggest the possibility of a cheery exhibition at the Graves Galleries.

Answer to a Correspondent:—No, the Censor has not removed the ban; "Inconstant George" is not the title of Mr. LAURENCE HOUWMAN'S play.

SUDERMANN'S strong novel, *Das hohe Lied*, has been translated into English by Mr. MELTZER. Will the result, we wonder, be SUDERMANN and MELTZER water?

At a memorial meeting for the great German tragedian, JOSEF KAINZ, held in Berlin last week, it was stated that one of his favourite ideas was that theatre programmes should not disclose the identity of the players. Over here it has never been found possible to get the actors to go further than to consent to the concealment of the name of the playwright.

We have often wondered what was the meaning of the expression "High School," and now we know. According to an advertisement in *The Spectator*, Buxton College, Derbyshire, is "1,000 feet high." It is good to know that American skyscrapers are not having everything their own way.

Another conversation! Father Christmas used to be liberal, but times are so bad now—

"Mr. C. T. Edwards played a banjo solo, accompanied on the same instrument by Miss Elsie Edwards." *Evening News*.

Soloist (crossly to accompanist): "There you are, getting in the way again! Why can't you keep to the E string?"

Accompanist (wv): "Well; this decides me. Next time shall bring my own banjo."

"It was a really typical gathering. There was a welcoming of the preacher... which was most encouraging, and we were followed home by a gift of a dozen eggs." *Church Times*. It certainly sounds typical, though occasionally one is chased home by more eggs than a dozen.



VOTER'S VERTIGO.

VERY PREVALENT JUST NOW.

London's Dreadnought, *The Thunderer*, is to be launched next January. It would be a graceful compliment to invite the Editor of *The Times* to perform the christening ceremony.

In future, French match-boxes are to be beautified by the reproduction on them of paintings in the Louvre. But we fancy that what the long-suffering French public wants is not so much striking pictures as striking matches.

An American firm is about to flood this country with advertisements of its "Arrow Collars," and the British trade is said to be alarmed at the incursion. The British trade, it seems

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

THE PEOPLE v. THE COMMONS.

In times of great stress and heat I am always glad to avail myself of the atmosphere of temperate calm which pervades the presence of Prenderby. As a General Election approaches he grows more and more detached, till he almost disappears from sight. Of course I only take an academic interest in his points of view, and would never let him persuade me to adopt an attitude even of semi-detachment. And, to do him justice, he never tries to convert me. He says he would not wish to sacrifice any source of quiet entertainment.

"Well, what about the Referendum?" I asked.

"I hold no brief for that Alpine device," said Prenderby, "for I have never mistaken the people's voice for the voice of a god. But I retain the right to be surprised and shocked when I see that the very party which has always vouched for the divinity of Demos now protests against the idea of directly consulting its own beloved oracle on matters of grave doubt."

"Our contention," said I, coming fresh and fortified from a study of Lord MORLEY'S great speech in favour of maintaining the Constitution intact, "is that our country's system is a representative system, and that the Referendum would disfigure the authority of the people's representatives."

"If," said Prenderby, as though reading my thoughts, "you allude to Lord MORLEY, for whom I entertain a profound respect, I should think more of his Conservative arguments if he himself were not in favour of a Radical Bill for breaking up the Constitution by means of what he facetiously calls an 'adjustment of the relations between the two Houses on an amicable basis.' However, I sympathise with you—for the moment. I have always held that, in an ideal democracy, the people's representatives, once elected, should be given a free hand to do their best for the country during the natural term of Parliament. But then I would have our representatives chosen on a principle very different from that which is in use. I would choose—Liberals or Unionists—men of the highest intelligence, experience and patriotism, on whose judgment I could rely even for the handling of questions on which my opinion had never been consulted. But how and why do we actually elect our Members? Not, except in rare cases, on their personal merits; not as thinking men; but just as specimens of one or other party, foisted on us by a caucus. And there they sit in the House with instructions to surrender their private judgment (if any) and act as voting automata at the bidding of the party whip. What guarantee can we have that on any given question, possibly not even contemplated among the variegated issues at a General Election, our dummy really 'represents' us? Unless we make a change in our methods, I see no solution of a rotten state of things except through the Referendum."

"Its introduction as a party cry," I said, "at the last moment justifies our humorists in describing it as a red-herring-endum."

"True wit delights me," said Prenderby, on a note of discouragement. "But what, after all, is the matter with a good red herring? It is an excellent thing for dragging across the trail when the field is on the scent of a hare that's got the plague. But to return to this piercing outcry against the notion of going over the heads of the people's representatives to consult the people themselves. Have you observed lately what a deal of talk there is about the dignity and authority of the House of Commons? It seems to have assumed an importance far exceeding that of

the men who elect it. And, curiously enough, it is with the steady decline in the personal weight and influence of its Members (since only a dozen or so on each side are allowed to count as anything more than mere Ayes or Noes), and with its gradual humiliation under the pressure of party machinery, that we find the House of Commons developing this habit of self-complacency. And I recognise in the Referendum the best available corrective for such a state of swelled head. If I am not inviting you to betray a party secret, what, may I ask, is your objection to it?"

"If," I said, "the people's verdict were unfavourable it would mean a General Election every time. No self-respecting Government could survive the rebuff to its prestige."

"I doubt it," said Prenderby cheerfully. "I have too firm a confidence in the tenacity of most Ministries. They would sit tight and try something else. But, in all probability, they would seldom or never incur such a rebuff. They would guard their dignity by so moderating their proposals as to ensure their acceptance by the country."

"Well, anyhow," said I, "it was only a tactical move of the Tories at the eleventh hour."

"My dear fellow," said Prenderby, with a touch of compassion, "the peculiarity of the eleventh hour is not only that it comes just before the twelfth, but also that it comes just after the tenth. Late tactics have to be answered by tactics later still. Black at an advanced stage makes a forward move which exposes one of his own pieces. White steps in and snaps it up. 'Aha!' says Black, 'why didn't you think of that before? You've committed an afterthought.' Or else he shouts, 'White flag!' just because his opponent deliberately sacrifices a pawn or two to save his King."

"If you're going to drag in the Crown," I said—

"I drag in nothing," said Prenderby, "not even a red herring. As I said before, I hold no brief for the Referendum. I am not a good enough democrat. But I may permit myself to be politely amused when I find the Conservative party more democratic than your democrats themselves; stealing the Radical thunder and going one better with it. I may permit myself this recreation and yet remain detached from party."

"Like Lord ROSEBERRY at Manchester," I said wistfully. "I see that in his 'non-party' speech he referred to the American dollars, though I noticed that he said nothing of Sir WILFRID LAURIER'S contribution."

"If you must drag in the Prime Minister of Canada," said Prenderby, "let me say that I have a particular regard for him which is not increased by his interference in the matter of Home Rule. What would you and Canada think of Mr. ASQUITH if, while Premier of England, he openly subscribed to the funds of one of the parties in a Canadian election? As for Lord ROSEBERRY, I resemble him, very modestly, in this—that we are both enamoured of moderate counsels; he as a member of the despised peerage, I as an ornament of the down-trodden middle-classes. I look forward to the day of moderate men; to the coming of a National party which shall combine the best of both sides."

"Meanwhile," said I, for I shrank from flirting with this rather seductive prospect,—"meanwhile the polls begin tomorrow, and we shall soon know whether the people accept or reject the idea of a Referendum."

"Whether, in fact," said Prenderby, "they prefer to put their trust in their representatives or in themselves."

"We shall see," said I.

"We shall see," said Prenderby.

At last we had touched a point of agreement, and I seized the opportunity to shift my ground to domestic woods and pastures uncontroversial.

O. S.



THE "NON-PARTY" WEAPON.

MR. ASQUITH. "I SAY, DON'T DO THAT."

LORD ROSEBERY. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR FELLOW; THIS ISN'T A SWORD, IT'S A PLOUGHSHARE."



Betty (after the party). "AM I PRETTY, MUMMY?"

Biddy. "AM I SO PRETTY THAT JACK AND DICK WILL DREAM ABOUT ME TO-NIGHT?"

Mother (indulgently). "OH, YES, DEAR."

THE NEW PLANK AT WORK.

In the year 19—the Referendum was in full swing. Mr. Bilberry's seven years' rule had just come to an end, with the result that he had been compelled to ask for a dissolution of Parliament; and he and Mr. Aston were now appealing to the country.

The position of affairs at this time may be described in a few words. Switzerland, flattered that the greatest nation in the world should re-model its Constitution upon the lines of hers, had returned the compliment by laying down a naval programme which altered entirely the whole European situation, and called for a renewed effort on the part of England. For this effort more taxes were necessary, and it was upon the method of raising these taxes that the Election would turn.

Mr. Aston was for getting the new taxes from the Rich.

Mr. Bilberry was for getting them from the Others.

Mr. Aston appealed to the Working Man for support. He said: "The situation is simply this: We *must* have this money. Shall we get it from the Rich or from the Others?"

The Working Man thought profoundly, and then said, "What you mean is, would I rather you got it from 'im or from me?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Aston.

"Right you are," said the working man. "Then I says from 'im."

Mr. Bilberry appealed to the Working Man for support. He said: "The situation is simply this: we *must* have this money. Mr. Aston proposes to tax the Rich. I need hardly point out to you what a calamity that would be to the working classes. It is folly to suppose that you can take money from the Rich without hurting the poor. In a thousand indirect ways it would affect you. Now my tax would only have the effect of stimulating you slightly."

"Wot O!" said the Working Man, and left it at that.

To the Middle Classes Mr. Bilberry said, "The nation is in Deadly Peril of Socialism. When the nation is in Deadly Peril there is only one party for which an Englishman can vote."

And some of them, who had read of the Deadly Peril in which the nation had stood when the Abolition of the Death Penalty for Larceny was first suggested, were not greatly alarmed. But

others were, and gave him their votes.

To the Upper Classes Mr. Bilberry said: "What do you think of *this*?"

There were many other questions brought forward during the election, but the surprising unanimity of the rival candidates on the more important ones prevented them from having any considerable bearing on the result. For whenever an Astonite said: "Once again I advocate this and this," the Bilberryite would say hastily: "Why, my dear fellow, of course! That's what I've been saying for weeks! If anything, I should go even further, and do that and that."

Mr. Aston was returned by a small majority. His Bill for taxing the Rich was immediately drawn up, discussed in the House of Commons, and submitted to a Referendum.

Those who had previously voted for Mr. Bilberry, having no use for Mr. Aston, answered "No."

Of those who had voted for Mr. Aston—

The Working Man said, "O' course, if it's a choice between me and 'im, I say, tax 'im. But if they leave me out and say, 'Do you want 'im taxed?'



Candidator (to indifferent Elector). "D'YOU WANT MONEY TO GO OUT OF THIS COUNTRY AND TRADE TO BE STAGNANT?" *[No answer.]*
Candidator. "VOTE FOR MY MAN AND HE'LL PUT MONEY INTO YOUR POCKET AND TAKE IT FROM THE FOREIGNER." *[No answer.]*
Candidator. "IF YOU VOTE FOR THE OTHER MAN WE SHALL SOON BE RULED BY GERMANS!!"
Elector. "ACH! GOOT! I AM A SHERMANN."

then I say 'No,' becos 'e'll only take it out o' me afterwards."

The Middle Classes said, "Our second cousin by marriage tells us that he'll be ruined if this Bill passes; and those nice people who asked Phyllis down for Christmas are in a terrible way about it. Of course, we should never dream of voting for Mr. Bilberry, but this really goes a *little* too far."

The Upper Classes said: "Frankly, old man, you're asking rather too much, you know. I voted for you at the

last election and I'll vote for you again at the next. If you say bluntly to me: 'Ought we to tax the Rich or the Others?' well, I answer 'The Rich'; and if now I had to decide whether I or the poor man should pay, of course I'd pay up like a shot. But I haven't got to decide that. You're pledged not to tax the Others any more, and the only question for *me* is whether I like your Bill. Well, you can't blame me, old man, if I say that I don't."

Mr. Aston's Bill was rejected by

the People. He resigned. Mr. Bilberry accepted office and advised a Dissolution.

At the General Election Mr. Bilberry pointed out that the Astonites had shown themselves absolutely impotent to deal with the extremely critical situation, the threatened danger from the Swiss programme not having been met by any of the necessary financial provisions. He also pointed out that this election had been forced upon the country at an extremely inconvenient time for shopkeepers. Mr. Bilberry was returned.

Mr. Bilberry's Bill for taxing the Others was immediately drawn up, discussed in the House of Commons, and submitted to a Referendum.

Those who had voted for Mr. Aston, having no use for Mr. Bilberry, answered "No."

Of those who had voted for Mr. Bilberry:—

The Upper Classes said, "I say, old man, what? I mean—well—I shall have to think it over. I didn't know it was going to be like *this*! Of course, I'd sooner shoot myself than do anything to put Aston in, but— You know, even if this went against you, you needn't *resign*, need you?"

The Middle Classes said: "Of course, it is a time of national peril, and one is prepared to make sacrifices. But they must be *reasonable* sacrifices. I don't think I should be *justified*, as a family man, in voting for this. It isn't a question of what we want, but what we can afford. I have just worked it out, and I see that I shall have to pay—well, I mean, it's *absurd*."

The Working Man said: "Well, lorblimey, *do* I want it? Do I *look* as if I wanted it? I may 'ave been a mug at the election, but 'eaven bless your dear innercent face if you think you'll catch little Willie *again*."

Mr. Bilberry's Bill was rejected by the People.

I forget whether Mr. Bilberry resigned.

* * * * *
 And nothing had been done about the Swiss Menace.

And the Astonites' exchequer was empty.

And the People were *sick* of polls and posters and posters and polls. . . .

You will understand, then, how it was that some years later, when a Bill for remodelling the Constitution on its old lines of Parliamentary Government was brought in, it was *approved* by the People amidst scenes of the greatest excitement. An additional reason for celebration was the fact that it was the first Bill which had survived the Referendum.

A. A. M.



PALS BEFORE PARTY.

M.P.'s Wife. "I SAY, ARCHIE, IT'S A SHAME TO ABUSE POOR RODDY AS YOU DID IN YOUR SPEECH LAST NIGHT. AFTER ALL, HE'S YOUR BEST PAL, ALTHOUGH HE IS ON THE OTHER SIDE."
M.P. "MY DEAR GIRL, THAT'S NOTHING TO WHAT HE'S GOING TO SAY ABOUT ME TO-MORROW. HE'S SHOWN ME HIS SPEECH, AND I'M JOTTING DOWN A FEW ADDITIONAL EPITHETS FOR HIM TO STICK IN."

IN PRAISE OF WINTER ELECTIONS.

At the season of chills, when the breath of the vapours
 Is hardened to delicate rime,
 You have heard, Mr. ASQUITH, no doubt, from the papers
 That polls are a crime.
 Let it cheer you to know, in the midst of their curses,
 Whoe'er may be moaning his lot,
 That the writer of these irresponsible verses
 Is not.

For, whether in winter or whether in summer,
 The force of electoral throbs
 Interferes with the odors of a lyrical thrummer,
 And bores him to sobs;
 But I think, on the whole, that the moon of the holly
 Is best for the madness to fall,
 If we must have these moments of imbecile folly
 At all.

For out in the streets there are hundreds of posters
 The eye of the artist to vex;
 There is thumping of tubs and a legion of boasters
 That bark through their necks.
 Is it there that Apollo is like to exhort us,
 Or lead his melodious choir?
 Shall the voice of the turtle be there or the tortoise—
 -shell lyre?

Notemuch: but within, for the brethren of Orpheus,
 Is comfort and wassail and ease,
 Undisturbed by the insolent argot of wharf use —
 The words of bargees.
 It is well that a time when the demagogues prosy
 Are drowning the harp with their roars
 Should be also a time when it's deucedly cosy
 Indoors.

When the vulgar are crowding, with faces that tingle,
 To booths where the hurricanes whizz,
 I shall sleep by the fire, in the nook of the angle
 (Whatever that is),
 And be glad that the polls have come round in December,
 When (warm with the winter's good cheer)
 The bard can most easily fail to remember
 They're here. — FIVE.

From an Indian paper:

"FOR SALE.—The valuable business lately carried on at Ghoom, near Darjeeling, as a Boarding House and Piggery."
 So they've noticed it in India, too!

"As a precautionary measure, workmen were yesterday busily engaged in feeling some of the more dangerously situated trees."
The Daily Telegraph.
 This is the sort of job we have been looking for for years.

ROUND AND ROUND.

(A Romance of 1915.)

March 2.—Great meeting* of Unionist Free-Traders, attended by Lord CROMER, Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, Mr. ARTHUR ELLIOT, Mr. ST. LOE STRACHEY, Lord ROBERT CECIL, Lord HUGH CECIL, and others, Lord CROMER being in the Chair. After delivering many impassioned speeches in defence of Free Trade, they decide to reorganise themselves and to offer a determined resistance to Tariff Reform. The meeting separates amid great enthusiasm, punctuated by patriotic songs.

March 3.—Introduction and first reading of Government Bill for the Nationalisation of Motor-Cars.

March 4.—*The Times*, in a leading article, declares that to nationalise motor-cars is to ruin the nation. *The Daily Mail* publishes an article by Mr. LEO MAXSE declaring that all members of the Government, including the Junior Lords of the Treasury (unpaid), are outside the pale of humanity and must be shot at sight. *The Daily News* denounces opposition to the Bill as factious and interested.

March 5 (if March 5 falls on a Sunday).—Mr. J. L. GARVIN publishes in *The Observer* a leading article twelve columns in length. He demands the impeachment of Mr. ASQUITH and the immediate execution of all Irish Nationalist Members on Tower Hill. "Only thus," he concludes, "can we avenge the dastardly insult which has been offered to our English manhood. Only thus can we remove the ineffaceable stain which has been smeared in lurid and degrading colours over our escutcheon."

March 6.—Formation of Motor Nationalisation League.

March 7.—Establishment of Anti-Nationalisation of Motors League.

March 8.—Each League calls on the other to publish a list of its subscribers.

March 12.—Mr. J. L. GARVIN declares in a leading article of nineteen columns that he is not now a Home Ruler.

March 17.—Lord ROSEBURY makes his three-hundredth non-party speech against the Government at a great non-party meeting held in the City of London under the chairmanship of Mr. A. J. BALFOUR.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE addresses a meeting at Plaistow. He threatens the House of Lords with extinction, and compares their lordships to rats fed on red herrings.

March 20.—In a long and carefully reasoned letter to *The Times* Sir HENRY HOWORTH points out that, whatever Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's own diet may be, he (Sir HENRY) has never yet known a member of the House of Lords who cared to eat a red herring.

March 21.—Mr. F. E. SMITH, in a great speech at Cheltenham, calls Mr. LLOYD GEORGE the Red Herring King.

March 22.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, in a great speech at Sevenoaks, denounces Mr. F. E. SMITH as impish, impudent and impossible.

March 23.—Mr. F. E. SMITH and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL dine together.

March 24.—Lord ROSEBURY makes his three-hundred-and-first non-party speech against the Government at a great non-party meeting in Birmingham under the chairmanship of Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. He shows that the nationalisation of motor cars leads straight to the nationalisation of clocks and watches, spoons and forks and small change of all sorts, and that from this to the destruction of religion, family life, marriage and Sunday beer is, but a step.

April 3.—The Unionist Free Traders at a great and enthusiastic meeting declare that if Mr. BALFOUR will agree

to postpone Tariff Reform they will be prepared to vote for Tariff Reformers.

April 4.—Mr. BALFOUR says he is willing to postpone Tariff Reform for a fortnight.

April 5.—Great enthusiasm expressed by Unionist Free Traders over Mr. BALFOUR's promise. *The Morning Post*, however, salutes him as "the late leader of the Unionist party."

April 8.—Lord ROSEBURY makes his three-hundred-and-second non-party speech against the Liberal party at a great non-party meeting held in Belfast under the chairmanship of Sir EDWARD CARSON.

April 10.—Mr. F. E. SMITH at a meeting in Devizes says that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is a disgraced disseminator of dishonour.

April 11.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL at a meeting in Deptford declares that Mr. F. E. SMITH always prefers mendacity to men and stupidity to statesmanship.

April 12.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and Mr. F. E. SMITH lunch together in London.

(Further dates may be filled in according to taste and experience.)

SOLOMON AND THE MONKEYS.

APES and peacocks and almug and ivory

SOLOMON sent for over seas,

And, if you ask me the reason why for he

Sent his shipping for such as these—

Peacocks flaunt like an opal necklace,

Figurey almug's fair and fleckless,

Ivory's smooth and white and sleekless

(Tusks on a plinth of gold),

And the little grey monkeys, so wrinkled wise,

Little grey apes with the twinkling eyes,

Puckered, brown and cold,

'Spite of their lightsome ways and reckless,

Know the wisdom of gods of old!

SOLOMON sat by his garden palaces

Seeking wisdom of earth and air;

Little grey apes, full of mocks and malices,

Chipped and chattered around his chair;

Chipped and chattered and made grimaces,

Rubbed their backs and then wrinkled faces,

Swung themselves with a score of graces

Through the cedar trees;

But never their knowledge could SOLOMON catch,

For, if he asked them, they'd only scratch,

Stop and scratch for fleas;

Then they'd rocket away in races,

Ruffling, scuffling, in twos and threes!

So SOLOMON sent for HIRAM, King o' Tyre;

HIRAM strode 'neath the budding leaf,

Purple vesture and golden ring, attiro

Fit indeed for a merchant chief;

He bade him watch the monkeys slipping

Through the pomegranate branches dipping

Over the fountains ferned and dripping,

Green and clear and cold;

And "Tis excellent knowledge," King HIRAM said,

"That keeps its learning inside its head;

That's your monkey's gold—

That's the reason that sets them skipping—

That's their wisdom of gods of old!"

A Blow for Smith minor.

"That the feeding of school-children during holidays was illegal was the opinion of Sir K. B. Finlay."—*Daily Mirror*.

FANTASY.

THERE is no truth in the following account. It is based solely on the unconfirmed report of the central figure. That central figure is I, and I have just stated that there is no truth in it. It is not the truth, part of the truth, or anything like the truth. It is the invention of one miserable, downtrodden Junior; the outpourings of a soul clamouring for freedom and self-expansion. Let me pretend, just for once, that I am not the most permanently rebuked person in the world, who may not even say "Boo!" to an usher without being told that I am frivolous, vexatious, and an abuse of the process of the Court. Let me pretend all that. Will you?

Counsel for the Plaintiff said what he had to say, and all eyes were fixed on me. You see, I was Counsel for the Defendant, and there we all were sitting in the High Court and making a day of it.

"Forgive me," I said, "but I did not quite follow what you were saying. I was thinking of something else. Start at the beginning and say it all over again." Then I closed my eyes and put my feet up on the K.C.'s bench in front of me, not, as I assured them, to go to sleep, but because I could hear better in that position. When at last they insisted on a few words from me, I, seeing that there was no way out of it, got up and addressed them.

"Look here, Judge, old man," I said. "It is all very fine for 't'other fellow to talk about vendors and purchasers and estoppels (what is an estoppel, anyway?) and all that rot. It is all very fine for him to go burbling on about statutes and cases, but the cold truth is that he wants my client to pay his client hundreds and hundreds of pounds, and my client ain't going to do no such thing. He has the best reasons for refusing, but I am not at liberty to divulge them. At least I have forgotten most of them, and I never could understand the rest. I can promise you that they are first-class reasons, if a bit complicated in parts, and I can promise you that my client is a man in a thousand."

Mr. Justice What's-his-name, who I really don't think can have been listening, bestirred himself to ask me what about the Sale of Goods Act. But I told him that I was not going to answer that question, because I knew there was a catch in it somewhere. Besides, I told him that I knew nothing about the Law, and cared less.

"*Ignorantia juris haud excusat*," he muttered, and while the court rocked



THE UNDEFEATED SALESMAN.

Customer. "BUT IT HASN'T SAID A WORD ALL THE TIME I'VE BEEN IN THE SHOP!"

Salesman. "THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MADAM. HIS LATE OWNER ALWAYS WENT TO SLEEP ON EARLY CLOSING DAY, AND AFTER TWO O'CLOCK ON THURSDAYS NOTHING WILL INDUCE THAT INTELLIGENT BIRD TO UTTER A SOUND."

with subservient and hilarious laughter took my pipe out of my pocket and lit it.

"Tell me when I'm due to laugh," said I between the puffs, "and I'll do my best for you. Now, if you are quite sure you have finished being funny, I will go on with the case. My dear old Lud, what is the use of all this chin-wagging? The fact is that my client wants all his money for himself, and if he finds, when he comes to do his accounts at the end of the year, that he has got a little over, you may bet your wig that he is not going to give that little to a man with a face like the Plaintiff's. Do we admit liability, you ask? We admit any old thing you like, for a little peace. More than that, if you will all come across to the

Cock Tavern, Plaintiff, Plaintiff's counsel, Plaintiff's solicitor, clerks, ushers, court-loafers, and even your bonny old self, we'll stand the drinks if you'll let hygones be bygones. There!"

I sat down, humming a popular melody to show that I bore no malice, and the Judge said something bitter about "Judgment for the Plaintiff in the full amount of his claim and costs." As for me I went up to where the old fellow sat on his perch and cooed, "Bench, dear boy, you are not cross with me, are you?" and, arm-in-arm with my client and his solicitor, strolled out of court as happy as a sandboy.

Thank you for bearing with me. I feel better now.



THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT.

Candidate. "How do you think things are going?"

Agent. "Well—THE HARMONIUMS HAVE DONE A LOT OF GOOD, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO CHANGE THAT BAGATILLE BOARD AT THE WORKMEN'S CLUB FOR A BILLIARD TABLE."

OPERATIC INTELLIGENCE.

EXPENSIVE PRODUCTION OF
"TORQUEMADA."
(Special.)

THE music of *Torquemada*, as all intelligent amateurs are doubtless well aware, has been more extravagantly praised and abused than any which has ever been composed since the days of Orpheus. Herr Boboloff, the famous St. Petersburg critic, has described it as a musical Reign of Terror; while Signor Puppo Stecchi, of Milan, calls it the "no plus ultra of cosmic ecstasy." The same eminent authority also calls attention to the extraordinary way in which Herr Cassowar combines deep

spirituality with a cynical freakishness. "Scenes of an outrageous indocorum," he writes, "are handled with the utmost solemnity, while those passages in the drama which touch on the deepest mysteries of religion are treated with a hearty irreverence which recalls the most splendidly ghastly orgies of the cult of Reason in the French Revolution. Herr Cassowar is as cruel as Nature, as brutal as death—in short, a genius of the deepest dye, and in *Torquemada* he has found a theme which gives his gorgeous inhumanity superlative scope." It will be readily understood that music of this quality is extremely expensive to compose and produce, and no apology is needed for the announcement that, on

the occasion of the performance of this epoch-making work, the price for hiring opera-glasses will be raised from sixpence to ten shillings.

The rôle of *Dolores* will be undertaken by the famous American *prima donna*, Madame Poppæa Scarlett, who created it on the occasion of the original production at Widdin. As Madame Scarlett holds the record for the highest fee ever paid to a *prima donna* for a single performance—viz., £10,000—the prices will be raised on this and all occasions on which she will appear. All the reserved seats have already been taken, with the exception of a few extra stalls attached by pulleys to the central electrolier. These can be had for 50 guineas apiece.

The orchestra will be increased from 85 to 170 performers for the production of *Torquemada*, as the scoring for the instruments of percussion is unusually rich, the drums being often divided into as many as twenty genuine parts, while extra instruments of peculiar sonority, including the Schreckhorn, are employed in the tortuous scenes in order to drown the shrieks of the victims. The immense extra expense to which the management has been put in order to meet these requirements has involved a revision of the refreshment tariff, and on the nights on which *Torquemada* is performed the charge for coffee will be 2s. 6d. a cup, and for ices 15s. each.

The scenery, which has been specially hand-painted for the production, is of special magnificence, many thousand tubes of the choicest paint having been exhausted on the superb canvases provided by the artists, MM. van Dorb and Karameloff. In consequence of this terrific outlay, running into several thousands of pounds, the management have been reluctantly obliged to raise the prices of the programmes and books of the words, which will be supplied at 5s. and £1 1s. respectively.

The Ballet of Inquisitors is of altogether unusual size, and the strain imposed upon them in the Dances of the Seventy Thumbscrews is so exacting that a special honorarium has been added to their usual salary. In view of this fact the management respectfully beg to announce that the cloak-room fees will be increased on *Torquemada* nights from 3d. to 4½d.

It is only right to add that, in spite of all these enhanced charges, the management expect to lose at least £20,000 on the production.

COMFORTING REFLECTION AT THE POST-IMPRESSIONISTS'.—Things, after all, are not so bad as they're painted.



THE PREFERENDUM.

MR. TARIFF. "AFTER YOU, MY LORD; IT SEEMS YOUR NEED OF REFORM IS MORE PRESSING THAN MINE."



Vivile Lady (after a long narrative of her doings in various branches of sport). "AND DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU DON'T GO IN FOR EITHER HUNTIN' OR SHOOTIN' OR GOLFIN'! DON'T YOU SOMETIMES GET FEARFULLY BORED!" Hostess (feelingly). "Yes, I do."

THE BISHOP'S MOVE.

[In a recent number of his *Diocesan Magazine* the Bishop of WORCESTER lays down a rule that men ordained by him are "not to contract matrimonial engagements" during their Diaconate. "In the event," he adds, "of this not being observed, I should feel it my duty to remove the young man to another curacy, if the lady were a resident in the district."]

WHEN Strephon wooed, I showed immense

Reciprocal devotion,
Although, to speak without pretence,
I'd not the slightest notion
That love's unwelcome consequence
Would be perpetual motion.

As we surveyed the placid sea
It showed no warning beacon;
We clean forgot the penalty
Our Bishop vowed to wreak on
The rebel who presumed to be
Affianced while a deacon.

"The man who dares to disobey
His Bishop comes a cropper"
(His Lordship wrote); "I beg to say
Your conduct is improper.

I hope you'll choose the easier way—
Which is, of course, to drop her.

"Else you, who show me disrespect,
Must be severely dropped up;
You'll quit your post (I fear neglect
Of duty if you stopped on)
And undertake, as I direct,
The curacy of Plopton."

"D'you think," I cried, while Strephon
stood
Irresolute, "I'll swallow
Defeat like this? What hardihood
To utter threats so hollow!
You go to Plopton? Well and good—
Mother and I will follow!"

He went—and we went. In a week
The Bishop, who had thirsted
For vengeance, finding, so to speak,
His machinations worsted,
Bade Strephon move again, to seek
The curacy of Burstead.

From Burstead on to Newton Leas,
From Newton Leas to Keating,
Still an astonished Diocese
Beholds my lover fleeing;
But, try his lordship as he please,
He can't prevent us meeting!

Poor Bishop! By-and-by he'll gain
The sorrowful conviction

That here his threats are all in vain,
His rule an empty fiction,
And that young ladies yet remain
Beyond his jurisdiction!

MR. BONAR LAW as reported in *The Scotsman*:

"Surely it was the most unreasonable of propositions to assert that we could not have a greater moral right to a k equality of treatment on the Indian market when we gave to them advantages in our market which were not given to other people than we had that right now, when we gave her no advantage which was not enjoyed by every other country in the world so much as it was by India. (Cheers.)" Even Mr. LAW's bitterest opponent could hardly have forbore to cheer so exciting a finish.

Extract from the letter of a Baboo, who, after much correspondence with the postal officials over some small grievance, at length breaks into poetry and sums up the case against red tape as follows:

"The bell of death is ever ring,
Over the poor and over the king.
The world is ever tit for tat,
Over the thin and over the fat."

A QUESTION OF DEGREE.

GREAT confusion having arisen in the papers with regard to the PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD, some referring to him always as Dr. BURNS, in recognition of a degree recently conferred upon him by Liverpool University, and others still adhering to Mr. BURNS, a public meeting was called to decide upon some united course of action. The Mayor of BATTERSEA was in the Chair, and many prominent journalists and public men were present.

Mr. BUCKLE, of *The Times*, said that he was averse from conferring such titles. Take, for example, the case of the head of the Salvation Army. *The Times*, it is true, called him "General," but only between inverted commas. He would admit that Mr. BURNS's degree was not, like the General's, self-imposed. *The Times*, however, would continue to call him Mr., and with the more confidence in view of the recent case of a certain Doctor who thought he had been to the Pole.

Mr. JAMES BRYCE, the British Ambassador at Washington, said that no one, he believed, possessed so many honorary degrees as himself; but he had never called himself Dr. BRYCE, and never should, unless, of course, he occupied part of his leisure in his retirement in becoming a medical student and qualifying for his M.D.

Mr. MARLOWE, of *The Daily Mail*, said that he had given instructions for Mr. BURNS to be called Dr. BURNS in that paper. He, the speaker, believed that when honours were conferred they should be recognised. If the KING were to confer the title of knighthood, or even a peerage, on himself, he should be careful to make his name correspond to the compliment.

Mr. DONALD, of *The Daily Chronicle*, said that his staff still called Mr. BURNS Mr. He had noticed that *The Daily Mail*, which he occasionally saw at his club or on the seat of a railway compartment, had adopted the Dr., and he assumed that it did so for party reasons, hoping that it might suggest ridicule. For him, however, Mr. BURNS would always remain plain honest JOHN, in no need for honorary degrees from anyone, least of all from the enemy.

The Editor* of *The British Medical*

Journal said that he objected to the term Doctor for any but medical men. There should be no such thing as Doctors of Laws or Divinity. Doctors should mean medical practitioners or consulting physicians. He could foresee great confusion in Battersea if Mr. BURNS were called Dr. BURNS. All kinds of people who were taken ill would be sending for him.

Dr. MACNAMARA said that he was called Doctor because he had been made an hon. LL.D. of St. Andrew's. He did not know that the title had done him any harm. It is true that he had occasionally been asked to proscribe, and had always done so, his one remedy for all ills being ipsecauanha.

Dr. CLIFFORD said that he had been

speak of Dr. KITCHENER and Dr. CROMER.

Mr. J. ST. LOE STRACHEY, the Editor of *The Spectator*, vigorously objected to the question being decided by a snap vote at a local meeting. This was clearly a "question of great gravity," which should only be settled finally by resort to the Referendum. The cost of a Referendum had been grossly exaggerated by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who said it would involve an outlay of £2,000,000. As a matter of fact, he (Mr. STRACHEY) had convinced himself by a careful inquiry that it would not cost more than £250,000. In conclusion he advocated this method of deciding the question for the following reasons:—

(1) Because he was a democrat and wished the will of the people to prevail.

(2) Because he had supported the Referendum for fifteen years.

(3) Because Switzerland, the home of the Referendum, possessed the best system of universal service in the world.

Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., pointed out that the names BURNS and BACON both contained the same number of letters, and that the aggregate equalled the number contained in the name SHAKESPEARE. The word *honorificabilitudinitatibus* clearly referred to an honorary degree. On all those grounds he cordially supported Mr. BURNS's assumption of the title "Doctor."

Mr. FABIAN WARE, of *The Morning Post*, said that he should continue to refer to Mr. BURNS as Mr. BURNS whenever it was impossible to avoid mentioning him altogether.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE said that he also was an honorary Doctor, three deep at least. He had no fixed rules as to style. Sometimes he used the term, and sometimes not. In America he had used it, because the Americans liked that kind of thing. He was often called Professor in America, but never, so far as he could remember, Colonel or Judge.

The Chairman then put the question to the meeting—Shall we call our old friend JOHN BURNS Mr. or Dr.? The result was an overwhelming majority in favour of retaining the more modest designation, and the company dispersed, singing the Battersea National Anthem.



"WOT'S WRONG WIV OLD ENGLAND? WHY, I'LL TELL YER WOT'S WRONG, MATE! IT'S THESE 'ERE SOCIALISTIC IDEAS, THAT'S WOT IT IS! IF FOLKS 'UD ONLY KEEP THEIR EYES OPEN, THEY'D SEE THE BLOOMIN' CONSTITUTION A-CRUMBLIN' UNDER THEIR VERY FEET! BUT THEY DON'T; THEY GOES AWAHT BLIND!"

entitled Doctor for many years, but had never been called in to attend anyone who was physically ill. Spiritually, yes. He would be glad to attend spiritually, or politically, anyone present at that meeting at a moment's notice. He considered that the prefix ennobled a man. He strongly advised Mr. BURNS to be known as Doctor.

Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, speaking on behalf of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, said he was strongly in favour of what he might call the doctorial differentiation. By this means only could an end be put to the confusion which had so long existed between the Member for Battersea and his namesake the poet, who could never be accused of an honorary degree.

Lord INVERCLYDE strongly protested against the assumption of the prefix Doctor on the strength of an honorary degree. At that rate they ought to



"IN GOOD LLOYD GEORGE'S GOLDEN DAYS — DRIVING DOWN TO THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

IN THE EVENT OF A GRATEFUL COUNTRY RETURNING THE MINISTERIALISTS TO OFFICE WE ANTICIPATE SOME SUCH INSPIRING SCENE AS THE ABOVE.

AT THE PLAY.

"DECORATING CLEMENTINE."

THE atmosphere of Miss UNGER'S American adaptation from the French is sufficiently cosmopolitan. The names and plot and geography are French; the manner is Franco-Anglo-American; the language of three of the leading characters is American and of the other two broken English with either a French or a Russian accent. As for the humour—in Paris where it originally came from it was, no doubt, very heady, but that was before it had been watered out West.

The scheme, of course, has an almost purely French interest; it is a satire on the methods *à la-bas* of canvassing for the Legion of Honour. A woman novelist, in agony lest a female rival should secure the only available ribbon, persuades her uxorious husband to flirt with the wife of the Minister who has the disposal of it. The husband, at first expostulating, carries out her wishes too generously, and the prize is hers at the temporary cost of conjugal security. That's all: except that the rival ribbon-hunter turns out to be a man writing under a female *nom de guerre*. The revelation of his identity is the one effective episode in the play; but very little was made of it. This was a pity, as there was not enough stuff to go quite round; and it had to be coked out with fun of a farcical order, in which Mr. HUNTLEY figured as a devastating Adonis, and Miss DORIS KEANE was extremely sinuous and susceptible. Miss HATTIE WIL-

to hold together a play that was handicapped by a poor start. Much of the dovecote business of the First Act might have been spared, though I daresay that if Mr. RICHIE LANG as the doting husband had been a little less commonplace we might have been on better terms with ourselves at an earlier stage. Still, I incline to the opinion of a critical friend who thought that this kind of thing is done better in France, and perhaps best not done at all.

The advertisements of the American company say that "Mr. CHARLES FROMMAN presents *Decorating Clementine* with Mr. G. P. HUNTLEY." Well, I don't know what we should have done without him, or if Miss DORIS KEANE had worn more cloths. O. S.

Life's Little Emergencies.

"TO PREVENT A DOG HOWLING.—When playing the piano someone should pet the dog, and pat it on the head, and stroke it."

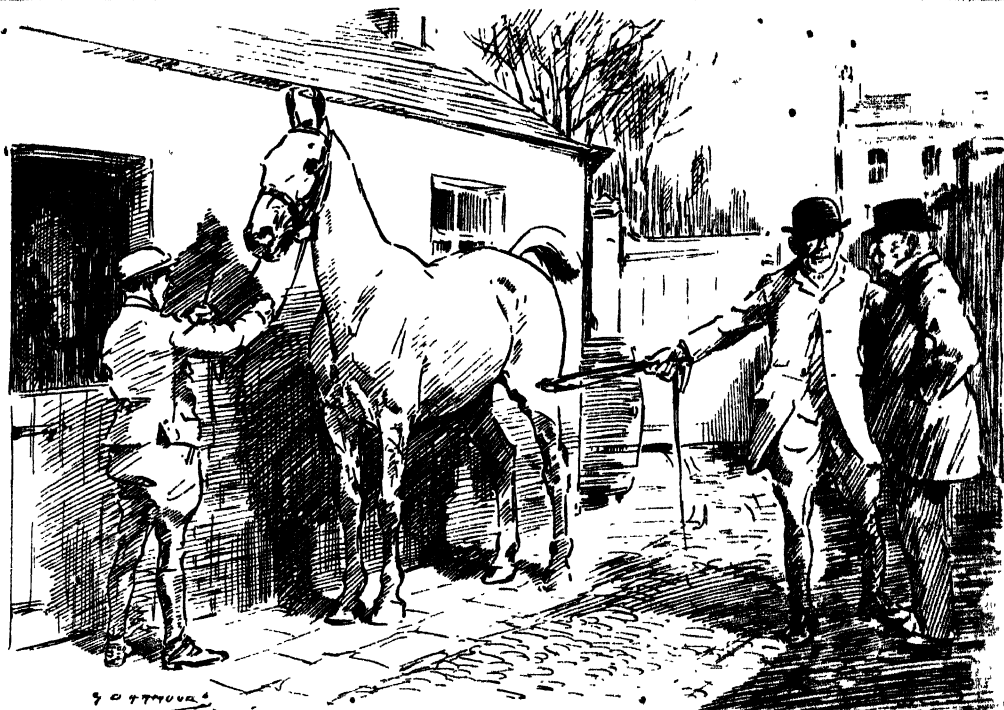
Dublin Evening Mail.

HOW THINGS MANAGE TO KEEP OUT OF THE PAPERS.

THE crowding of the newspapers just now with political matter is a real grievance to more people than to the poet who throbbed out his plaint in your last week's issue (writes a correspondent).

There is the unfortunate case of Miss Rosie FitzVerriloe, who is to play the principal girl in one of the leading pantomimes. Such a part requires, of course, very careful preparation. This dainty young comedienne therefore arranged a visit to St. Paul's Cathedral. While she was standing





Deiter. "Too much money! But just look at his make and shape! Why, the shadow of him on the wall is worth as much as a common horse."

STRENGTH AT THE HELM.

As everyone now knows, there is not a German waiter or clerk in London or England to-day that is not an active spy and soldier in the service of his Fatherland, only waiting for the moment to rise and strike. The interval that occurs between the ordering of your chop at a restaurant and its tardy appearance is due not to any defect in the kitchen but to allow time for the waiter to make a full note for the Berlin War Office as to your appearance and probable fighting weight. So again with the German clerk who receives you in the City. Those constant entries in his ledger have not, as it may seem, any reference to your business, but to yourself. Only in this way can Germany be properly forewarned, and thus forearmed. But, as any military authority will tell you, it is no use having a highly efficient and numerous band of spies in the enemy's midst unless they are under control. Who, then, controls the myriad German spies in London? We are in a position to give the answer, and to give it for the first time. The head of this gigantic

system is probably the last man you would suspect, for, by a masterpiece of Teutonic subtlety, he is notoriously a builder-up of the English frame, a maker of muscle, an apostle of fitness. See the devilish cunning (*Teufel-schlaueit*) of it. It is as though a poacher were a gamekeeper, a burglar a detective, a lawyer a gentleman. Yet it is this man whose name is in every paper as a renovator of the Anglo-Saxon fibre who is at the head of the German army secreted in our midst. In other words, it is the famous Muskel-Brust.

Nothing is wanting but Muskel-Brust's word of command for every German clerk in the country to convert his pen into a poisoned bayonet, every German waiter to drop hyoscine into the food, every German barber to let loose the tetra-chloride, and England to be a conquered nation.

The main facts of the case are of course known to every Teutophobe, yet never before has the truth about Muskel-Brust been told. But we have not yet revealed all. For it has come to our knowledge that Muskel-Brust himself is a more masterful MACHIAVELLI even than we have indicated. We are in a position to state that his magnificent

development is not genuine. That huge biceps standing from his arms like Primrose Hill, those grand muscular protuberances on his shoulders and thighs, are in reality receptacles for the deadliest form of concentrated explosive. The man is a walking magazine of terrific menace. He can carry about with him enough cordite tabloids to blow up all London. Divested of his secret cargo he is a slight and hollow-chested man of insignificant appearance, such as might do the look step down Regent Street. *Verb. sap.*

In a recent announcement of "Prospective Arrangements" the Passmore Edwards Settlement gave notice of—

1. Monday, November 28—Debate in support of the hereditary principle of the House of Lords.

2. Saturday, December 3—Lantern Lecture: Some more extinct monsters. Thus Humour manifests itself in the most unlikely spot.

Another Inexactitude.

"I say there is only one word for it and that is 'Come on.'"

Mr. Churchill at Lambeth.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In point of solid literature this may be a mediocre age, but now and then it does produce a short story worthy of the laurel; and I would like to include the name of EDITH WHARTON among the masters of that modern art. *Tales of Men and Ghosts* (MACMILLAN) are the sort of which, however late the hour, you must just read one more before you go to bed. If the ghosts are few and not too ghastly, the men are divers and many and very much alive. Better than either are the ideas, of which there is at least one, bright and sound and neatly pointed, to each of the ten stories. The main theme is the *littérateur* at the top of his success or in the depths of his failure, the artistic temperament in embryo and apotheosis. There is also some mention of love and a case of insanity. The general atmosphere is one of cleverness which is never smart, and of irony which is always gentle. The best of the stories are "The Letters" and "The Legend." In the latter Mrs. Bain entertains the Artistically Superior and the Mentally Elect to a discussion of the latest intellectualism and a stand-up supper; and a touch most delightful and also typical of the book is the discovery of Mr. Bain, withdrawn to his study and there smoking a surreptitious cigar over the last number of *The Strand*.

Reading *The Charm* (METHUEN) you get a curious impression that here is an incident

of real life not very efficiently reported. You have no doubt that Mark Renyard, of the Indian Civil, existed in the flesh. You do not suspect that his being jilted by an English miss and married, in the off moments following, by a half-caste widow, of beautiful exterior but vulgar origin, is all make-believe. Accepting these as facts of life, you are pleasantly curious to see what happens when he has to go through with his folly under the gaze of the better Indian society and even of the jilt herself. You wish you could find out from the people concerned what they felt about it, instead of having to take Miss ALICE PERRIN's account. If you are an inquisitive person you may even be tempted to go to Koranabad to enquire how it all ended, for you are by no means definitely informed; or, failing that journey, you may ask at Scotland Yard if anything has been heard of Mark's stepson, Alaric, alias *Junkie*, a child of marked and mischievous promise, who ran away to England halfway through the book and was not referred to again. Certainly, if you begin the story you will finish it, partly in the vain hope of finding out who the pretty lady on the cover may be, more because you will be interested in a remarkable, if melancholy, affair.

The secret (if you care to know)

Which Mr. GARVICE has in keeping

Is that he has the sense to sow

Where there's the greatest chance of reaping;

He caters, so to say, for those

Who like a plot, not over gory,

Dressed up in unassuming prose—

In short, a plain straightforward story.

In such he does a roaring trade

Which one I've read from start to finish—

The Heart, he calls it, of a *Maid*

(HODDER AND STOUGHTON)—won't diminish:

Candour and cunning, love and cash,

Fight the old fight for top-dog places,

With no confusing balderdash

Of literary arts and graces.

I dare say you think now that a book all about a little girl at boarding-school is not likely to be particularly

interesting to the grown-up reader. If so, this is because you have not yet read *The Getting of Wisdom* (HEINEMANN), and therefore do not know what a clever writer like "HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON" can make of such a subject. Of course, the authoress is a little helped by her setting; for the school to which Laura was sent, at the age of twelve, was in Melbourne, and both there and in her country home the colonial background to the story is picturesque and unfamiliar. As



IMPROBABLE SCENES.—VII.

AT A BARGAIN SALE.

for the story itself I have no words but those of sincere admiration. The study it gives of the development of a single character is really amazingly clever. *Laura's* companions, too, are all made to live; indeed, though I was never myself an inmate of a girls' school, I feel certain that life there must be precisely what the book describes it. Needless to say, *Laura* has little in common with the virtuous protagonists of the school stories of an earlier generation. The wisdom she gets is not all of it what would be called desirable; and the various stages of her progress are shown with a realism that is wholly modern. This it is, of course, that makes the history so absorbing. *Laura* is, and remains to the end, an entirely human creation; the fact that, at a crisis in her career she is allowed to cheat flagrantly, and is neither found out nor remorseful, completed my admiration for her historian.

From *A New Cookery Book*:

"Now sit on the front of the stove and stir constantly."

The advice contained in the last two words is unnecessary. One would.

CHARIVARIA.

EACH side has been complaining of a shortage of vehicles on polling days, and the party which sent a motor bicycle for a voter who was in his eightieth year and suffering from rheumatism lost a supporter.

At the close of his last speech before the poll at Bolton, Colonel HENKETH, the Unionist candidate, was presented by a lady with a horse-shoe. He was, however, defeated at the poll, and this looks as if the horse shoe, as an emblem of luck, is now hopelessly out of date. Next time, we suspect, the Colonel will be presented with a motor-tyre.

"A - - - S - - -", aged thirty-three," we read, "has escaped from Long Grove Asylum, Epsom." We dare wager we all know which party he voted for.

Mr. F. E. SMITH's recent veiled reference to a politician whom he likened to DROGENES, who lived in a tub, has been misunderstood by some persons. Mr. SMITH, whose hatred of personalities is not so well known as it should be, was not referring to the figure of our War Minister.

The ignorance of some people is astounding. "What is the meaning of '21' on that soldier's tunic?" asked an anxious enquirer. "Oh, I suppose it is the price he charges servant-girls for walking out with him," came the answer.

"A safety razor is always an acceptable present." And yet we know an artist with a Vandyck beard who felt grossly insulted on receiving such a gift. Some persons are so touchy.

Speaking of Miss MARIE BREMA's opera season at the Savoy Theatre, *The Musical Times* says:—"As introduced Mr. FRANK BRIDGE has provided some well-conceived arrangements of Breton folk songs, which are appropriate to the surroundings, as the scene is laid in the Belgian Ardennes." We are left thinking.

"WOMEN'S DRESS
VOGUE OF THE BUTTON."

We were frightened when we read these head-lines. It sounds so inadequate. Can this be the *Salome* influence?

"Mr. ——" an advertisement tells us, "is the leader of the Petticoat

quite an obsession, has given instructions that in future all articles and paragraphs in his paper are to appear without headlines.

* * *
* TRIAL BY MOND.

PRACTICAL TEST FOR STREET VOCALISTS. There is nothing novel in this. We have all at one time or another gone through this sore trial.

It was stated at a meeting of the Leeds City Council, that the local police were considered the best dressed in the country. They all wear tailor-made costumes.

"There is a boom in sprats at Brightlingsea," we read. "The fish are making 3s. and 3s. 6d. a bushel." It must be an interesting sight to see those bloated creatures going the pace at Brightlingsea, and no doubt the CHANCELLOR has his eye on them.

A "Foot Wear" firm has been advertising an "Election Boot." Its immediate purpose seems to have been achieved with only moderate success, if one may judge by the comparatively small number of Candidates who have been kicked out.

On the subject of the Working-Men Unionists Mr. O. LOCKER-LAMPSON writes:

"If we can secure a small number of motor cars on the polling days in question, the of at least two of them is absolutely certain."

A sporting car owner would risk it. There is always the chance that his car may be one of the lucky two.

* * *
* THE POINT OF VIEW.

Doubtful Character (as he cautiously looks over garden-wall of a house he has been burgling): "LUMME! I NEARLY RUN INTER THAT BLOKE—NEVER DID LIKE 'IM—NABSTY—SNEAKIN—SUSPICIOUS—UNDER'AND BRIGHTER"

World." Someone ought to introduce him to the Garter King.

A certain firm which supplies furniture on the deferred payment system, advertises "No security." This announcement is somewhat ambiguous, but we are sure it cannot refer to the furniture.

We hear that the editor of a certain advanced Radical contemporary with whom a hatred of titles has become

"On entering the Hiraoura tunnel something went wrong with the locomotive, the train coming to a standstill and remaining in the tunnel some time. Finally the driver managed to get the train into motion, when it was found that one of the drivers was missing. A search was made and the driver was discovered lying unconscious in the tunnel. — *Peking Times*.

No wonder the engine wouldn't work.

"Early in the New Year penny postage will be introduced between the United Kingdom and the Australian Commonwealth." — *Paid Mail Gazette*.

One of these days we shall be able to cable to Australia.



"SALOME."

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

A YELLOW moon, reeking with presage, looked down upon the terrace of the Tetrarch. Beyond the Syrian landscape, the smoke of what I took to be passing trains drifted across an immovable cloud-wrack. Through the palace-entrances shone three great parallelograms of red light, like the slabs of colour you see on a poll-screen when a Conservative victory is about to be recorded. On the terrace stood a well-head, a familiar domestic feature which used to give tone and character to the tetrarchal terraces of those days. A young captain discussed the situation with the page of *Herodias* (contralto). Everybody was in the full dress of the period.

Suddenly there came a pause, and the voice of the conductor (in short sleeves) rang out. "Where is the Prophet?" he cried in bell-like tones. And the answer, as in the case of DE QUINCEY's reporter, was "*Non est inventus*." The stage-manager rushed on and peered down the well. The soldiers joined him in the search. It flashed upon me as just possible that Truth, having fled to the bottom of the well during these Elections (I can't get the silly things out of my head), had left no room for the Prophet. But I was in error, for after a dreadful delay he was reported to have arrived—by one of those lower entrances which habitually occur in Syrian wells—and to have sent up word that he couldn't see to read his score, the lighting arrangements at the bottom of a well being almost always inadequate. Meanwhile the curtain was dropped, and eventually we began all over again; and once more, at the same point, there was the same hitch, and once more the voice of Mr. BEECAM rang out, "Where is the Prophet?" At last the notes of Mr. WHITEHILL's magnificent organ came filtering up, and the great tragedy moved forward.

Our next shock was when the lithe figure of *Salome* ran on from the halls of festivity in a white blouse and dark skirt, looking extraordinarily occidental; and quite different from the *Salome* of the preliminary boom-photographs. No doubt the local colour was to be there all right on the night, but this afternoon she was saving herself and giving nothing away. As for her voice, she opened her mouth at the proper places, but made no attempt—and I don't blame her—to compete with the noisy cacophonies of the orchestra.

Hearing Mr. WHITEHILL's voice coming from the cistern, she thought she would like to make his closer ac-

quaintance, and ordered him to be brought up. Greatly attracted by his appearance, she insisted upon kissing him. Mr. WHITEHILL, however, very properly resisted her advances, and after a while withdrew back into the cistern; but not till the young captain, in a spasm of jealousy, had killed himself—an episode in which neither *Salome* nor the Prophet took the faintest interest.

Presently *Herod* emerged in a pea-jacket and trousers to match, accompanied by *Herodias* in ordinary afternoon dress, but without a hat. The Tetrarch was in a fractious mood, and barked out his words like a German officer on early-morning parade. His temper was not improved by the corpse of the captain, into whose blood he had put his foot through an oversight. It seems that the Tetrarch never cared greatly for the sight of dead men unless he had had a hand in their killing. As the *First Soldier*, in the original text, had previously remarked, knowing his *Herod*: "*Il faut faire transporter le cadavre. Le tetrarque n'aime pas regarder les cadavres, sauf les cadavres de ceux qu'il a tués lui-même*." To which the *Second Soldier*, knowing his OLLENDORFF, had replied: "*Vous avez raison; il faut cacher le cadavre. Il ne faut pas que le tetrarque le voie*."

Another source of annoyance to the froflut potentate was the way in which a lot of Hebrew sceptics would keep on talking to him all at once about the Prophet. Mr. BEECAM didn't like it either, and stopped to tell them that they must pay attention to the boat; this, in fact, being what the boat was there for. So they tried again, and I believe that this time they did what he wanted, though I confess that I noticed no difference, so terrible was the *mélée* of jarring sounds.

Nothing, in the end, would content *Herod* but that *Salome* should dance before him; but she was pensive and not feeling at her best, and frankly hinted that she would prefer to keep still. However, a very large bribe induced her to do the Seven-Veils dance. Seven veils take some time to arrange, and the orchestra seized their advantage. Then *Salome*, who was a little hampered by some of the supers, and let them know it, went through a few easy motions, dropping her veils from time to time all round the place, and strolling and lounging about in between, till the music caught her up. The Tetrarch seemed more satisfied with the performance than I was, and it was a bad set-back for him when he found out what he was expected to pay for it. But *Herod* was a man of his word, and so a Nubian butcher, carrying a

large carving-knife at the salute, was introduced into the cistern.

During the awful interval that ensued the orchestra let itself go. There was one sound, painfully iterated, like the chirrup of a sick hen, which, I think, came from some part of a violin which is usually left alone. From my vantage in the stage box I had already been intrigued by a sort of toy harmonium, from which an acrobat was extracting notes which had never yet come within my experience of instrumental music. Something between the click of muted bones and the smacking of fat cheeks.

And now from the cistern emerged the butcher's knife with a great blotch of red paint smeared along the blade. *Salome* seized and bore it aloft in triumph; then, advancing to the foot-lights, she complained to Mr. BEECAM that this would never do; it made her fingers messy, and she quite wanted to keep them clean. At this trying moment a happy diversion was created by the appearance of an official with the glad news (so I gathered) that Mr. REDFORD had consented to the use of a dish for the red paint. Or it may have been that the thing had just arrived from the dish-monger's. Anyhow, Mr. BEECAM and *Salome* were visibly affected by the announcement, and the latter wiped her soiled fingers first on a piece of property and then on a spare part of the robe of a super.

Back we went for a page or two, and this time it was a pewter dish that was handed up from the well—clearly a great assistance to the imagination. So *Salome* carried it to the front, and put it on the floor and lavished endearments on the head that wasn't there.

And all might have ended happily and smoothly with *Herod's* order to his soldiers (he was now in a thoroughly bad mood) to put her to death, if only the military hadn't been mobilised a shade too soon. "What in the name of—are you doing?" said Mr. BEECAM; "I'm not half through the opera yet!" An overstatement, if pardonable; for *Salome* had only a few more bars in hand. These she now negotiated, and the impatient soldiery was then free to despatch her beneath their bucklers.

For those who propose to criticise this opera, no vocabulary could be too large or peculiar. I content myself with complimenting Mr. BEECAM on the prodigies he performed with the bâton, and I gratefully hope that he will soon ask me to another dress rehearsal of an opera: one, for choice, in which Messrs. STRAUSS and CENSOR shall have again collaborated.

O. S.



A STAR IN ECLIPSE.

MISS BUDGET. "AH, LAST YEAR I WAS PRINCIPAL BOY, AND NOW I'M NOT IN THE BILL AT ALL!"



THE POETRY OF MOTION—LATEST DEVELOPMENT: THE JUDY-WALK.

THE MASTIX.

[An attempt to preserve some record of the horror of the scene when "Mastix," a contributor to *The Daily Chronicle*, penned in the Radical interest certain open letters in the manner of "JUNIUS" to Unionist statesmen who had the misfortune to incur his special displeasure.]

DEEP in a den whose outlet yawned betwixt two upas-trees,
Festooned with snakes and vampire bats and horrible things
like these—

Deep in a dark and awesome den where a cockatrice had died,
Slain by the glance of a basilisk who envied his place
inside—

Deep in a stifling sulphurous den, heavy with poisoned air,
Sitting on eighteenth-century eggs—the Mastix had his lair!

Ah, how the foam flew forth his lips, what dragon teeth he
gnashed,

What antediluvian odours rose from every egg he smashed!
With a passion for rage inherited from the cockatrice de-

And a glare in the eye as full of bane as a basilisk's at least,
With a cry that had half of a hydra's hiss and all of a
griffin's roar,

And the pounce of a militant suffragette—the Mastix took
the floor!

A spasm tore the universe, a shudder shook the vast,
The ghost of SWIFT was seen to walk and JUNIUS rose
aghast.

Louder, more shrill, the scolding shriek to topmost heaven
scaled,

Whilst Peers held on their coronets and politicians paled,
Till all the horrid tale was told, the criminals attained—
The people staggered to the polls—and then the Mastix
fainted!

HENRY SILVER.

MANY of *Mr. Punch's* oldest friends will share his profound regret at the loss of a veteran member of his staff, HENRY SILVER, who died on the 3rd of December, at the age of eighty-two. His first contribution to the paper was made in 1848, and he joined the Table in 1857, retiring in 1870 on the death of MARK LEMON. His contributions, which were both in prose and verse, included "*Punch's History of Costume*," illustrated by JOHN TENNIEL. Among his closest friends was CHARLES KEENE, whose earliest drawings for *Punch* were of his devious, the first of these being published in 1851. HENRY SILVER was the happy possessor of a fine collection of KEENE'S original work.

According to *The Daily Mail* a dairy manager explains the shortage in milk thus:

'One of the reasons was the hard weather of last month, and another is the high price of beer.'

How ignorant we laymen are—the second reason 'would never have occurred to us.

"Olemency preferred not to think so? but Tring's criticism was apt enough; she had a boyish look, despite the broad-brimmed, fashionable hat. The slim figure, the firm, olive column of the throat rising from the plain silk skirt she wore, were essentially boyish."—*Daily Mirror*.

She was wrong. High waists are no longer fashionable.

"The only way is to grow the plants on yourself from cuttings. This will take a few years," says *Gardening Illustrated* in reply to a correspondent. If this is the Japanese gardening, it would account for the chrysanthemum in the Geisha's hair.

A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE.

I.—BEFORE.

THE main ideas of our local campaign were evolved in the small hours. When George is tired of addressing envelopes and James's moisture has given out and there are no more applicants for the higher literature for me to interview, we gather round the fire, and the Committee-Room becomes generally inspired. We allow Crump to take the middle of the stage only because he happens to be our Candidate. On this night in particular we were discussing posters, which, being encouragers of home industries, we invent, print and publish ourselves.

What we want," said Crump, "is something neat, if possible, but certainly gaudy, plenty of the broader humour with not too much of the subtler sense, personalities but no politics. George, work up all you have heard or supposed of the other fellow's past and put it into a number of pithy questions, beginning 'WHAT ABOUT . . . ?' Say, six fatal innuendos, just on this side of libel, heavy leaded, and a hundred posters of each. Get to it . . . Now, you other fellows, we want some general maxims that will appeal at once to the electorate."

'SINGLE CHAMBER GOVERNMENT MEANS I began.

"Never mind about meanings," said Crump. "Just a word, visible from afar and intelligible at sight. A brief command to vote for me."

"PLUMP FOR CRUMP," said James tentatively.

"Five hundred large and a thousand small of 'PLUMP FOR CRUMP,'" said Crump to the Agent. "Then what about the other fellow?"

"OUT WITH GROUT," said James, foolishly. "If only his name had been Grout instead of Brown! What

about 'No Joe'? His name may be Joseph."

"Five hundred large and a thousand small of 'DOWN WITH BROWN.' Next,

Insisting, as I do," I began again, "on a reference, however vague, to a policy of some sort, I suggest 'VOTE FOR TARIFF REFORM AND——'"

This time they would have thrown

"not only do I thank you for myself, but your Country, may your Empire, thanks you for vindicating those great policies upon which its welfare depends. This is no personal matter. There have been placed before you solemn and serious issues concerning imperial and domestic government, defence and economy, and you, after mature consideration, have pronounced with no

uncertain voice for those high principles of state which form the whole programme of that party which I represent, those principles which we have spared no pains of logical argument and honest ratiocination to establish. You have given your judgment as becomes judges who will hear both sides, but will not tolerate for a moment irrelevant matter, and in so doing you have confirmed the belief which I and far greater men than I have ever held—the belief in the insight, the tenacity, the unvarying sanity and the inevitable wisdom of that infallible tribunal, the People."

THE UNLUCKIEST MAN IN LONDON.

We were all backing ourselves as the unluckiest of mortals. "I maintain," he said, "that I am the unluckiest man in London, at any rate. And by bad luck I mean the real unasked-for things. Because you fellows who complain of losses over horses or at bridge don't count.

That's gambling, and gambling must go against you pretty often. No, I mean the bad luck that is thrust upon one. That's where I am a champion. I was unlucky enough before, but taxis have just put the lid on it. I whistle and wait for one for, say, five minutes—which is, of course, under those circumstances, eternity—and then I take the worst hansom in Europe; and a second later three empty taxis creep by. Or in the pouring rain, when I have no artificial whistle with me, and cannot



She. "LIZZIE'S BLOKE CALLS 'ER 'IS PEACH AND THE APPLE OF 'IS EYE. WHY CAN'T YOU CALL ME THINGS LIKE THAT!"

He. "YUS, THAT'S ALL VERY WELL; BUT 'E'S IN THE VEGETABLE BUSINESS I'M IN THE WHEELK TRADE, REMEMBER!"

me out but for Crump. "If he will have it," said he, "we will give it him in leaflet form. Five thousand 'FREE TRADERS! P.T.O.'"

"Yes," said I; "and what on the back of it?"

"William," said Crump, sadly, "I see that you are not only a politician, you are also a fool. Go to bed."

II.—AFTER.

"... And, gentlemen," continued Crump to the surging mass below him,

produce any sound but a mild 'Whoa!' from my natural one, a taxi will go by with the flag up, but the driver looking the other way with all the intent earnestness of a statue."

"That reminds me," said another speaker. "What do you do when a driver with his flag up sees you and takes no notice? It's the most infuriating thing in the world. I don't know whether it has ever happened to any of you?"

"It happens to me," said the first man, "every day. I am accurate. And another thing—when I am at haste in a taxi it is always the first vehicle that the policeman stops at a crossing. I head the block. There I sit, no matter what hurry I am in, and watch the meter mounting. It always happens at Wellington Street. Next time you pass there and see the block in the Strand look in the first taxi and you'll find me."

"And finally—to get rid of the taxi indictment—when the time comes to pay the fare I can never get any change out of the brutes. They keep their money, to begin with, in some place compared with which a woman's pocket is the height of accessibility; and then they never have anything there but gold and half-crowns when they find it. So I am always parting with four-pences and sixpences when all I want to give extra is twopence."

"I tell you fellows honestly I long for the dear old days, when cab-horses crawled or fell down, and cab-drivers called you foul names, and you didn't know the worst till you got out. Life was worth living then."

"The Tubes too," he continued, "how one's bad luck has been aggravated by that draughty invention! When I go by Tube the lift-man always bangs the gate while I am getting my ticket, and when at last I reach the platform it is just in time to see the tail light of the train disappearing. Some day the controllers of the Tube (if there are any) will try to arrange a correspondence between lifts and trains. The new system will probably be inaugurated on the day of my funeral. My funeral—O happy thought!"

"Apparently," said another speaker, "your bad luck is associated wholly with what are humorously called London's increased traffic facilities."

"Not at all!" said the unlucky man. "I merely mentioned those first because they are just now the most conspicuous element in the scheme of frustration called my life. I am unlucky in grain. If I go to a picture exhibition and take a fancy to a picture, it is always the one that is sold—perhaps the only one. If I buy a new novel and hurry home to lose myself



Ground-keeper. "DON'T YOU KNOW THAT YOU SHOULD REPLACE THE TURF?"
One of the Golfers. "AW, WE ALWAYS DO, ON THE GREENS."

in it, it has the section from pages 97 to 144 missing. If I send to the library a list of four books that I want, they return four books that I don't want. If I am invited to a house where really good dinners are served, I am bound to have indigestion all that day. If I dine at a restaurant, the only bottle of wine that is corked wanders to my table, and I am the only guest to whom the manager is not amenable under remonstrance. If you ever meet a carefully-dressed man on his way to a lunch party with a spot of mud on his collar, it is me."

"But these things can happen to all of us," said another man.

"Yes," said the grumbler, "but with me there are no exceptions. Some of

you occasionally attend a matinee and see something. I attend matinees and find myself always behind the largest hat—always. When I buy evening seats they either have a pillar right in front of them or the particular man I wanted to see is ill or away on a holiday."

"No," he concluded. "I am unlucky. You are unwise to be in my company. It's catching—bad luck is—I'm certain of it. No shrewd man ever has dealings with an unlucky one."

The Christmas Spirit.

"Christmas Excursion to the Riviera—Via Folkestone-Calais: A special express train will run on Dec. 23rd from Calais to Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo and Mentone without charge."—*Journal de Bordighera.*

OUT OF THE HURLY-BURLY.

"Our dance," I said; "and it's no good pretending it isn't."

"Come on," said Miss Middleton. "It's my favourite waltz. I expect I've said that to all my partners to-night."

"It's my favourite too, but you're the first person I've told."

"The worst of having a dance in your own house," said Miss Middleton, after we had been once round the room in silence, "is that you have to dance with everybody."

"Have you said that to all your partners too?"

"I expect so. I must have said everything. Don't look so reproachfully at me. You are looking reproachful, aren't you?"

I let go with one hand and felt my face.

"Yes," I said. "That's how I do it."

"Well, you needn't bother, because none of them thought I meant them. Men never do."

"I shall have to think that over by myself," I said after a pause. "There's a lot in that which the untrained observer might miss. Anyhow, it's not at all the sort of thing that a young girl ought to say at a dance."

"I'm older than you think," said Miss Middleton. "Oh, bother, I forgot. You know how old I am."

"Perhaps you've been ageing lately. I have. This election has added years to my life. I came here to get young again."

"I don't know anything about politics. Father does all the knowing in our family."

"He's on the right side, isn't he?"

"I think he is. He says he is."

"Oh, well, he ought to know . . . Yes, the truth is I came here to be liked again. People and I have been saying awfully rude things to each other lately."

"Oh, why do you want to argue about politics?"

"But I *don't* want to. It's a funny thing, but nobody will believe me when I say that."

"I expect it's because you say it *after* you've finished arguing, instead of *before*."

"Perhaps that's it."

"I never argue with mother. I simply tell her to do something, and she tells me afterwards why she hasn't."

"Really, I think Mrs. Middleton has done wonderfully well, considering. Some parents don't even tell you why they haven't."

"Oh, I'd recommend her anywhere," said Miss Middleton confidently.

We dropped into silence again. Anyhow, it was *my* favourite waltz.

"You did say, didn't you, the first dance we had together," said Miss Middleton dreamily, "that you preferred not to talk when you danced?"

"Didn't I say that I should prefer to do whatever you preferred? That sounds more like me."

"I don't think it does, a bit."

"No, perhaps you're right. Besides, I remember now what I did say. I said that much as I enjoyed the pleasant give and take of friendly conversation, dearly as I loved even the irresponsible monologue or the biting repartee, yet still more was I attached to the silent worship of the valse's mazy rhythm. 'But,' I went on to say, 'but,' I added, with surprising originality, 'every rule has an exception. You are the exception. May I have two dances, and then we'll try one of each?'"

"What did I say?"

"You said, 'Sir, something tells me that we shall be great friends. I like your face, and I like the way your tie goes under your left ear. I cannot give you *all* the dances on the programme, because I have my mother with me to-night, and you know what mothers are. They *notice*. But anything up to half-a-dozen, distributed at such intervals that one's guardians will think it's the same dance, you are heartily welcome to. And if you care to take me in to supper, there is—I have the information straight from the stable—a line in unbreakable meringues which would well be worth our attention.' That's what you said."

"But what a memory!"

"I can remember more than that. I can remember the actual struggle. I got my meringue down on the mat, both shoulders touching, in one minute forty-three seconds."

The band died slowly down until no sound could be heard above the rustle of frocks . . . and suddenly everybody realised that it had stopped.

"Bother," said Miss Middleton.

"That's just like a band," I said bitterly.

"I'll tell it to go on again; it's *my* band."

"It will be your devoted band if you ask it prettily enough."

Miss Middleton went away, and came back to the sound of music, looking rather pleased with herself.

"Did you give him the famous smile?" I asked. "Yes, that one."

"I said, 'Would you mind playing that one again, please?' And then . . ."

"And then you looked as if you were just going to cry, and at the last

moment you smiled and said, 'Hooray.' And he said, 'Certainly, madam.' Isn't that right?"

"I believe you're cleverer than some of us think," said Miss Middleton a trifle anxiously.

"I sometimes think so too. However, to get back to what we were saying—I came here to recover my usual calm, and I shan't be at all calm if I'm only going to get this one dance from you. As an old friend of the family, who has broken most of the windows, I beg for another."

"To get back to what I was saying—I've simply got to do a lot of duty dances. Can't you take me to the Zoo or the Post-Impressionists instead?"

"I'd rather do both. I mean all three. No, I mean both."

"Well, perhaps I would, too."

"You know, I think you'd be doing good. I've had a horrible week—cavassing, and standing in the streets, and shouting, and reading leaders, and arguing, and saying, 'My point is perfectly simple,' and—and—swearing, and all sorts of things. It's awfully jolly to—feel that there's always—well, *all this*," and I looked round the room, "to come back to."

"Isn't that beautiful Miss Ellison I introduced you to just now part of 'all this'?"

"Oh, yes, it's all part; but—"

Miss Middleton sighed.

"Then that nice young man with the bald head will have to go without. But I only said I'd see if I could give him one. And I have seen, haven't I?"

The band really stopped this time, and we found a comfortable corner.

"That's very jolly of you," I said, as I leant back lazily and happily. "Now let's talk about Christmas."

A. A. M.

A Growing Reputation.

Describing a Sunday afternoon meeting at Whitefield's Tabernacle, addressed by Dr. CLIFFORD, *The British Weekly* says:

"When he chanced to name Mr. Lloyd George, there was a burst of cheering. Each man in the audience seemed to know the Chancellor."

But you don't need to be Radicals in a place of worship for that. We all seem to know him.

"'Oh, Harry!' in reproof. 'You wicked old thing!' But she saw it was rather a dangerous line to pursue. The mere thought of failure now sent a shiver down her spine."

And so the day drew on.

(To be Continued on Monday.)

Daily Express.

Evidently this shiver occurred on a Sunday.



HOUSE-PLANNING.

SOMETIMES INTERNAL COMFORT HAS TO BE SACRIFICED TO EXTERNAL BEAUTY, AND THIS IS THE CAUSE OF SOME SLIGHT INCONVENIENCE—
 WHEN THE PLUMBER COMES INTO YOUR BEDROOM TO EXAMINE THE CISTERN AT 6.30 A.M.;
 WHEN THE DUSTMAN'S ONLY WAY LIES THROUGH THE DRAWING-ROOM;
 WHEN THE ROOF-LINES OF THE PICTURESQUE STUDY GET IN YOUR WAY; AND WHEN THE LARDER WINDOW FACES SOUTH.



• GOOD BUSINESS.

Our Club Oracle. "WOT I SAY IS, GOOD LUCK TO BALFOUR AND D— THE VATO BILL!"

Alert Stewardess. "PASS THE HOSPITAL-BOX, PLEASE. ONE PENNY FOR EACH SWEAR-WORD, BUT AS IT'S OUR ELECTION TIME YOU'LL BE ALLOWED SEVEN FOR SIXPENCE."

LEFT STANDING.

THE line, by request, I've been toeing;
The fight has been frantic and free;
I think I know all that's worth
knowing
Of the woes of a would-be M.P.
My highly-strung nerves are in tatters,
My appetite's wretchedly small,
I've a headache that hammers and
batters—
And I didn't get in after all!

The brew of the local soup-kitchen
I drank with a counterfeit zest,
Large circles of fat it was rich in,
And soup I can never digest.
And later, where footballers gathered,
I modestly kicked-off the ball;
With mud I was lavishly lathered—
And I didn't get in after all!

I fawned on the street-corner loller,
I dandled the babes of the slum,
They slobbered all over my collar,
But I beamed, and cooed, "Doodle-
di-dum!"
I was garnished with ribbons and
"pretties"

Like an ox in cattle-show stall,
I flirted with female committees—
And I didn't get in after all!

My meetings were savagely stirring,
Ripe eggs and tomatoes I faced,
The aim of the brutes was unerring
And I was so publicly placed.
I sought to ensure my survival
With fictions I'd gladly recall,
Ignobly insulting my rival—
And I didn't get in after all!

EXCITING INCIDENTS AT THE POLLS.

THE first man to record his vote at
Clodbury yesterday was an Old Age
Pensioner, with a wooden leg made
from a beam of H.M.S. *Victory*.

Mrs. Maria Smithers, of Blightham,
presented herself at the polling station
on Saturday for the forty-fifth time.
On being informed by the Returning
Officer that she would not be allowed
to vote she went home.

Owing to the prevailing floods no
voters appeared at Slushington, and the
chief polling-clerk was presented with
a pair of white gloves.

At Azuregore a member of the idle
rich class was so exhausted after mak-

ing a cross on his voting paper that he
had to be assisted to his motor car by
three footmen.

A great saving in pencils has been
effected in the Coalford constituency,
where the sturdy miners prefer to
make the necessary mark with their
fingers.

A tired polling-clerk at Slowtown
had an unpleasant experience last
evening. As the last vote was being
recorded he gave a tremendous yawn
and was mistaken by the elector for a
ballot-box. Both Candidates claim the
vote.

"The expression on the smiling face was so
hateful that Saxon's arm shot out one blow,
struck the other between the eyes, turned on
his heel, and left the house."—*T-t-Bits*.
Our own arm turns on our shoulder,
but we have no wish to sneer at Saxon
on that account.

"The Liberals realise that the adoption of
the Referendum as a main plank in the Unionist
programme has completely spiked their guns."
—*Daily Graphic*.

The best way of doing this is to cut it
up into little wedges.



CALLING THE CATTLE HOME.

ARTHUR BALFOUR (*the Merry Swiss Boy*). "THEY DON'T SEEM TO TAKE MUCH NOTICE OF THIS THING. PERHAPS I HAVEN'T PRACTISED IT LONG ENOUGH."

RUY LOPEZ.

THERE were no almonds this year on the almond tree over the way; a great sorrow, if I picture the man rightly, to the owner of the tree, an inculcable benefit to the morals of the district, and a spring of gentle meditation to my landlady and myself.

Last year there was a fine crop, and except during their hours of enforced idleness in the schoolroom, the children of the neighbourhood were busy with them all day long. Infants who were not old enough to hurl books and brickbats and errand-baskets up into the boughs were brought by their elders to be shown what they might do in time if they were good. It used to be quite dangerous to walk on that side of the road when the girls were holding target practice with their arithmetics.

The proprietor of the tree made very little effort to stop the looting, and I think on the whole he rather liked it. You see, the very possession of this rarity marked him out as a man above his neighbours on either side, who ran to nothing better than a mere elder-bush and a small horse chestnut; it gave him a kind of Byronic personality, something of the glamour of the South; and this constant pillaging only called attention to it. At any rate, it was a long time before he had the fruit picked, and even that was a sort of simple pageant in its way. The man-of-all-work propped a ladder against the trunk and went up it. Every five minutes or so he would strike a branch and knock down two or three of the fruit, and then wait until a friend came along. "Hullo! what you got there?" the latter would say. "Wornuts?" "Hammonds," he would reply, expectorating with a sort of quiet dignity. But for my landlady and me the emotions stirred by this piece of vegetation were neither those of pride nor gluttony, but the pleasures of a ruminative philosophy. It was our third conversational gambit. That is why (perhaps you wondered when I was going to get to my title)—that is why I have christened it Ruy Lopez; that and a deference for its romantic Southern origin.

For a long time the only two topics which aroused a responsive thrill in my landlady's heart when she brought in the breakfast were the weather and the latest tragedy or crime. Then one morning I happened to mention the almond tree, and in a moment I knew that we had yet another enthusiasm in common. The fact that the blossom of this species arrives before its leaves, the mystery of its exotic birth-place, the size and colour of the fruit, the



"À LA LANTERNE!"—A STUDY IN BRITISH (REVOLUTIONARY) ENTHUSIASM.

DELIRIOUS TRANSPORTS OF A TRIUMPHANT ELECTORATE ON LEARNING, AS THE RESULTS ARE POSTED UP, THAT BY THEIR SUPERHUMAN EFFORTS THEIR COUNTRY HAS BEEN SAVED, AND THAT A GREAT DEMOCRATIC REVOLUTION IS ON THE POINT OF FRUITION.

ravages of the wind on its foliage, evoked numberless profound and useful discourses on the mutability of Nature and the vicissitudes of human affairs. Mind you, I never overdid it; but when things had been very dull and gloomy I would say to myself on going to bed, "To-morrow shall be an almond-tree morning," and I woke up with a sort of glow of pleasurable excitement, and though it is now winter and the leaves are gone, we still remark from time to time on the strange absence of fruitage this year as contrasted with last, and remind each other that the road was not nearly so merry without the children. But I have a haunting fear of the next few months. How shall we keep the subject warm? Perhaps—but I am not sure—perhaps I shall tell my landlady the history of *Tannhäuser*.

The Dictator.

"ASQUITH CANNOT WIN NOW.

LORD ROSEBERY SAYS 'IF THE GOVERNMENT LOSE BUT 5 SEATS IN BALANCE THEY CANNOT PROCEED WITH THEIR PROJECTS.'"

Full Malt Gazette.

If the worst comes to the worst Mr. ASQUITH can always ask Lord ROSEBERY to re-consider his decision.

A FRESH SUBJECT.

["Shyness suffers painfully from clammy hands, and no poet has yet hymned the clammy clasp."—*Daily Paper.*]

HANDS and the man I sing, whose nervous mien

And clammy clasp (which he would love to lose)

Have hitherto invariably been Omitted by the Muse.

And who could do it better? Do not I Display the symptoms that the hard world mocks,

Being in point of fact a modest, shy Pansy (in shrinking socks)?

I know, when striving to appear my best,

The blush, the silent tongue, the head that swims,

And feel like flappers at their flappiest, All arms and other limbs.

And so I feel no proud contempt for such

As shyness troubles, since their clasp within

My own's enough to prove one clammy touch

Of nature makes us kin.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A NEW MOVEMENT—THE LATEST CURE.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I've started a Movement! In these horrible times of alarms and excursions and strikes and elections and class hatreds and all that sort of thing, I consider it the duty of *nous autres* to try to bring all classes together, and do away with bitterness, you know, and make those poor, dear things see that we mean kindly towards them and want to soften their lots, and everything of that kind. So I've founded the Smiling League, and I believe it will have immense results, and will do more towards settling the country than any number of Conferences or similar nonsensical things.

The Smiling League, of which I'm Perpetual President and Patroness, makes all its members pledge themselves to go among the People and Smile at them. Members have simply rolled in. I've two seekies hard at it all day, enrolling fresh members and sending out pledge-forms. Of course the idea is that all members must have the right sort of smile. But people who haven't will insist on joining. That's your poor Blanche's fly in the ointment. Mrs. Croppy Vavasour, for instance, one of our first and most enthusiastic members, has a smile that I've heard Norty (who, of course, is her brother-in-law) say is one of the greatest trials their family has ever had! She went off the other day on Smiling League business, had her motor drawn up in front of one of the big East End factories, and, as the workmen came out, she smiled at them. They gathered round the car, but they didn't seem at all pleased or happy or softened or anything of that kind; and—well, my dear, it ended by her chauffeur having to drive off as quick as possible, for they began to throw things! I'm in a regular hole about it. I simply can't let her go about on Smiling League business any more. Yet I really don't know how to make her see that her sort of smile does more harm than good.

The League gave its first dance the other night at the Piccadilly Galleries. It was a Doll Dance, and everyone was

sweet enough to say it was immensely well done. I was voted absolutely *It* as an old-fashioned bisque doll, with little dumpty curls all round my head, a bunchy gauze skirt looped up with roses, white stockings and bronze boots. Babs, being literary, came as a doll-penwiper, with a crinoline and ever so many different-coloured graduated skirts. Some of the other good ones were Bosh and Wee-Wee as the man and woman out of an old toy farm (Wee-Wee's wooden figure and skirt awfully well done!); Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, as a Lord Fauntleroy boy-doll; Beryl Clarges as a Dutch ditto, and Norty as a goliwog. We kept up the characters of dolls, winding each other up, squeaking, and saying Pa-pa and Ma-ma, and so on, and altogether

the fourth, on your back again, and so you go on till you can dispose of twenty or thirty of these eggs a day. The result is that, if you're old, you grow young; if you're young you never grow old; and the complexion gets a bloom, and the eyes a soft brightness that only eggs with a long, long past can give. There's just one little thing that you must be careful about. You must make every effort to banish entirely the expression of face you had while eating the eggs. For, of course, it's not of much use having blooming cheeks and bright eyes if, at the same time, you've an expression of disgust that amounts almost to horror. This is what's happened to Beryl Clarges. She looks utterly, all but her expression, and that is simply terrifying!



First Bricklayer. "ARK, BILL—WHAT A HEXTREORDINARY COINCIDENCE! THERE'S THE DINNER WHISTLE!"

it went with a howl, and has brought a big addition to the funds of the Smiling League.

The sour-milk treatment is completely cut out by the bad-egg cure. People are utterly obsessed by it. The eggs must be quite *quite* past praying for, and you must train yourself to eat an immense number of them. You begin with one egg—we'll call it an egg with a *past*, or a *problem* egg, or an egg with *views*, for "bad" is not a pretty word, is it, my dearest? and one's chary of using it nowadays even to an egg—and eat it in spoonfuls, counting twenty after each spoonful. Then you lie on your back for ten minutes. Then you begin your *second* problem egg, counting between the spoonfuls in the same way, and after you've finished it you lie on your *right side* for ten minutes. After the third egg you lie on your *left side*, and after

One of the latest thrills is that the Midlands are so hard hit by this Land Tax that the duke is selling his land for whatever it will fetch, and Lala has gone into business. That's nothing new, of course. Numbers of people whose luck is dead out have gone into business. It's Lala's line of business that's the thrill. She was always a serious person, and she has opened a *Maison de Deuil* and calls herself an *Artiste Funèbre*. She not only supplies sweet toilettes, from widow's first to lightest complimentary, but conducts the melancholy affairs that have hitherto been left

to tradespeople—and does it à merveille. Old Lady Humpington's funeral the other day was a complete triumph for Lala. The poor old dear's parties used to be *ghastly* affairs, duller and drearier than most funerals. But, *en revanche*, her funeral was a simply charming function, perfectly well done, and with several new features. Lala's overwhelmed with business from the outlying tribes. Her fee to them is five hundred guineas, and another five hundred if she goes to the funeral and allows her name to appear in the papers.

another five hundred she will advise bereaved suburban when to change, and when it would be quite correct to accept invitations to dine and dance and so on. Her mourning gowns and confections are so becoming and full of snap that I hear of people inventing relatives and then killing them on purpose to



Housekeeper at Lord X's. "AND WHICH WAY DID YOU VOTE, MR. BUDD?"

Butler. "THE 'OLE OF THIS ELECTION HAN BEEN FOUGHT ON CLARSE 'ATRED, MRS. TIMMS, AND IS DIRECTED AGAINST HUB, AND I DID MY DUTY ACCORDIN'!"

give her an order. Just as I was feeling I *must* get something there, by a lucky chance Josiah heard that some relative of his had died somewhere. Of course, the rule in mourning is that when people don't count and live a long way off, you *don't* mourn. But Lala's *demi-devil* for people and doggies is so absolutely top-hole that darling Pom-pom and I have gone into violet and white (the little thingy-thing looks *ravissant*, and his teeny-weeny, mauve-bordered pockyhankies and mauve silk socks are joys for ever!). The best of it is, my dear, that Josiah is so *gratified*—his word, not mine—at the respect shown to the memory of his first uncle once removed that he's given me a dilly new set of Russian sables.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

THE VICTOR.

ANOTHER gain "for the Peers" had been shown on the screen, and the young man with the mild and prominent eyes lifted up his voice and

cheered, as if he represented in his own commonplace person the last reserve of England's chivalry.

"Ray, 'Ra-ay, 'Ra-a-ay!" he shouted, with the reckless *abandon* of one who has put it to the touch to win or lose everything in a last hot contest with the growing forces of a new era.

A cross person, wedged at his elbow, turned to him with a scowl, and said, "What price Peckham?"

The young man gave a quick, uninterested glance at the speaker, settled his head more comfortably into his collar, and gazed up at the illuminated screen again, his face radiant with a happy expectancy.

It was a win "for the People" this time.

Instantly his voice rose high, as if he saw already with the Seer's prophetic eye the passing of the dark shadow of feudal tyranny and the dawn of a glorious age of freedom at last.

"Ray, 'Ra-a-a-y!" he yelled—a long, lingering cry of triumph, in which was the making of many headaches.

"Enjoying yerself, ain't you?" said the rude person in front of him, with some asperity. "Wot you cheer 'em both for? Can't you keep to your own side and give us a chance?"

"That's all right," replied the young man contentedly, "it's quite all right—'Ra-a-ay! I've always been used to havin' a good old shout at election times. Used to cheer my own party once; but now, what with this—this—" he made a dash at it, slurring the words over prudently—"this Tarriveto and Rifferaffendum and all, I don't know what *anybody's* at. So I cheer 'em all, and get twice as much shoutin' as ever I did before. Jolliest election I've ever been in."

Again the magic-lantern spoke.

"Hi! Yi! Yo! 'Ra-a-ay!" he bawled ecstatically; and I edged away to the extreme limit of his sphere of influence.

But I was glad to have seen him in all his simple greatness—the one man who had managed to extract contentment unalloyed out of the election results of December 1910.

WORD FOR WORD.

Extract from "The Ploughchester Advertiser," December 3, 1910.—A very successful meeting was brought to a close by Mr. James Harbutt, C.C., who in his usual stirring fashion proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman. Mr. Harbutt's reception showed that his great popularity has been in no way impaired by the unfair attacks which have been made upon him in connection with the Dilbury Gas-works scheme.

From Mr. James Harbutt to the Editor of "The Ploughchester Advertiser," December 3, 1910. (Not for publication.)

SIR,—I think I have some rights to complain of the manner in which my speeches are reported in your paper. For instance, to-day you print the speeches of Mr. Burncastle and Captain Pilditch all but in full, but you don't give a word of mine, which was the same length, and my friends assure me it was quite as important. There must be something behind this, but what it is I can't make out. If my speech had been fairly reported I was ready to take one hundred copies for distribution to my friends so as to help the Cause. I shall be much obliged if you will see to this, for if it is left as it is it cannot help your paper.

Yours ffly, JAMES HARBUTT.

From the Editor of "The Ploughchester Advertiser" to Mr. James Harbutt, December 5, 1910.

DEAR SIR,

Yours of December 3.

I regret to find that you are not satisfied with the manner in which your speeches have been reported in the columns of this paper. I might perhaps urge that considerations of space do not always make it easy to give as full a report of speeches as I should like. I have, however, issued instructions which will, I trust, make a repetition of your complaint unnecessary. As you are billed to speak at the Barlington Town Hall on Wednesday, may we have the pleasure of booking your order for one hundred copies? Faithfully yours,

HENRY SLIMMINGTON, Editor.

From Mr. James Harbutt to the Editor of "The Ploughchester Advertiser," December 6, 1910.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter is what I should have expected from one in your position. Kindly arrange for one hundred copies of next Saturday's *Advertiser* to be sent direct from the office as per list of addresses enclosed herewith. I also enclose P.O. for the required amount including postages. Yrs ffly, JAMES HARBUTT.

Extract from "The Ploughchester Advertiser," December 10, 1910.

The proceedings were brought to a close by a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the speakers, proposed by Mr. James Harbutt, C.C., who spoke as follows:—

Mr. Chairman—a hum—Ladies and—er—Gentlemen, before we separate there is one thing more. (A Voice: "Gas"). Did anyone say "Gas"? (A Voice: "That's what you're talking, ain't it?" Loud laughter.) I am quite open to correction—a hum—like any other man who's tried—ah—(A Voice: "You keep on trying, Jimmy." Laughter)—who's tried—(A Voice: "Try, try again." Another Voice: "Give him a chance")—who's tried—(A Voice: "Get on with it")—to carry out an improvement which isn't—(A Voice: "Wanted. No, it ain't"). My duty, and a very—er—a very important—and—ahum—it has been a proud moment—er—confided to me—to support those in this crisis—(A Voice: "By laying gas-pipes where they ain't wanted")—who have come forward in this election which has turned

on (A Voice: "The gas." Loud and long-continued laughter, in the midst of which Mr. Harbutt was understood to move the vote of thanks).

The audience then sang the National Anthem, all standing, and a very successful meeting ended at five minutes before ten.

TO A DECEMBER GROUSE.

(Heard from the Smoking-room.)

NAY, is it now you 'd have me take the hill,
Voice from the snow line, far away and moeking?
In August, well, you might have roused a thrill,
But now, when sleet showers drive and pines are rocking

In the keen north-east wind,
I find

The cheery hearth and a dry boot and stocking
More to my mind
Than the wet mountain and your wild cok-coking!

In August, yes, 'twas doubtless vastly well,
When butterflies and bees and guns together
Made holiday in dingle and in dell,
To seek you 'mid a charm of sky and weather,
With a fair interlude

For food,

In sunshine that could tan one's cheeks to leather,
Before I strewed
Again your youthful kind upon the heather!

I know the game to-day—the snow, the blast
Down which the swinging packs will whirr and whizz
hard,

I 'd hear your ramping pinions whistle past,
And—I should miss you, nipped of nose and gizzard,
And drain the futile dram,
And dam

The braes, the bleakness, and the brutal blizzard,
For oh, I am

A chilly thing and "meagre as a lizard"!

I come not at your challenge, haughty bird!
Let the more earnest and the harder bitten,
If they should choose to make themselves absurd,
Compass your end in mackintosh and mitten;
I find my sole desire

The fire,

And this great padded chair which now I sit on,
Nor shall I tire

Of pipes and papers and the Persian kitten!

We have often wished to take up musical criticism. Literary criticism is a dull thing, for one can never really let oneself go; but in the life of every musical critic there come times when his art demands from him such things as this:

"He cared not a jot for his audience, except that he valued the responsiveness he fetched out of them to himself to deepen and heighten the heights and depths which he wanted to reach up and get down to." Or, if the note of criticism must be sounded too, this:

"His solos were memorised, but not with that success which will doubtless come in after years. If some phrases were omitted and others somewhat mixed, we have no cause for surprise—they were due to the impossibility of memory carrying too much at the stage of its development."

To *The Bury Times* our compliments.

From a Candidate's letter to the electors:

"I sincerely regret that very serious illness has prevented my calling upon you or in fact leaving my bed."

It is more usual to leave one's card.



Candiate (who has spent a precious half-hour being pleasant to old lady). "Well, GOOD-BYE, Mrs. SMITH, I HOPE YOUR HUSBAND IS ALL RIGHT."

Mrs. S. "I 'OPES SO, SIR—IT'LL BE SIX MONTHS COME CHRISTMAS SINCE 'E DIED."

MISSING NUMBERS.

WHAT I want to know is—why do not some of my favourite publications issue Christmas numbers?

There's *The Quarterly Review*, for instance. Same old cover every year, and not even a verse or two by GEORGE R. SIMS to introduce a touch of the festive season. Where's its enterprise? Why shouldn't the autumn number have a nice Christmassy picture cover (a masked man with a reddened dagger, or something of that kind), and include an illustration or two, such as Miss ZENA DARE, a group of Waits with a howling dog in the snow, and a Mother's Darling or His First Trousers—something that the children can understand and really love. Add a complete novel by the authoress of *Her Massive Transgression*, and 32 pages of special advertisements; then double the price to 12s. net—and what more could anybody want?

Then there's that old favourite, the *A.B.C., or Alphabetical Railway Guide*. It has never given a single coloured plate-away within my memory. Always

with the same yellow cover and full of dull, uninteresting figures. Why doesn't it issue its December number at the beginning of November, like the up-to-date monthlies, have it in the shape of the outline of a railway engine, and charge a shilling for it? The proprietors would sell thousands more if they brightened it up a bit. Why not a competition, offering prizes of ten shillings and five shillings to the two readers who first discovered mistakes in the information given regarding fast trains to the North and to the West Country? Or a real guard's whistle to the child who was first to send in the exact total, in centuries, years, months, weeks, days, hours and minutes, of all the times mentioned in the book. It lacks *vim*, you know.

And *The Lancet*—I am so fond of *The Lancet*; but it never attempts to meet the Christmas demand. Of course I know that it has said that Christmas fare is the most digestible that can be eaten. But such a statement is very inadequate at Christmas time. Has not the time arrived when it might give us coloured illustrations

to a popular article on the symptoms and disorders of a healthy person who by choice or in mistake has a chop, a piece of cheese, and a cup of coffee for his Christmas dinner?

The Storey-Teller.

"Mr. Balfour said he was going to reconstruct it, to build a new edifice, and so he told them something about his new edifice. Let them examine the ground plan, and see how many storeys it was to have."

Mr. Birrell at Louisa's.

MR. BIRRELL, we think, was ill advised to ignore the elevation.

"Twice a day and once a week the hands should be rubbed all over with a slice of lemon."—*Week's Dispatch*.

The question of whether to do it once a week as well might safely have been left to the owner of the lemon.

More Clerical Intolerance.

"Canon Horsley stated at the Southwark Diocesan Conference last week that he goes nearly every Sunday afternoon at a Nonconformist Chapel."—*Bermondsey Recorder*.

"WANTED, 1 flat, 3 tube West End, rent 8s. 6d., at once."—*Advt. in "Evening News."*
Can't be done at the price!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I WONDER if the persons who illustrate popular novels fully realise their responsibility. Here, for example, on the cover of *The Golden Silence* (METHUEN) the artist would have me believe that the heroine of C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON's fascinating story was a plump flapper of a type which, though it might possibly appeal to others, I should myself find detestable. Fortunately, however, I drew my idea of *Victoria* from the inside of the book, not the outside; and I am ready to confess that I fell in love with her before our friendship was more than a few pages old. The scene of *The Golden Silence* is North Africa, whither *Victoria* had come on a romantic quest after her long-lost sister, who, years before, had married a native and disappeared. Being the heroine of the tale, *Victoria* naturally meets *Stephen Knight*, the hero, on the voyage out. Less to be expected is her rather improbable conduct in trusting herself to the guidance of a strange Arab chief, who takes her (with

Stephen Knight in pursuit) many weeks' journey into the desert. Eventually *Spidee*, the missing one, is discovered, but only as the centre of a mystery, which I shall not spoil your pleasure by indicating, except to say that her rescue is a work of difficulty and danger. At this point, indeed, the story, hitherto leisurely, works up to some quite breathless chapters; but eventually, of course, all comes right. True, there is still a slight complication in the case of

Stephen, who began the adventure engaged to someone else; but this, like the love affairs of *Mr. Toots*, is "of no consequence really," and didn't worry me in the least, once *Victoria* and he were restored to civilisation. An excellent and almost motor-less tale, upon which I tender to C. N. and A. M. my sincere congratulations.

MR. C. J. CUTLIFE HYNÉ does not seem to me to have made the most of his idea in *Empire of the World* (EVERETT). He conceives an inventor who discovers a mysterious ray which can annihilate iron. Whether the iron be in a *Dreadnought*, or an Atlantic cable, or a printing press, when once the ray is directed at it, from no matter what distance, it slowly dissolves into nothing. *Empire of the World* is an adequate description of what is within the reach of the possessor of such a power; but Mr. HYNÉ's man, while terrorising Germany as the anonymous proprietor, can get nothing better for himself in his own name than a job as fitter in an electrical tramway workshop. He does in the end float a mine in Mexico and marry an heiress, but the ray does not help him in either. The book is interesting to read, and I wanted to get to the end to see what happened, but when I was there it was

so tame that I regretted not having lingered over the exciting parts.

A school story by the author of *Godfrey Martin* is something to look forward to each year. CHARLES TURLEY's latest book, *A Scout's Son* (NELSON), shows all those qualities which have given him his special position in the regard of boys and parents. Chief of these qualities is a gift for characterisation which many workers in this field are content to do without. *Trumper*, the Scout's son, is, I think, a new figure in school-boy fiction. Born at Mafeking, and spending his early years in the wild places of the world, he enters Rossborough at fourteen to find the world of public school life something entirely mystifying. For *Beckenham major*—a hero of the Eleven and Fifteen, worshipped by the small boys—he feels not the slightest reverence. The thought of this great man (who is also Head of the House and a few other things as well) inspires him with no fear; indeed, he openly criticises him in (horrors!) an American slang which Rossborough does not use. How he settles down gradually

into the school ways, learning much from his new friends and in return opening their eyes to much which they had formerly taken for granted, is told by Mr. TURLEY with his accustomed ease and humour. *A Scout's Son* is a good deal more than the mere "gift-book" which its cover proclaims it, and the grown-up is therefore strongly advised not to present it to his boy without first reading it himself. He will find it better worth his attention than many of the books which he



Extract from local paper.—"MANY OF THE GUESTS INVITED TO THE MAYOR'S FANCY DRESS BALL HAD MAINTAINED THE GREATEST SECRECY ABOUT THEIR COSTUMES, WITH THE IDEA OF STRIKING A NOTE OF INDIVIDUALITY, AND MANY STARTLING IMPRESSIONS RESULTED."

buys for himself and would not allow his boy to read.

My chief impression after reading Miss RHODA BROUGHTON's *The Devil and the Deep Sea* (MACMILLAN) is one of regret that so much cleverness should be wasted upon such unsatisfactory people. *John Green* or *Bull Street* or *Tom Rutland* left Eton, Christ Church, and a "three-storey high window" precipitately, and his last precipitation was so abrupt that he took to a *chaise longue* and the Riviera. There, as an interesting invalid, he lied wildly to *Miss Field*, who also had "a screw loose." If I am to read of a liar I confess to a hope that he should lie well, but not even this merit pleads in his favour, and I cannot imagine how *Miss Field* could expect to be happy with him. It is true that her father had appropriated trust-money, but that does not seem a sufficient reason for marrying a confirmed scamp. But perhaps she did not stick to him, for the book ends by asking, "Did she, or did she not?" For my own part I was so little interested in both her actions and intentions that I was even grateful for the incessant sincerity of a vulgar girl from Australia. I must not, however, forget that the book contains an excellent portrait of a prig, and is written in the style we expect from its author.

CHARIVARIA.

AT last the orgy of electioneering oratory is at an end, and the proposal that Members of Parliament shall in future be paid to listen to one another now appears to be an act of elementary justice.

POOR CHANCELLOR! It is now alleged that the American Music-Hall Manager who offered him a handsome fee if he would appear on the Variety Stage did not intend his offer to be taken seriously.

"FRUIT FOR SPEAKERS" is the title of a paragraph in *The Globe*. It is, of course, quite true that a pumpkin, well aimed, may be more effective than the old-fashioned egg.

MR. KING FARLOW, the Unionist Candidate in the recent contest in South Hackney, has written a strong letter to the Press to protest against the stone-throwing by children which was such an ugly feature of the fight, he and his chauffeur being hit. While heartily endorsing the protest, we cannot, at the same time, help rejoicing at the fact that a nation of marksmen is apparently springing up at last.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL has been pleading in a pretty, Christmassy speech at Parkstone for "a season of rejoicing and amity, of concord and good feeling." He himself will be willing to stop wrangling—when he gets what he wants, the Coronation is coming, but "first of all the Veto must go," declared this generous soul.

The only other item of political news of any importance this week is to the effect that the Liberal Government in the Willesden Parliament has been defeated and has resigned. It is quite possible now that, if Mr. ASQUITH should persist in his objectionable proposals, a Willesden House of Lords may be formed and seats therein offered to all the members of the Westminster Upper Chamber.

A letter in *The Daily News* sings the praises of a poor tailor who had left his voting district in search of work, but "turned up and voted at a cost of twenty-three shillings and

one penny railway fare." It sounds as if the refreshment-room charges were exorbitant.

According to *Le Matin*, M. BRIAND is considering a proposal for making Paris a port. Certainly some use ought to be made of the floods.

The Censor having allowed references to be made to ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, in *Salome*, under the title of "The Prophet," Mr. HOUSMAN, it is said, is about to ask whether the ban will be removed from his play if he alludes to KING GEORGE THE FOURTH as "The Monarch."

MADAME ACKTÉ, who has been taking the title rôle in *Salome*, is a Finn. This is a welcome innovation on the operatic stage, where for too long almost every heroine has been a Fatt.

A contract for a super-*Dreadnought* had been placed with HOERT'S of Greenock, and the statement that a contract for a super-*Dreadnought* has been placed with HOERT'S of Coventry Street is inaccurate and misleading.

MR. ANDREW CARNegie has given £2,000,000 to promote the cause of international peace, with the provision that when the establishment of universal peace is attained the income of the fund is to be devoted to the "next most degrading evils." Meanwhile we hear that the next most degrading evils are feeling peculiarly chirpy and secure.

"Nature," said Mr. PLOWDEN at the Marylebone Police Court, "seems to be evolving a new sex; it is certainly not man, and very unlike what we used to know as woman." Let's call it "The Middlesex." Anyhow, that's where Marylebone comes from.

"Don't say 'Buck up!'" exclaimed Judge WILLIS in the Southwark County Court. "It is a vulgar phrase. I have never heard it in respectable society. . . . Why does not a person say, 'I hope you are prospering!'" Partly, dear Judge, because it doesn't mean the same thing.

ELECTION NOTES.

It is generally admitted that, had the Election been on the new register, each side would have had a considerably increased representation in the new House.

The return of Mr. WASON unopposed confirms the anticipation that the Orkney-Shetland result would be known in good time for the Member to claim his right to be present at the Coronation.

A large number of Repton boys are stated to have attacked the local Liberal Committee Rooms and done much damage. We have known politicians to behave like schoolboys. Now we have schoolboys behaving like politicians.



MY OPPONENT LOOKING FOR HIS BALL.

MY OPPONENT LOOKING FOR MY BALL.

MR. PÉLISSIER'S "*All Change Here*" has come as a peculiarly welcome diversion after the monotonous "No Change" of the Elections.

Said an ill-informed person on leaving the Post-Impressionist Exhibition:—"It's what they call the 'Salon des Humoristes' in Paris, is it not?"

The Rev. W. D. WARD, the new vicar of St. Oswald's, Fulham, is also attached to the Theological College at Farnham, and he has been telling an interviewer how he teaches the principles of voice production. "I start, my instruction," he says, "by teaching men how to breathe properly." This is very necessary; we have known worshippers, at any rate, breathe so badly during a sermon as almost to lead one to think that they were snoring.

One always hears a great deal about "the rising tide" during an election. Even the weather is having a hand in it this time.

THE FIVE HUNDRED.

[Five hundred individuals so impervious to ridicule that they would accept a Peerage under a contract to vote for the immediate destruction of the House of Peers ("Out it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" as Mr. BARNES says) are yet to be found. Mr. GEORGE, however, has been telling Romford that he can find them easily.]

Up stood the General, spur on heel,
And called for volunteers,
Five hundred men with hearts of steel
To pulverise the Peers;—
Men in whose orbs the light of death,
Of setting suns, superbly pink, shone;
Ready with their ensuing breath
To undertake their own extinction.

"Now who will charge with thundering hoof
In one concerted rush,
And occupy from floor to roof
Yon shrine of gilded plush?
And once inside—no quarter shown,
No time for parley, not a minute—
Using your weight (6,000 stone)
Bring down the House and all that's in it?"

"A bloody end, I won't deny,
Yet not without reward;
Who volunteers to do (and die),
I'll have him made a lord;
His honoured corpse within the tomb
Shall wear its crown and robe of ermine,
If he contrive the common doom,
And perish with the other vermin.

"God for the People! Who will go
And try this simple cert?
Who for the Cause will strike a blow,
And doesn't mind the dirt?
Speak out—not all at once, but speak!
Speak on the nail, I say, or never!"—
But from the stalwarts, tough as teak,
There issued no response whatever!

But murmurs rose of "Pish!" and "Tut!"
And even stronger terms;
"We may," they said, "be thickish, but
Not quite such pachyderms!
High courage through our bosom thrills,
But for our sons' sakes, coming after,
We fear the ridicule that kills,
We fear a nation's countless laughter!"

Then sent the Chieftain forth with bribes
To see if he could raise
Men for his need from out the tribes
That tramp the hedgerow ways;
But Weary Willie, with a jest
Of which I won't repeat the rumour,
Spat freely and declined the quest,
Having too strong a sense of humour.

Then said the Boss: "My total aid
From amateurs is none;
So I propose to have this raid
Professionally done;
Ho! Master CHURCHILL, have you got
Five hundred stout policemen handy,
The kind that saved our troops a lot
Of painful work at Tonypandy?"

O. S.

THE CURSE OF EDUCATION.

SUPPOSE you let me get in a word or two. I've listened to everything you've said, and I tell you honestly you haven't convinced me. Mind, I'm not saying that education isn't a good thing for some people, but you've got to pick the right sort of people and give 'em the right sort of education. If a boy's going to be an agricultural labourer what's the use of stuffing him full of Greek verbs? and if a girl's to be a housemaid is there any sense in teaching her French and the piano? Much better let 'em run wild, and then they won't get hold of any silly ideas that'll make 'em too big for their boots. Let everybody keep their proper stations and then we shall all be happier. How do I know what's a man's proper station? The station he's been born to ought to be good enough for him all the time. This talk about ambition and rising in life makes me tired. Was I born to be a Bank manager? Well, I *am* a Bank manager, and so I suppose I must have been. Besides, what's the use of comparing agricultural labourers and Bank managers? They're as different as chalk from cheese.

However, I'll just tell you a bit of a story which'll show you what I mean. It's about a man I used to know in the old days, a little chap called Widdowson. He'd a pot of money left him by his father, so he hadn't got to do anything—just lived by himself in a tidy little house and did what he liked. No, he wasn't really much of a fellow; rather near with his money and awkward in his ways. Not enough gumption to set up a cat, I should say, but his dinners weren't too bad, and he rubbed along all right.

He'd got a whacking big St. Bernard dog. I suppose he must have bought it to give himself an air, for I never heard of his being particularly fond of dogs before he got this one. *Odin*—that was the dog's name—was as big as a pony, with a heavy orange-coloured coat and a great head and huge teeth. I never saw such a monster. Widdowson looked like a microbe beside him when they went out walking together—too absurd for words. Everybody felt inclined to laugh when they saw this great beast pacing meekly along with his little spindle-legged whipper-snapper of a master.

And the best fun of it was that Widdowson was always showing off his power over the dog. He would make him sit down in the street and wait till he gave him a sign to come on, and if he didn't keep to heel he'd touch him up with the dog-whip, and *Odin* would take it all as humbly as if Widdowson was a fifty horse-power giant instead of being one of the scrubbiest little pigeon-breasted dwarfs you ever set your eyes on. No, he hadn't taught *Odin* any tricks. He said it was no use educating a dog like that: they couldn't learn things like poodles. Besides the dog looked upon him as a sort of god, and that was good enough for him, he said.

Well, it all went on right enough till Barker came along as *locum* for our doctor one summer. Barker was a smart fellow; stood six foot two, and put the weight for Oxford. He'd done pretty well at Bart's too, and had got notions of his own on psychology and things of that sort. He got arguing with Widdowson one day about dogs. One of his ideas was that the development of dogs had been arrested, and if you only set about it in the right way you could teach a dog to speak—at least he'd understand you and answer you back in his own way—and in time he might be able to read and even do a sort of writing with his paw. There was no reason, he said, why dogs shouldn't be on the



THE AWAKENING.

BERTIE ASQUITH. "I SAY, YOUR STOCKING LOOKS A BIT THIN."
ARTHUR BALFOUR. "WELL, YOURS ISN'T AS FAT AS IT MIGHT BE."



Socialist. "I'M THE FRIEND OF THE WORKING-MAN!"

Morose Hairedresser (at back of crowd). "WOT' WITH NINE-PENN'ORTH OF 'AIR-CUTS OVERHIE!"

same intellectual plane as human beings in time. Widdowson laughed at him, but the upshot was that when he went away for a fortnight he lent *Odin* to Barker to be educated in the new way and made a man of.

What Barker did with the dog I don't know, but I know what happened when Widdowson came back. I was there and saw it all. Barker brought *Odin* round to Widdowson's, and Widdowson came out with the dog-whip as usual and called the dog. *Odin* never stirred, but he whinnied once or twice in the St. Bernard way, and Widdowson said, "What's the matter with the dog?" Barker said, "He's telling you he isn't coming with you this morning. He's got business of his own that he's got to attend to." "Oh, has he?" said Widdowson; "we'll soon see about that," and he upped with his dog-whip and made for *Odin*. As soon as the dog saw him coming he just gave a couple of short barks, more like a laugh than anything else, and then he rolled Widdowson over with one of his great paws, bent over him, fixed his teeth in his waistband, lifted him up in his mouth, and began trotting off. "It's no use, Widdowson," said Barker, "he says he's had enough of you, and now that he's been educated and knows what he's worth he isn't going to obey you any longer." Widdowson caved in directly and the dog dropped him and went off full gallop to Barker's house. Barker got him still, I believe, and they get on pretty well together. But there you are. If that dog hadn't been educated he'd be Widdowson's dog still. That shows you the danger of the thing. Better off with Barker, is he? I don't know so much about that; and, anyhow, Widdowson didn't think so, and he was the dog's proper master.

THE END OF WOMAN.

[Miss Fluffy Frou-Frou's reply to Miss JANET HOGARTH, who, at a recent Encyclopædia-Contributors' Dinner, said the best answer she had ever heard to the question, "What are women put into this world for?" was, "To keep the men's heads straight!"]

WHEN you would settle woman's place and aim
And duties on this planet,
I, and whole *heaps* of girls who think the same,
Bid you shut up, Miss JANET!

Speak for the Few, if speak you must, but *pray*
Don't speak for *us*, the Many,
We simply *scream* with mirth at what you say
We are not taking any.

Your words, dear JANET, frankly are *si bête*
That all we others spurn them.

We (Heavens!) *we*, "to keep the men's heads straight!"
We who just live to *turn them*!!

"DEAR MR. PUNCH.—You will doubtless remember that, last year, I was the first person to hear the cuckoo. My letter to *The Times* of the 4th of March was widely commented upon. Yesterday, 13th December, I heard a party of carol singers pronounce the name of Good King Wenceslaus satisfactorily. This is probably a record."

We think that our correspondent, who uses the *nom de guerre* of "Veritas" and subscribes himself "Yours truly," is over-straining his strength, and may do himself an injury.

Things Hamlet might have said. I.

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of Hamlet's scheme, as Hamlet might have said."—*Liverpool Evening Express*.

THE CHILDREN'S SHOP.

OUTSIDE in the street the rain fell pitilessly, but inside the Children's Shop all was warmth and brightness. Happy young people of all ages pressed along, and I had no sooner opened the door than I was received into the eager stream of shoppers and hurried away to fairyland. A slight block at one corner pitched me into an old, white-bearded gentleman who was standing next to me. Instantly my hat was in my hand.

"I beg your pardon," I said with a bow. "I was— Oh, I'm sorry, I thought you were real." I straightened him up, looked at his price, and wondered whether I should buy him.

"What do you mean by real?" he said.

I started violently and took my hat off again.

"I am very stupid this morning," I began. "The fact is I mistook you for a toy. A foolish error."

"I am a toy."

"In that case," I said in some annoyance, "I can't stay here arguing with you. Good morning." And I took my hat off for the third time.

"Don't go. Stop and buy me. You'll never get what you want if you don't take me with you. I've been in this place for years, and I know exactly where everything is. Besides, as I shall have to give away all your presents for you, it's only fair that—"

An attendant came up and looked at me inquiringly.

"How much is this thing?" I said, and jerked a thumb at it.

"The Father Christmas?"

"Yes. I think I'll have it. I'll take it with me—you needn't wrap it up."

I handed over some money and we pushed on together.

"You heard what I called you?" I said to him. "A thing. So don't go putting yourself forward."

He gazed up innocently from under my arm.

"What shall we get first?" he asked.

introduced to practically the whole of the Great Western Railway's rolling stock.

"Engine, three carriages and a guard's van. That's right. Then I shall want some rails, of course . . . Shut up, will you?" I said angrily, when the attendant was out of hearing.

"It's the extra weight," he sighed. "Thereindeer don't like it. And these modern chimneys—you've no idea what a squeeze it is. However—"

"Those are very jolly," I said when I had examined the rails. "I shall want about a mile of them. Three-pence ha'penny a foot? Then I shan't want nearly a mile."

I got about thirty feet, and then turned to switches and signals and lamps and things. I bought a lot of those. You never know what emergency might not arise on the nursery floor, and if anything happened for want of a switch or two I should never forgive myself.

Just as we were going away I caught sight of the jolliest little clock-work torpedo boat. I stopped irresolute.

"Don't be silly," said the voice under my arm. "You'll never be asked to the house again if you give that."

"Why not?"

"Wait till the children have fallen into the bath

once or twice with all their clothes on, and then ask the mother why not."

"I see," I said stiffly, and we went upstairs.

"The next thing we want is bricks."

"Bricks," said Father Christmas, uneasily. "Bricks. Yes, there's bricks. Have you ever thought of one of those nice little woolly rabbits—"

"Where do we get bricks?"



Lady (to Professor who has spoken learnedly of the Atlantosaurus, Ichthyosaurus, Iguanodon, etc.). "How INTERESTING! How VERY INTERESTING! BUT DO YOU THINK WE CAN BE REALLY QUITE SURE THEY WERE CALLED BY THOSE STRANGE NAMES?"

"I want the engine room. The locomotive in the home. The boy's own railroad track."

"That's downstairs. But did you really think of an engine? I mean, isn't it rather large and heavy? Why not get a—"

I smacked his head, and we went downstairs.

It was a delightful room. I was



AN ECHO OF THE POLLS.

Maidress. "HOW IS IT, MARY, THAT THE PUDDING LAST NIGHT WAS AGAIN SENT UP BROKEN DOWN?"

Mary. "WELL, M'M, IT NEVER SOMEHOW SEEMS TO BE THE RIGHT CONSTITUENCY."

"Bricks. You know, I don't think mothers are as fond as all that of bricks."

"I got the mother's present yesterday, thanks very much. This is for one of the children."

They showed me bricks and they showed me pictures of what the bricks would build. Palaces, simply palaces. Gone was the Balbus-wall of our youth; gone was the fort with its arrow-holes for the archers. Nothing now but temples and Moorish palaces.

"Jove, I should love that," I said. "I mean *he* would love that. Do you want much land for a house of that size? I know of a site on the nursery floor, but—well, of course, we could always have an iron building outside in the passage for the Moorish billiard table."

We paid and moved off again.

"What are you mumbling about now?" I asked.

"I said you'll only make the boy discontented with his present home if you teach him to build nothing but castles and ruined abbeys and things. And you *will* run to bulk. Half of those

bricks would have made a very nice present for anybody."

"Yes, and when royalty comes on a visit, where would you put them? They'd have to pig it in the box-room. If we're going to have a palace, let's have a good one."

"Very well. What do your children hang up? Stockings or pillow-cases?" We went downstairs again.

"Having provided for the engineer and the architect," I said, "we now have to consider the gentleman in the dairy business. I want a milk-cart."

"You want a milk-cart! You want a milk-cart! You want a— Why not have a brewer's dray? Why not have something really heavy? The reindeer wouldn't mind. They've been out every day this week, but they'd love it. What about a nice skating-rink? What about—"

I put him head downwards in my pocket and approached an official.

"Do you keep milk-carts?" I said diffidently.

He screwed up his face and thought.

"I could get you one," he said.

"I don't want you to build one specially for me. If they aren't made I expect it's because mothers don't like them. It was just an idea of mine."

"Oh, yes, they're made. I can show a picture of one in our catalogue."

He showed it to me. It was about the size of a perambulator, and contained every kind of can. I simply had to let Father Christmas see.

"Look at that!" I exclaimed in delight.

"Good lord," he said, and dived into the pocket again.

I held him there tightly and finished my business with the official.

Father Christmas has never spoken since. Sometimes I wonder if he ever spoke at all, for one imagines strange things in the Children's Shop. He stands now on my writing table, and observes me with the friendly smile which has been so fixed a feature of his since I brought him home. If he did speak, perhaps I misunderstood him. Because I am sure he wouldn't *really* mind the weight. A. A. M.

PERPETUAL EMOTION.

(From "The Times" of December 20, 1900.)

THE series of spritely dinners given by the proprietors of *The Encyclopedia Britannica* to the contributors to the eleventh edition is still in full swing, the two hundred and fiftieth being held last night. Sir HUGH CHISHOLM took the Chair as usual, habit having become second nature with him; and he made, for a nonagenarian, a singularly lucid speech, in which he once again explained the genesis of the Encyclopædic idea and its progress through the ages until it reached perfection under his own fostering care. Sir HUGH, who spoke only for two hours instead of his customary three, was at times but imperfectly heard by the Press, but a formidable array of ear-trumpets absorbed his earlier words at the table.

Sir THOMAS BEECHAM, Mus.Doc., responding for the toast of the musical contributors, indulged in some interesting reminiscences of his early career. In those days, as he reminded his hearers, he was a paulo-post-Straussian. But it proved only a case of *sauter pour mieux reculer*, and now he confessed that he found it impossible to listen with any satisfaction to music later than that of MENDELSSOHN. After all, melody, simple and unsophisticated, was the basic factor in music, and an abiding fame could never be built up on the calculated pursuit of eccentricity.

Lord GOSSE, who entered and dined in a wheeled chair, remarked incidentally that he had missed only seven out of the two hundred and fifty dinners, and then told some diverting if not too novel anecdotes of his official connection with the Board of Trade and recited a charming sonnet which he had composed in honour of the Editor, the two last lines running as follows:—

"Foe of excess, of anarchy and schism,
I lift my brimming glass to thee, HUGH CHISHOLM."

Few centenarians can ever have contributed a more exhilarating addition to an evening's excitement.

Dr. HOOPER, late Master of Trinity and ex-Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University, expressed his gratification that his *alma mater* was indissolubly associated with the great undertaking which they were once more met to celebrate in convivial conclave. Cambridge was famous for its "Backs," and it had put its back into *The Encyclopedia Britannica*. He hoped that he might be spared to attend their three hundredth meeting, with Sir HUGH CHISHOLM as Autocrat of the Dinner-Table.

A popular feature of these evenings has become the reading of the list of contributors who have died since the last gathering. It is our melancholy duty to record the death of one of the most valued section-editors during Sir HUGH's closing remarks. The old gentleman expired so peacefully that his immediate neighbours believed him to be merely as fast asleep as themselves. He leaves a venerable but mirthless widow and several tons of MS. notes for the twelfth edition.

OUR POET PEERS.

["Lord Coleridge," as we learn from *The Daily Mail* of the 15th inst., "has composed a song in praise of Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, with which place his family has long been connected. Lord Coleridge also set the song to music and sang it at the annual gathering of the Old Otterian Society in London. The chorus is as follows:—

Oh, Ottery dear, oh, Ottery fair,
My heart goes out to thee;
Thou art my home where'er I roam,
The West—the West for me.

The secretary of the society states that Lord Coleridge's song will be sung by Otterians all over the world."

THIS, however, is no isolated effort. Encouraged by the success of their party at the polls, a number of Liberal Peers have recently burst into song.

The contribution of Lord PIRRIE, K.P., to this literary renaissance of the Gilded Chamber takes the form of a touching elegiac poem in which he contrasts his stately Surrey mansion with his former abode in Belfast:—

"Oh, Witely, charming Witely,
Haunt of my leisure hours,
To celebrate you fitly
Transcends my humble powers.
And yet I love that far land
Where once I had my home,
In the Company of HARLAND
And WOLFE, across the foam."

Lord PIRRIE has set this poem in the key of C sharp minor, with a beautiful arpeggio accompaniment. The closing cadence is of extraordinary melodic charm, and Lord PIRRIE's secretary states that it will be sung by all the shipwrights of Belfast.

Lord COURTNEY OF PENWITH is an accomplished *littérateur*, but he has not before this courted the Muse, a fact which lends peculiar interest to his eulogy of Liskeard:—

"Oh, Liskeard, lovely Liskeard,
Ere I was fully whiskered
I doted on your grace.
Now though I'm coronetted
And properly D-bretted
I never have regretted
That I'm of Cornish race."

Lord COURTNEY's setting of his lyric recalls the delicious flavour of the ballads of twenty years ago, and has a jilt that is worthy of STEPHEN ADAMS

at his best. The Manager of the Great Western Railway states that the song will be sung by Cornubians all over the English Riviera.

Lord DEVONPORT, as becomes a keen yachtsman, has cast his new song in the form of a "chanty," the opening verse being as follows:—

"If you want to go free and cheerily O!
Get up in the morning early O!
It's the way to health
And fame and wealth
According to HUDSON K'ARLEY O!"

The score of this "chanty" is remarkable for its simplicity, and the Secretary of the Port of London Board confidently predicts that it will be sung by all the stevedores in the British Empire.

Baron DE FOREST's musical talent has long been notorious in the highest circles. He has now given convincing proofs of its high quality in a touching *barcarolle* dedicated to the HOME SECRETARY:—

"Ye isles of Greece, ye isles of Greece,
Where *Honor* cruised in perfect peace,
Containing, like the gods of old,
WINSTON and also F. E. SMITH—
Ne'er shall the glories of that trip
From my retentive memory slip."

The skipper of the *Honor* states that Baron DE FOREST's song will be sung by Free Foresters all over the world.

Lord DENMAN has devoted his distinguished talent to a spirited song in praise of Balcombe, which runs as follows:—

"O Balcombe, breezy Balcombe,
My heart goes out to thee
At breakfast and at luncheon,
At dinner and at tea.
They say the German foemen
Are coming o'er the sea
To trample down our women
And place them 'on the knee.'
But I say, 'Let 'em 'U come,
So long as I'm at Balcombe
To keep old England free."

The Secretary of the Bachelors' Club declares that this song, which the author has wedded to a luscious air, is already a favourite with Mr. GILBERT.

Lastly, Lord ABERDEEN has recently succumbed to the divine *afflatus* with the following exhilarating results:—

"O Dublin is a peerless town
As every Viceroy knows!
The Liffey, stained a lurid brown,
Through Dublin city flows;
And on its banks of verdant hue,
To quench the nation's drought,
The firm of GUINNESS loves to brew
The most refreshing stout."

Chorus.

O porter, you're a jewel!
O porter, you're a joy!
You're meat and drink and fuel
To every Irish boy!"

The Chief SECRETARY states that Lord ABERDEEN's song will be sung by every porter-drinker in the Emerald Isle.



10:30 A.M.

GOOD MORNING, LADIES



12-30 P.M.

NOW THEN, GIRLS, SHOW A LITTLE INTEREST!

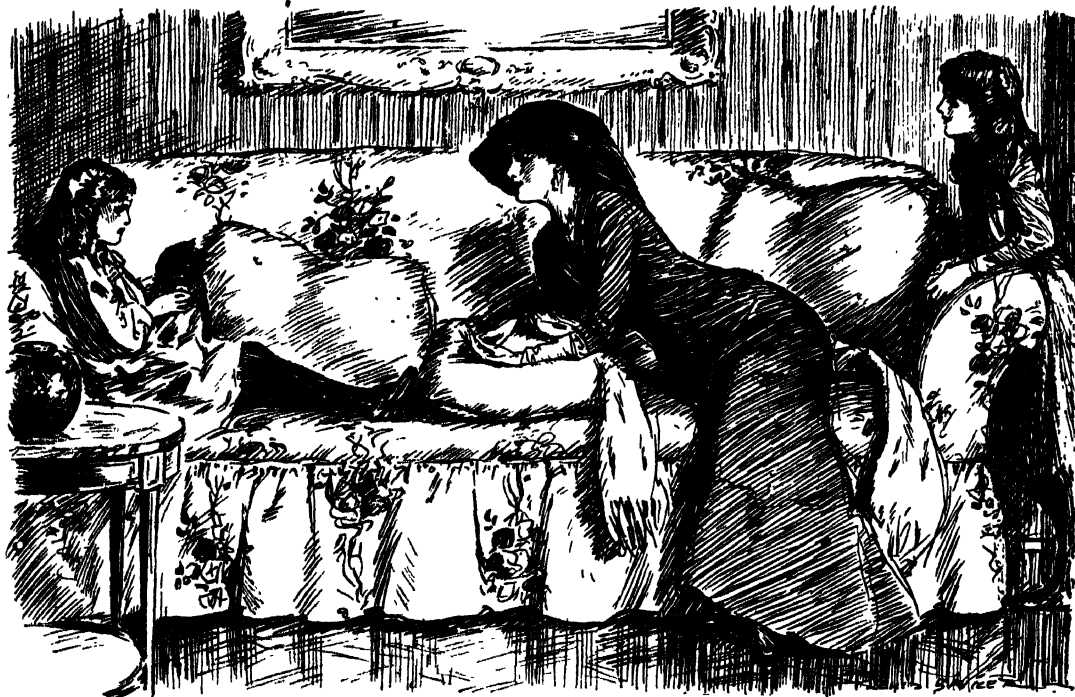


4-30 P.M.

FATHEADS !!



A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL.



'AND WERE YOU BORN IN INDIA?'

'I WAS.'

'WHAT PART?'

'ALL OF ME, OF COURSE.'

OUR AUTHORS IN POLITICS.

[Whilst the Press has paid much attention to Mrs. HUMPHRY WADE's political letters to her neighbours the activity of other deserving authors has been ignored.]

The feature of the West Wilts election was the appearance of Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT in complete armour on the Liberal platform. It was asked that all questions should be impaled on the lance that Mr. HEWLETT held out to the meeting. It is considered rather remarkable that throughout the campaign not a single question was put to the Radical candidate.

All hope of defeating the LORD ADVOCATE vanished when Mr. CROCKETT, his zealous supporter, hinted that in case of his defeat he was prepared to lay the scene of his next romance in Linlithgow. The defeated Conservative Candidate is taking counsel's opinion as to whether this amounts to intimidation.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON was most prominent in the sharp contest in North Bucks. At the first meeting of the campaign he sat on a Tory inter-ruptor. After that, interruptions absolutely ceased. It is expected that the interrupter will leave the Cottage Hospital early in the New Year.

The great triumph at Hastings is universally attributed to the clever topical leaflets issued by Mr. COULSON KERNAHAN. "The Lion and the Leech," a striking comparison of Imperialism and Socialism; "The Bee and the Ballot," a defence of the Industrious Voter's right to the Referendum; "Providence and the Poor," a vindication of the House of Lords—all thrilled the hearts of the lodging-house keepers and led to the famous Unionist victory.

Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON wishes it to be known that the prominent place he occupied in the Kennington poll—only four thousand short heads behind the winner—was due to the support he received from Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC. Mr. BELLOC's exposures of the party game—his revelations that Mr. CHURCHILL was the real author of Tariff Reform; that Mr. URE, Mr. BALFOUR's intimate friend, suggested the policy of the Referendum, and that Sir EDWARD CARSON and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE exchange epithets for their speeches—moved the electors immensely. In fact, the Conservatives were so disgusted that they voted for the Radical candidate, and the Radicals that they plumped for the Conservative. Hence Kennington should be reckoned as a Unionist gain.

The eloquence of Mr. LE QUEUX led to the splendid Unionist victory at Grimsby. One could have heard a pin drop in the crowded halls as he detailed conversations on Tariff Reform he had held with the Prince of MONACO, the Bey of TUNIS, DON CARLOS, the Grand Duke of BADEN, and the Chief of the Italian Secret Police. His address to the Primrose League on the Certainty of a German Invasion—illustrated by locks of hair belonging to Princesses he had known—marked an epoch in Grimsby's political history.

More Contempt of Court.

"The Lord Chief Justice occupied Canon Scott Holland's stall, and took part in the singing. As is stated in the first part of the service-paper the object of the service is not to gratify the ear or the taste."—*The Guardian*. Had this appeared in any other paper we might have suspected something.

The subject for debate at a recent meeting of the York Law Students' Society was as follows:

"Mrs. Quiverfull, parent of Quints (a child of five), negligently allows Quints to go out unattended upon a road frequented by motors. Owing to the negligence of the driver of a passing motor the child is injured. Can the child recover?"

Time alone can show.



“WHICH NOBODY CAN DENY.”

FATHER CHRISTMAS. “WELL, HERE WE ARE AGAIN!”

JOHN BULL. “GOOD! THAT’S THE FIRST UNCONTROVERSIAL STATEMENT I’VE HEARD FOR WEEKS.”



Clergyman (returning on Christmas morning from the sick bed of aged parishioner, & very deaf Old Woman). "POOR MR. SMITH IS IN HIGH FEVER." Old Woman. "THE SAME TO YOU, SIR, AND MANY OF 'EM."

YULETIDE YARNS—I.

"Ring out the false; ring in the true."

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

The False.

FATHER CHRISTMAS, fat with gifts,
Scorns the ordinary lifts,
Comes, unnoticed, by the grate
On the customary date.

The True.

Armed with over-crowded hose
Father to the nursery goes;
Tommy, with but little tact,
Catches father in the act.

MISTLETOE.

The False.

For about a fortnight this
Sanctions the illicit kiss.

The True.

As a custom, this is rotten
(Being, as a rule, forgotten).

THE YULE GLOW.

The False.

Tripping o'er the crisp, white snow,
See the children come (or go),
Bringing in the Christmas fuel,
Though the frost is keen and cruel.

The True.

Yule is signalled by the flight
Of the staid electric light,
Amputated from the main
(The dynamo is crocked again).

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

The False.

Father, Mother, Uncle, Aunt,
Labour round the loaded plant,
And enjoy the children's glee
As they romp about the tree.

The True.

See! a merry little ring
Dancing round like anything!
Each has got a hoary head
(All the kids have gone to bed).

CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

The False.

These appear at Christmas time
Full of seasonable rhyme.

The True.

These are published during June;
We shall have the next ones soon.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

The False.

Every day the postman brings
Heaps of Christmas cards and things;

All the children love them so;
We arrange them in a row.

The True.

Every day the postman knocks
(Chiefly for his Christmas-box);
Cards enough to fill a sack,
But I always send them back.

MINCE PIES.

The False.

These are made of minced meat
(It is Martha's greatest feat)
From an ancient recipe
Grandma had in '43.

The True.

These are made of — — —
[This verse to be had only on private
application at the poet's residence]

"Twice the forward shot himself, and on
each occasion Shaw had to be very sprightly."
Daily Mail.

Our sympathies go out to SHAW. We
know how difficult it is to force the
sprightly vein on sad occasions like
this.

"What all my pretty ones — — —!"

"The seventh line is two syllables long;
delete 'sombre.'"—From "Luctuary Help" in
T. P.'s Weekly.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF HOSTESSES.

LIFE is such a ticklish business at its best that it is hard indeed that such accessory functions as dinner parties, which all wise men would avoid if they could, should be a means of adding to our difficulties. Yet don't they?

Who is there that has not now and then blundered with his partner—who is there that has not now and then blundered with her partner—before the entrée, simply through insufficient information being given by the hostess as to the name, standing, antecedents, relatives and friends of the stranger?

As it is, what happens? "Oh, Mr.—er—Mr. Barr, I want to introduce you to your partner for dinner, Mrs. [here a mumble]." Mr. Barr says that he is delighted; he is led to Mrs. [mumble]'s chair and they prepare to descend the stairs, he in his usual doubt, owing to total ignorance of precedential rites, as to the precise moment when he should offer his arm and make for the door, and then walking as if on hot iron for fear of stepping on the dress of the lady ahead of him. They take their seats, and after the usual openings—just now *Salome*, the Post-Impressionists, and *Marie Claire*—they get to the staple of all London conversation, men and women.

This is where trouble is liable to begin, because one cannot discuss men and women without expressing opinions, and so small is the world and so mischievous is chance that Mr. Barr's partner is probably first cousin to his *noirrest bête*. Always a peril, during election time or any critical period of politics this risk is far greater, when feeling runs high and dislikes are intensified; and during the past few weeks some perfectly horrible things must have happened at what should be festive and genial boards.

Now there are two protective courses which might be pursued. (1) The guests might arrange to provide their hostesses with a complete list of the subjects on which they intend to talk and the names of prominent persons that they will introduce. The hostess could then apportion them according to Party and general temperament, or if she had no ladies quite in tune return the list with a few editorial suggestions, such as "Better not say anything about WINSTON." "Your partner is a great admirer of STRAUSS." "They have a Gauguin on their staircase." The guest could then modify accordingly.

But perhaps a better way is to throw the whole burden on the hostess, who, after all, must pay the price of giving dinner parties. Let her (2) supply each guest, either on the evening or, preferably, before, with a full account of his or her partner, written very clearly. Thus: "You will take in Lady Peters. She is the wife of Sir Ferdinand Peters, the Rand magistrate. She was a Miss De la Porte, the

daughter of a London magistrate. Sir Ferdinand is one of the largest contributors to the Tariff Reform funds, and a personal friend of Mr. CHAPLIN and AUSTEN. He has the best English collection of Meissoniers, and won the Porterhouse Stakes at Ascot this year. Lady Peters has written two novels under the name of 'Henry Stiles.' She collects fans, and has a home at Byfleet for orphaned Suffragettes, but never appears at meetings or takes any active part in the propaganda. She is a friend of the TREES and also HERBERT TRENCH. Her brother is on *The Times*." That is not, of course, a complete biography, but no man with any brains should fail to make use of such pointers. To have anything but an amicable meal with such an assistance would argue one utterly tactless and unworthy of his hostess's hospitality.

For the ladies the hostess might write something like this: "You will be taken in to dinner by Mr. Flitt. He comes from Devonshire and is about twenty-eight. He

rowed in the Cambridge boat. His father hunted big game. He is a Conservative, but not one of the rude witty ones. He is at the Bar and unmarried. He collects Japanese prints, and has translated one of MATILDE SERAO's novels. He wants encouraging to do some original work." These cases presuppose a knowledge by the hostess of her guests—rather a large order. When, as is more likely, she knows nothing of them, they must furnish an autobiography. Where they are really famous she would have but to write, "You will be taken in by Mr. So-and-So. See *Who's Who*," page 287.



TIME.—Chr'smas Eve.

Loafer (pressed into service and temporarily forgetting his promotion into the realm of Art). "TAXI, MY LORD!"

INES TO PROFESSOR BUDGE.

[What is probably the longest biography in the new *Who's Who*, observes *The Daily Express*, is that devoted to Professor ERNEST A. WALLIS BUDGE, the Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum. More than a column is given up to his life and labours alone, but the reader is left quite in the dark as to Professor BUDGE himself, who in particular has omitted to answer the question relating to his recreations.]

WHEN back from Bloomsbury you trudge,
What do you do, Professor BUDGE?

Are you, perchance, that patient drudge
Who plays at chess, O learned BUDGE?

Or do you every minute grudge
That's spent away from golf, good BUDGE?

And when the links are thick with sludge,
Do you go rinking, ERNEST BUDGE?

(To such inquiries, "Fudge!"—or "Fudge!"—
Briefly replies E. WALLIS BUDGE.)



Husband. "I SHALL HAVE TO BE AWAY ALL DAY THURSDAY."

Wife. "MY DEAR, HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY DO THAT WHEN YOU KNOW THAT IS ALWAYS THE DAY YOU GIVE JAMES NOTICE TO GO?"

NOWADAYS.

FATHER CHRISTMAS tip-toed softly to the bedside of the little golden-haired maiden and laid a hand gently on her curls.

She woke up and looked upon him without surprise.

"I am Father Christmas," said he proudly.

"Very pleased to meet you," was the conventionally polite reply. "Won't you take a chair?"

Father Christmas looked a trifle hurt. "Little girls usually give me a kiss," said he.

"What have you brought me?" replied the little maiden non-committally.

"Do you like dollies?"

"Yes, I don't dislike dolls—when their clothes are expensive."

"How would you like this?" He held up one with apple cheeks and bright blue eyes. "See, her eyes open and shut—you can put her to bed."

"Thanks. Of course she's a little bit dowdy at present, but I can get my dressmaker to turn out some frocks for her. Have you brought her hat-box?"

"I'm afraid not," said Father Christmas humbly. "I didn't know."

"Perhaps it's just as well—men have such poor taste in hats. I must get my milliner to see to her. . . . What else have you brought me?"

"You'll like this woolly bear, I'm sure. Isn't he a beauty?"

"Thanks," came the doubtful reply; "but aren't bears a little *démodé* now that ROOSEVELT is quiet again?"

"But he growls when you squeeze him," said Father Christmas, pathetically anxious to please. "See—woof! woof!"

"Yes, very creditable, but I'd prefer something else, thank you."

"Would you like this pony-trap? See—the harness takes on and off."

"I'd prefer a motor, of course. One really *must* have a motor nowadays."

"I should have liked you to have the pony-trap," said Father Christmas, "but I have brought a motor-car also. Here it is."

The little maiden examined it critically, and remarked: "It only works by india-rubber."

"Won't that do?" asked Father Christmas humbly.

"One can buy a *proper* toy motor," was the dignified reproof.

"But it would be very expensive, and you might break it."

"Of course. What does it matter?"

"Mummy and Daddy would be angry if you were to break such an expensive toy."

"Oh dear no! I have my breakage allowance—that's an understood thing. I'm on very good terms with my people."

"Then you don't like my gifts?"

"Oh yes, thanks very much, of course, for bringing them. I can do with the doll—you'll hardly recognise her when she's licked into shape. I suppose you expect a kiss now?"

Poor Father Christmas walked away sadly from the bedside of the little maiden. "I must be getting old," said he to himself. "I must be getting old, very old. I don't seem to get on with the children as I used to do."

"Having bought from a gentleman his 16 29 touring car, only used a few months during each season, he wintering abroad, consequently in pink of condition," etc., etc.

Adapted from "The Motor."

It's the only way. One can't keep fit in this English climate.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE PRINCESS CLEMENTINA."

THIS is a pleasant and innocuous blend of *The Three Musketeers* and *The Story of Rimini* (Mr. H. B. IRVING doubling the parts of *Paolo* and *D'Artagnan*), with the difference that *Francesca* and her proxy-husband do nothing wrong, and the Three Musketeers do practically nothing at all. It was perhaps a mistake to lay so much stress at the beginning on the nationality of the four Irish gallants, for there wasn't a Celtic temperament among the lot, and only one second-rate brogue between them.

As for the Rimini part of the plot, the extremely cold weather and the rarefied altitudes of the Brenner frontier may have contributed something to the self-restraint of the lovers. I cannot say what might have happened if the time had been nearer the vernal equinox, or if Bologna (their destination) had lain a little farther South. As it was there were moments of strong feeling on both sides. In the man's case the struggle was less between love of the lady and loyalty to the King—whose bride she was to be, than between a selfish passion and a pure desire to save the Princess for a higher destiny. With her it was less easy, either from the text or its interpretation, to follow motives. She was really at the mercy of Wogan: his, in fact, for the asking. The personality of a Pretender whom she had never set eyes on, who had never even taken the trouble to come and court her, but sent his servants to fetch her (a king's daughter) across half Europe on the hazy off-chance of winning an English crown, could scarcely have been an overwhelming attraction. The reward of her pains was to find him gone from the rendez-vous at Bologna—gone to Cadiz (a bad place for fidelity, as Byron discovered) with the idea of making an expedition to Scotland. He writes of it as if he were just going stalking. He would be back presently; had, indeed, hoped to be in time to receive her. For the unavoidable delay he consents to express his royal regrets. I am afraid that the voices of some score of supers (without), representing the multitudinous welcome of Bologna, must have afforded her an indifferent solace for her wounded propriety.

Mr. IRVING played *Charles Wogan* with great sincerity. To his easy air of disregard for danger (his nonchalance

at the Inn of The Green Cross—an admirable scene—was particularly happy) he added a touch of poetry and fatalism. He made no pretence, however, to being an Irishman, but left the Celtic element in his constitution to be taken as read—in the original text, I presume, of Mr. MASON's novel.

Miss STELLA PATRICK CAMPBELL, as *Clementina*, was always fresh and delightful to watch. It is little blame to her that her youth was hardly equal to the task of conveying some of the stronger emotions demanded of the character. But she needs also a wider range of vocal colour; her voice seldom varied from its one sweet tone.

Miss DOROTHEA BAIRD's gifts were wasted on the short, explosive part of *Jenny*, and Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR as the *Prince of Baden* had very little scope



Her Highness. "Of course, *really* our conduct has been irreproachable, but don't you think it would look rather suspicious for you to enter Bologna in my hat?"

Princess Clementina ... Miss STELLA PATRICK CAMPBELL.
Charles Wogan ... Mr. H. B. IRVING.

for his natural humour. Miss HELEN ROUS played soundly in the rather stodgy rôle of *Clementina's* mother.

The name, by the way, is in the air just now; it was only the other night that I assisted at the "decorating" of another *Clementine*, now announced as about to be taken off. I trust Mr. MASON's heroine will come off in a happier sense: he certainly deserves better luck than he has had. O. S.

"General Menna Barreto, the commander of the garrison at K'o, was wounded in the leg by a shell while watching the bombardment from the shore."—*Glasgow Daily Record and Mail*.
Doubtless the gallant General replied with a will.

"King's PROCTOR IN A REMARKABLE SUIT."
—*Daily Mail*.

We are sure we have seen these loud checks, but we didn't recognise the King's Proctor.

SLAVES TO THE SOIL;

OR, A LOW-DOWN ELECTION.

Yes, I call it pretty rotten;
Patriots who deigned to roll
Up in rude and half-forgotten
Types of vehicle to poll,—
Free and independent voters,
Satisfied to sit in motors,
Have we pinched or not the sky's
control?

Was it vain to cut the trammels
Long imposed on human clay?
Are we better than the camels
All for nothing, Britons, say?
Mingling with my own your "Eheus!"
Tell me why no airy Jehus
Joined on either side the civic fray.

None of those intrepid mortals,
Brothers of the kite and hawk,
Haled you to the ballot portals—
Lifts in motor-cars! good
lawk!
Not for several kinds of toffees
Would I do the voter's office,
Thus insulted: I would sooner
walk.

Rotten (as I said) I term it,
For, by Phœbus and the Nine,
Even this recluse and hermit
Would have left his lonely
shrine
Had he seen some gas-distended
Airship giving him the splendid
Chance to "Vote for Binks
and guard the brine."

Even I, the bard who boasted
Sheer indifference to the fight,
Had a gentle birdman coasted
Down from some enormous
height,

Asking me to plump for Perkins
("No more alcoholic firkins:

Peers v. People: Cocoa and the
Right")—

Even I had paused to wonder;
Therefore, O electors stout,
Let no tyrants beat you under,
Ere next polling time, give out:—
"Candidates who mean to skimp us
Of our transport through Olympus
Only have themselves to thank for
rout." EVOE.

Pocket Cabbages.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, according to *The Westminster Gazette*, has stated that "the production from their waistcoat pocket of the Referendum, as if it were a kind of vegetable," has "degraded the leaders of the Tory Party from the position of statesmen to the level of the merest political cheap-jacks." But surely this vegetable trick is quite high-class conjuring.



First Sport man. "I SAY, OLD CHAP, ON WHAT SORT OF SCALE DO YOU TIP THESE KEEPER JOHNNIES? I GENERALLY GIVE 'EM ABOUT TIPPENCE FOR EVERY BIRD I KILL; DO YOU THINK IT'S ENOUGH?"

Candid Friend. "I EXPECT THEY'D MUCH RATHER YOU GAVE 'EM A PENNY FOR EVERY ONE YOU MISS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To glean in a field reaped by Mr. SPIELMANN, who harvested the comprehensive *History of Punch*, is an unpromising task. In his *Douglas Jerrold and Punch* (MACMILLAN) Mr. WALTER JERROLD judiciously confines himself to the connection of his grandfather with the paper, and brings into convenient compass matter which, if not new, is always interesting. DOUGLAS JERROLD was of the earliest camaraderie who started *Punch*. By the present generation he is chiefly known as the creator of *Mrs. Caudle*, the recorder of her Curtain Lectures. These did not appear till 1845, when Mr. *Punch* gave his eighth volume to an appreciative public. Four years earlier, writing over the initial "Q," DOUGLAS JERROLD was fiercely breasting the sea of politics, making a pretty splash. To the reader accustomed to the more restrained political writing of to-day "Q's" fierce attack on men and measures may seem a little excessive. Absolutely fearless of consequences, DOUGLAS JERROLD took his walks abroad, bludgeon in hand, and bashed the head of anyone met on the way whom he regarded as advocating causes harmful to public interests or oppressive to the poor. His vigorous diatribes commanded attention from week to week not only at home but abroad. Whilst suggestion was made by one

of his victims in the House that he should be indicted by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, an edict was issued by the Austrian Government forbidding him to pass through their country on his way to Rome. This sort of thing encouraged rather than disheartened JERROLD, and he went on his way rejoicing. In private life he could not resist the temptation to say a witty thing because it might wound a friend within hearing. Conscious of his infirmity and repentant, he from his deathbed sent by HORACE MAYHEW a touching message to old companions at the *Punch* Dinner Table. "Tell the dear boys," he said, "that if I've ever wounded any of them I've always loved them." To personal reminiscences of his grandfather, gathered from various sources, Mr. WALTER JERROLD adds reprints of some of his serials contributed to *Punch*, making a portly and pleasant volume.

At the end of each chapter of *Howard's End* (ARNOLD) I gave a sigh of pleasure, and then went on happily to the next one. Mr. E. M. FORSTER has written a book which may be classed with *The Country House*, *The Old Wives' Tale* and *Joseph Vance*, to mention three of the great novels of recent years. Perhaps he has most in common with the author of *The Country House*, but he rises superior to Mr. GALSWORTHY in this—that there is more humour and sympathy behind his realism, something of the humour and sympathy of Mr. DE MORGAN. (Now I have found him his

godfathers.) There are faults of melodrama in the book—a glaring coincidence, in connection with Mr. Wilcox's past, such as would only be allowed on the stage; Helen's relations with Leonard Bast, which seem to me altogether improbable—but anything can be forgiven an author who introduces us to the great Wilcox family. What do they know of England who do not Wilcox know? For the Wilcozes are England; they contain more of the essence of England even than Sunday afternoon, or Lords, or Sir WILLIAM BULL. The Schlegel family, Margaret and Helen and Tibby, is equally true to life, and it is in the contrast between Schlegels and Wilcozes that the motif of the book lies; for the Schlegels had had a foreign father. (Surely not German, Mr. Foulster, with so lively a pair of daughters.) *Howard's End* is a book to buy and a book to keep; I offer my heartiest congratulations to its author, and beg him to take his time over the next one. I shall have all his earlier books to read while waiting for it.

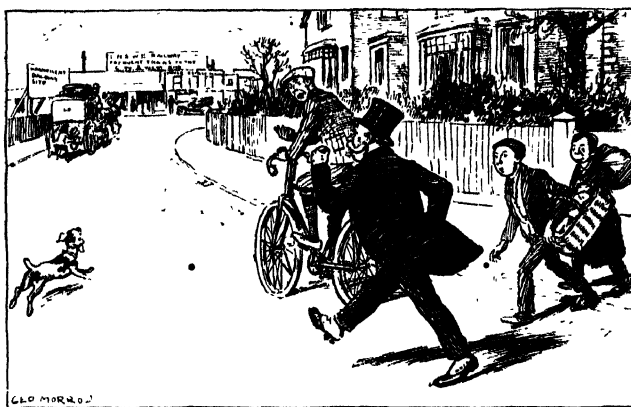
In his *English Country Life* (FOULIS), Mr. WALTER RAYMOND shows a very intimate and peculiar sympathy with both country people and their pursuits. He is deliciously alive to the humour and quaintnesses of the hoop-maker, the carter, the dairyman, the farmer and his refractory tenant—in short, of all the characters that crowd upon the stage of Sutton, but he never writes with one disfiguring touch of putronage. "I really do admire how he do go about an' poke his nose into everything," *Japheth Pike*, the "hedge-cassender," remarked of this chronicler of Sutton; to which I can only add that it was a very friendly nose and was poked to admirable purpose. No one can read Mr. RAYMOND'S book without feeling that he loves the life which he describes and the people who live it, and he has done both them and us a great service in making a true record of the kind of village life which will soon—too soon for many of us—be improved out of existence. The charming volume is beautifully illustrated by Mr. WILFRID BALL.

Halfway through *The Wisdom of Folly* (HODDER AND STOUT) I thought I should probably say of it:—"Let the reader persevere with a somewhat maudlin plot and shut his ear to an occasional note of priggishness, in order that he may make the acquaintance of Mrs. Frisby and, in that delightfully garrulous lady, of ELLEN THORNECROFT FOWLER at her best." For, though one of the characters had in the beginning murdered her husband, the others had done little else since, save argue about it. ("I never care much for judges," said Mrs. Frisby; "I always think that those heavy wigs confuse their brains.") But when the plot suddenly woke up and proceeded from complication to complication to end on a complete surprise, the ingenuity of which left me gaping and has even confused the writer

himself once or twice, I felt a new respect for it. It may not be legitimate, it may even be a little hectic, but it certainly is not maudlin. Treating the plot therefore with silent awe, I recommend to you this witty treatise on the folly of being otherwise (especially in your love affairs), presented in the form of a novel at least as readable as any this writer has ever produced. Which is equivalent to saying that *The Wisdom of Folly* is certainly to be read and inevitably to be enjoyed, plot and all.

Mr. Punch once more gratefully acknowledges a number of seasonable gifts, not perhaps strictly literary, but liable to be of great assistance in the regulation and adornment of the literary mind. Such are the diaries that come from Messrs. T. J. AND J. SMITH, very practical and business-like, yet not disdaining the aid of artistry. Charming diaries, too, and suitable for all pockets, emanate from the establishment of Messrs. WALKER. Among the many solid and serviceable devices that spring from the teeming brain of Mr. CHARLES LETTS is *Ladies' Year Book*, "excel-

lently tabulated for the peculiar use of housewives. No Suffragette should be without it. To those who cannot bear the effort of selecting their Christmas cards and are certain that madness lies that way, I commend the fresh and original products of the house of HILLS, where you can pick with your eyes shut and make no mistake. The cards that issue from the factory of Messrs RITCHIE of Edinburgh show a noble effort on the part of a home-firm to stem the German invasion. Marvellous bon-bons are built in the craft-shops of Messrs. CALEY, and



IMPROBABLE SCENES.—VIII.

HOUSE AGENT

EXACT WALKING AS SHOWN IN THE ILLUSTRATION

ASCERTAINING THE

RAILWAY STATION.

the customary cargo of crackers—still unopened and taken confidently on trust—comes from the generous and fertile storehouse of Mr. TOM SMITH. To all these philanthropists Mr. Punch presents his compliments and thanks.

The sad history of Bridget's wedding day, as revealed in the "*Daily Mail*" feuilleton—

"There was a shining new band on the third finger of her left hand. She was pledged to Dick until death parted them, but she knew that it meant far more than that even. . . . As soon as they were alone together in the carriage Theodore caught at Bridget's hand nestling beside him."

All we can say is that this is not strictly fair to Dick.

"This increase of 16 in the Liberal vote exactly corresponds with the difference between the decrease in the total number of votes polled and the decrease in the Unionist vote (30 minus 24). Thus a transfer of 16 votes from one side to the other was sufficient, in the circumstances, to convert a Unionist majority of 14 into a Liberal majority of 42."

Morning Post.

We are the first to recognise the vigour and relentless logic of the opening sentence, but we confess that the second sentence, while it appeals to the artist in us, leaves the arithmetician a trifle cold.

CHARIVARIA.

The Lancet asserts that General Elections are bad for the health. This is quite correct. We have known Governments die from them.

The Spectator has pointed out that one difficulty in connection with the addition of five hundred Members to the Upper Chamber would be that the House of Lords is not large enough to hold them all. We believe that the Government realises this fact, and will see to it that the new Peers are all very slim men.

THE EARL MARSHAL has issued his orders concerning the robes to be worn by Peers at the Coronation. "The mantles" he says, "are to be worn over full Court Dress, Uniform, or Regimentsals." Prude!

And, "No Jewels or precious Stones are to be set or used in the Coronets." This fear of Mr. LORD GEORGE is becoming an obsession with some people.

Further, there is to be no concession to the Socialistic spirit of the age. For Knights of the various Orders it is to be a "Collar Day."

MADAME DE THEBES, the Parisian prophetess, has now published her forecasts for 1911. As regards Russia, the fate of that country is to be such, she declares, that, rather than say what she has read in the book of destiny, she prefers to hope that she has been mistaken. This is supposed to point either to a war with Monaco, in which Russia will be defeated and annexed, or else to a visit from the KAISER.

THE QUEEN, we read, made a number of Christmas purchases of toys from the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society. Among the articles Her Majesty bought was a collapsible doll's house. We do hope that this will not be taken as an encouragement to jerry-builders.

An interesting feature of the Windsor Strollers' performances at the new Windsor Theatre, *The Daily Mail* tells us, was the appearance on the boards of a veteran amateur actor, aged 86. We believe, however, that this record has often been beaten in the *corps de ballet*.

Mr. W. HOPPE, a well-known American billiard player, has just married Miss ALICE WALSH, of New York, whom he rescued from drowning in the surf at Atlantic City. We are so glad that this pretty custom of wedding the lady whom one saves from drowning is not falling into desuetude. Personally we always do it.

In a letter to *The Postman's Gazette* on the subject of the proposed new shako, one of the men of letters pleads

for, say, fifteen seconds." Ropes, with handles, suspended from the roof will now, we presume, be a feature of every well-arranged civic banquet.

"CATHEDRAL THEFT" is a heading which attracts our attention in a newspaper. Where were the police? One would think it would be impossible for anyone to steal a cathedral without being stopped.

It is denied that the "Twopenny Tube" is about to emulate the example of the Metropolitan Railway, and exhibit in its carriages a series of interesting views on the Central London Railway.

"A brave act was witnessed in Reading," *The Evening News* tells us, "when GEORGE NEVILLE, a brewer's drayman, effected the rescue of a child in the River Kennet." We trust that he "affected" it favourably.

"Darling," said the wife, "I shall want a little more money for house-keeping this week, as I made all those cakes for Christmas Day." The purse-bearer lost his amiable look for a moment. "Well, I can't make bricks without straw," explained the wife.

"Chettanham can be regained at the next time of asking, but this only if we are all equally determined that all those other petty, childish, but yet formidable and insidious seeds of weakness should be, once and for all, rooted out, to k stock, and barrel."

Chettanham Leader says.

See next page for portrait of elderly gentleman rooting out a seed by the barrel.

"The concert and dance promoted in its initial state for the purpose of encouraging sociability and intercourse between the board of trade members and their families is a departure from the regular course of the board's line and it is thought that the move will one of exception do merit."

Parson's World.

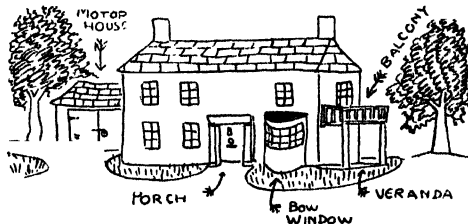
There must be simpler ways of getting to know one's own family.

What to do with your White Elephant.

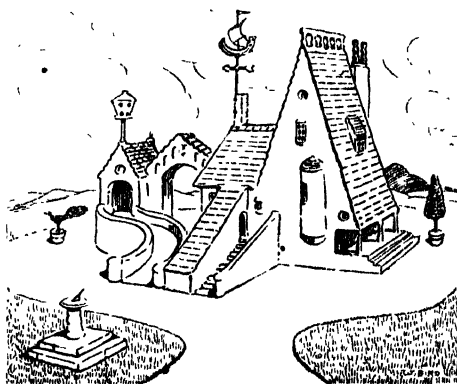
"Elephant, trimmed black, eyeing day three quarter wrap, new, 12s. 6d." *Add. to "The Lady."*

His Besetting Sin.

Sami's exclamation this time was of a stronger nature. "Well, I'm hanged!" he said furiously. — *"War" Penitence*
We have spoken to Sami about this before.



THIS WAS THE ROUGH IDEA FOR HIS NEW HOUSE WHICH MR. JONES GAVE TO HIS ARCHITECT.



THIS WAS THE IDEA WHICH THE ARCHITECT THEN GAVE TO MR. JONES.

that, whatever design be adopted, it should provide a cap that will "not only be protective but smart and, if possible, artistic, and thus attract and not frighten the lovely young maiden who would woo a postman." The addition of a few artificial flowers would only cost a trifle.

The Globe mentions, in its "Hints on Health," that a correspondent has written to say that an infallible cure for hiccoachs is "to hang by the hands with the legs clear of the ground, the hands well apart, and the breath held

WICK BURGH: THE LAST PHASE.

("Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle")

We watched her keel across the bar go
From free wee Kirkwall town;
We watched her skipper dump his cargo
Of ballot-boxes down;
An Empire hung with pale complexions
Upon the tidings, tick by tick;
For Fate had left, in these Elections,
The final word with Wick.

Shetland, that old-established Thulo,
Her bloodless fight had closed;
Had nominated, well and duly,
Her Wason unopposed;
The immemorial right she wielded
To play the last protracted trick—
That privilege she now had yielded,
Handing it on to Wick.

So ends the combat, loud and gory,
That cost a cool two million quid,
And leaves the rivals, Rad and Tory,
Standing (like Scotland) where they did;
"And I, for one—I can't help saying,
As I review the dead and quick,
This futile game that we've been playing
Was hardly worth the wick. O. S.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.

"Every genuine Teddy Bear has a small button in the ear." Did you know that? I didn't. Yet it is the sort of thing one ought to know, otherwise one may be imposed upon. Before the postman came this morning I shouldn't have been aware of the awfulness of a Teddy Bear without a button. Now that I have received *The Xmas Bazaar* I feel that a buttonless Teddy Bear would be a disgrace.

It is an entrancing volume, *The Xmas Bazaar*. Its roll of Teddy Bears (each with a button in the ear) by no means exhausts its interest. Were you aware, I wonder, that London contains a Plush Jointed Dachshund? I wasn't—not until I beheld him waddling across a page of *The Xmas Bazaar*. Would you like a Puddle Duck? Or an Indestructible Stuffed Territorial? They are all in *The Xmas Bazaar*. And have you met Squinting Micky? He (I quote) "flaps both ears, squints with both eyes, and can also move his arms and mouth." Many readers of *The Xmas Bazaar* cannot flap either ear. . . . As for Clockwork Foxy Grandpa—but he only costs tenpence-halfpenny, so we shall not bother about him. I doubt whether he has a button in his ear.

These, however, are, after all, mere toys for the young. Their elders require more intellectual amusement. *The Xmas Bazaar* has not overlooked the fact. Rightly, indeed, do we speak of a merry Christmas. What Christmas could be less than merry if you have taken the precaution to provide yourself with a fivepenny packet of Beetles in the Beer? What! Never heard of Beetles in the Beer? Hear, then, and marvel. "The joker quietly drops one of these beetles into his beer"—champagne would perhaps do as well—"and then objects to drink it until an offer is made to exchange the liquor. However, on second thoughts"—it is taken for granted that the joker

is a subtle comedian—"after removing the beetle he drinks the beer. The company feel ill at the sickly sight. Great joke to those in the secret."

It made me rock with laughter even to read of it. Unfortunately I am a teetotaler, so instead of Beetles in the Beer I think I shall get The Ladies' Cigarette Box. "This dainty box has a small ball in the cover. When your lady friend presses the ball to obtain a cigarette, she receives a spray of water on the nose." Capital! And how my lady friends will laugh!

Concerning the Joke of the Season (price 6¹/₂d.) I am less sure. *The Xmas Bazaar* seems to speak with a more uncertain note on this subject: "Show your friend the latest handy Flash Light, tell him coloured lights will appear when the button is slightly pressed. Suggest he goes under the table to get a good effect, which he does. On his return you know how he has been sold. With one of these jokes in your possession you will have endless fun." Quite so. But, well, how has he been sold? *The Xmas Bazaar* is silent on this head. And suppose your friend is too stupid to care about coloured lights, and declines to accept your suggestion that he should go under the table? The world is full of curmudgeons who protest that they dislike going under tables. I shall not risk my sixpence-halfpenny on The Joke of the Season.

Instead, I think I must buy The Scent Bottle Joke. It costs threepence, and here again we have an opportunity of delighting our dear ones. "When your friend"—it is well to keep a large supply of friends—"removes the cork to smell the perfume, the contents of bottle empties down his sleeve." Yes, it is certainly desirable to have a large supply of friends.

And while you are about it you had better spend a shilling on the really stunning humorous effect entitled, "'Oh! Oh!' she cried." You might not guess it from its price, but it is a jewel-case. Succinctly its virtues are described: "Snake jumps out of Jewel Box. Creates screams of laughter."

Hark, too, to the virtues of The Crash Bang Joke. They are simplicity itself. "A number of pieces of tuned metal when thrown on ground give the sound of glass smashing." Here, plainly, we have the invention of an acute psychologist. If The Crash Bang Joke does not reach the heart of the British people, nothing will. It is redolent of Yuletide's spirit of merriment.

Among the minor accessories of a happy Christmas, as pictured in this suggestive volume, are Imitation Cigar Ends. "We have designed a perfect cigar end"—I can almost see the great conclave at which the perfect cigar end was worked out—"and are offering these at 1d. each." And what, you ask (for your wits are working slowly, you know), is the precise application of the perfect cigar end? You would never guess, to look at it, that it was not to be placed nicely in an ash-tray. No, it is to be thrown into the middle of the billiard table—to give your host a bad moment of fear for his cloth. They need waking up, these Idle Rich. Please send me one dozen of your perfect cigar ends.

Another fellow who ought to have some of the conceit taken out of him is the fussy Good Samaritan. For twopence you can cure him of his coddling ways by providing yourself with The Finger Stall. It is a great notion, The Finger Stall. "Your friend" (if you have any left by now) "questions you about your cut finger, then ask him to tie a piece of tape to keep the stall secure. Just as he is about to tie a knot, you turn around, leaving the stall in his possession. The poor fellow, thinking your finger has come off, gives a shrieking yell. You MUST HAVE ONE!" *Farceur!*



THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

OUR MR. ASQUITH. "FIVE HUNDRED CORONETS, DIRT-CHEAP! THIS LINE OF GOODS OUGHT TO MAKE BUSINESS A BIT BRISKER, WHAT?"

OUR MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "NOT HALF; BOUND TO GO LIKE HOT CAKES."

CINDERELLA'S DIARY.

(Picked up in a Provincial Theatre.)

Tuesday.— Sometimes I think I am a very lucky girl, having two big sisters to look after me. I expect there are lots of young girls who have nobody at all, and I think they must be so lonely. There is always plenty of fun going on in our house. Yesterday I heard Sister Fred telling Sister Bert something about her old man coming home very late one night— I didn't quite understand who the old man was, or what it was all about, but I know Sister Bert thought it was very funny, and I seemed to hear a lot of people laughing; perhaps it was the fairies. And then whenever Sister Bert sits down she always pulls her skirt right up to her knees, so as people can see her stockings. I mean there's always something amusing happening.

Of course I have a good deal of work to do, and I all the washing up, but my sisters are so big and strong that one can't expect them to bother themselves with niggling little things like that. Besides, they have so many other things to do. Only this morning, when Sister Bert was just going to sit down, Sister Fred pulled away her chair, and she sat on the floor and her legs went up in the air. She said it was a "grand slum," which some of us thought very funny. I didn't laugh myself because I never go out anywhere, and so I don't understand topical remarks, but I do think it is nice to live in such an amusing house.

(Later.) A wonderful thing has happened! Two messengers came from the Prince an hour ago to invite us to the ball to-night! I'd never seen a messenger in my life, so I peeped out of the chimney corner at them and wondered if they would stay to tea. But instead of that my sisters put up what they call a "trapeze" (I never knew we had one before), and the messengers did some extraordinary things on it, I thought they would kill themselves. After it was over, Sister Fred told them a lot of stories about the old man, and altogether it was quite different from what I expected. Ours is a funny house.

As soon as the messengers had gone, my sisters began to get ready for the ball. I knew I shouldn't be able to go, because I haven't got a frock, and I simply couldn't wear anything of theirs, they are so much bigger than I am. They finished dressing downstairs for some reason, where anybody might have seen them—they are so funny about things like that—and we had a lot of laughter about the clothes being too tight and so on. I think anything

like that is so amusing. Then they went off, and here I am all alone. It is getting dark, and so I am going to cheer myself up by singing a little.

(Later.)— I am going to the Ball! My Fairy Godmother, whom I had often heard about, suddenly came to see us. I told her my sisters were out, and she asked where they had gone, and wouldn't I like to go too, so of course I said I should love it. So I am going, and she has got a frock for me and everything. She is very kind, but not quite so fairylike as I expected.

Wednesday.— I have had a lovely time, and I think I am in love. I got to the Ball just as the juggling and the ventriloquism were over—it must be a delightful Court to live in—and there was such a sensation as I appeared. The Prince singled me out at once. He has the pinkest cheeks and the reddest lips of any man I know, and his voice is soft and gentle, and oh! I love him. One wants a man to be manly and a woman to be womanly, and I don't think I should love a man if he were at all like Sister Fred or Sister Bert. The Prince is quite different. We wore alone most of the time, and we sang several songs together. My sisters never recognised me; it was most surprising. I heard Sister Fred telling a very fine-looking gentleman a story about a lodger (whatever that is) who had a bit of a head, it sounded very humorous. Wherever Sister Fred goes there is sure to be fun. I am indeed a lucky girl to have two such sisters and to be in love with a Prince. Sister Bert sat down on the floor twice—it was most amusing.

A terrible thing happened just as the clock struck twelve. All my clothes turned into rags, and I just ran out of the room, I was so frightened. Then I remembered what my Fairy Godmother had said about leaving before twelve o'clock. I suppose she knew what would happen if I didn't. I'm afraid I left a glass slipper behind—I hope she won't mind about it.

Well, I've had a lovely time. Even if I never see the Prince again, I shall always have this to look back to. I don't mind what happens now.

Thursday.— I am going to marry the Prince! I can't believe it is true. Perhaps it is only a dream, and I shall wake up soon, but even if it's a dream it's just as good as it were real. It was all because of the slipper I left behind. The Prince said that he would marry the person whom it fitted, because he had fallen in love with the lady who wore it at the ball (me!), and so everybody tried it on. And they came to our

house, and Sister Bert tried it on. She pulled her skirt up to her knees and made everybody laugh, but even then she couldn't get into it. And Sister Fred made a lot of faces, but she couldn't. So I said, "Let me try," and they all laughed, but the Prince said I should, and of course it fitted at once. Then they all recognised me, and the Prince kissed me, and a whole lot of people came into the house who had never been invited, and we had the trapeze out again, and there was juggling and ventriloquism, and we all sang songs about somebody called Flanagan (whom I don't think I have ever met), and Sister Bert kept sitting down suddenly on the floor. (But the Prince didn't think this was at all funny, so I expect I must have been right all the time when I have only pretended to laugh. I used to think that perhaps I hadn't a sense of humour.) And then the Prince kissed me again, and my Fairy Godmother came in and kissed us both. Of course we do owe it all to her really, and I shall tell Charming so.

I do think I am a wonderful person!

A. A. M.

CRACKER MOTTOES.

For Mr. Lloyd George

"Either I am the foremost horse in the team, or I am none." FLETCHER

For the Lord Advocate.

"Oh no, we never Pension them!"

HAYNES BAILY (revised)

For Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

"Much have I travelled in the realms of gold." KEATS.

For Mr. J. L. Garvin.

"The observed of all Observers." SHAKESPEARE (*Hamlet*).

For Mr. P. E. S.

"Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith." O. W. HOLMES.

For Home Rulers.

"You k'n hide de fier, but w'at you gwine do wid de smoke?"

JOEL HARRIS.

For the People.

"Play with your peers."—Proverb.

For the Socialist.

"I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls!" BOHEMIAN GIRL.

For Tariff Reform.

"He'd make a lovely corpse!" CHARLES DICKENS (*Martin Chuzzlewit*).

For the Country.

"England does not love coalitions!" LORD BEACONSFIELD.



Ma d. "PLEASE, 'M, COOK'S CAUGHT A MOUSE IN THE TRAP!"

Mistress. "WELL, DROWN IT."

Ma d. "YES, 'M; D' YOU THINK IT 'UD LIKE 'OT WATER, OR COLD?"

TO MY POSTMAN.

(A YULETIDE HOMILY.)

HENRY or William, as the case may be
(Or let me call you Herbert, like your masters,
Unbinder of the bags of destiny,
The meter-out of sunshine and disaster,
I noticed, Herb,
You capped me yesternorning on the kerb
You want your Christmas box? But tell me why; •
Your cousin in the casque and beetle-biffrs
Who quells obstruction with his awful eye
When frays occur or when the cabman differs,
He, as a rule,
Has earned the silvery palm he wears at Yule,
He keeps the pestilential tramp away;
Blend of the tireless slouth-bound and the tough lynx,
He nearly always knows the time of day,
And nabs the felon who would pouch my cuff-links;
But you, old son,
What, in the name of SAMUEL, have you done?
Have you not always tried to fob me off
With stale old bills, and futile propaganda,
And moneylenders' ads, and cures for cough,
When I was faint for something from Amanda?
Ay, and far worse,
When I expected meeds for flower-like verse?

Morns there have been—ay! blush for it as red
As your own pillar-box—when you have simply
Passed by the front-door gate, and cut me dead,
Though all your sack with envelopes was pimplly
Never a line
To feed the sacred Muse, the fire divine.

Others again, when you have brought me wet
With tears of editors—some homing sonnet,
Wrapped in a note like this of wild regret:—
"Your manuscript has every sign upon it
Of heaven-born flame,
But will not suit us. Thanks for offering same."

At times you've roused me from the evening lamp
For some absurdly unimportant billet
(Because it failed to wear your footling stamp)
To squander twopenny by Apollo's fillet!
At times to weep
Over some card returned from death's long sleep

This is the way, O Herb, you've done your job,
And now you seek for largesse from the poet!
Small value have I found for this five bob,
Still, as you say, it's Christmas, I'll bestow it.
Only look here!

My correspondence *must* improve next year. FAVOR.

"GREAT MASTERS OF LAND ARE PAINING."

Adapted from "The Times."

This is what our peer landlords are reduced to for a living!

OF LIGHT VERSE.

ANOTHER collection of the lighter and gayer sort of poetry has just come into the world, and I make haste to welcome it, not, indeed, as having read it through from cover to cover, but as having used it aright by dipping into it again and yet again. It is called *A Book of Light Verse*, has been gathered together by Mr. R. M. LEONARD, and is published by the Oxford University Press. Now that the Cambridge Press has taken up *The Encyclopedia Britannica*, with all its apparatus of Transatlantic booms and touting circulars, it is pleasant to see the printers of Oxford modestly putting forth this delightful edition of pretty immortalities.

MR. LEONARD has done his work with skill and discretion. He gives us less than six pages of preface, and two of these are taken up by a quotation of Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON's famous definition from the preface to *Lyra Elegantiarum*. In the body of the book he has grouped his poems pleasantly according to their subjects, and has added a small body of notes. Certainly he is catholic in his taste, for, though he includes no living masters (they may still be bought to their own profit in their own volumes), he ranges from CHAUCER through CAMPION, HERRICK, PRIOR, LOVELACE and all the rest of them to J. K. STEPHEN. I do not say that I agree with him on every single point of his selections or his omissions, but I agree, and I think most readers will agree, in the vast majority of points, and no anthologist can properly ask or obtain more.

It is agreeable to find light verse frankly recognised by a great and learned university. Too often there has been more than a hint of patronage in the attitude of the academic towards the airy sportiveness of the friendly muse, as though we were to understand that the light versifier must not presume to count himself a poet because men had been beguiled by his efforts into a smile. Now, however, all this is changed, no doubt owing to the presence in Oxford of Mr. A. D. GODLEY, a most witty poet and a profoundly learned man. Let us agree, then, that if a man is to write good light verse he must be a poet, though he may consciously circumscribe his genius. He may refrain from those loftier flights in which a great poet exercises his wings, but wings he must have, though they never bear him beyond the pretty garden-flowers or out of hearing of the pleasant conversation of his friends.

does it deal? It may be playful or tender, but it must not be spiteful or mawkish. It may be humorous or regretful, but the humour must not be mere buffoonery and the regret must not become a bitter lamentation. It can sport with the little grief of a child, but it has no concern with the tragedy that ruins a man's life. It may invite a friend; it can never denounce or trample on a foe. It can prick folly as it flies, but it averts its gaze from vice. It may recognise with a sigh the sense of tears in mortal things; it may even shed a half-acknowledged tear; but its sorrow is touched with resignation and with hope. It may play lightly with the emotions, but it leaves to others barbarous and elemental passions. It is refined without affectation,

polite without servility; often conventional, but never dull. It may be serious in intention, but it must be sparkling in manner. Even if it speaks in the guise of a lover it must be ready to laugh love away with a jest. It may be as gay and gallant as the ideal courtier, but a loyal heart must beat beneath the silks and laces even while the pretty compliment is being turned. Friendship it delights in, and the cheerful intercourse of men and all that is pure and of good report. It can smile with you along the pleasant paths; it can encourage you with happy raillery or console you with a song when the ways are rough and thorny, and through all and above all it offers you a companionship which is never exacting, a learning which is never pedantic, and a knowledge of life which is never ponderous.

So much for what I may call the spirit of light verse. As to its execution much might be said and many examples might be given if space permitted. Here I must content myself with saying that the language must be simple, natural,

and easy. The sentences must flow in a happy sequence of the right words. There must be no rough inversions tearing the words from their due order merely to suit the exigencies of rhyme or metre. This is to be the abject slave of your rhymes, instead of their gallant master. And as to the rhymes themselves, they must have the appearance of being absolutely inevitable, as though, in fact, they were the only words which enabled the writer to express his thought adequately. Even those daring acrobats of verse who dance on a tight-rope of three-syllable rhymes must have a care to their feet, for a slip may be fatal. And if anyone should dare to rhyme "harder" with "Armada" and "grate" with "great" he will be held doubly accursed, first as a Cockney and next as a Frenchman—so far at least as his wretched rhymes are concerned.

R C. L.



"NOW, JOHNNY, WHAT WAS THE SERMON ABOUT?"
"WEREN'T YOU LISTENING, MOTHER?"

What, then, is this kind of verse, and with what subjects



Hotel. "O'ADS BE GONE ACROSS YONDER, MISTER."

Boxing-Day Sportsman. "OH, HANG THE HOUNDS. WHERE'S THE HOTEL?"

YULETIDE YARNS.—2.

"Ring out the false; ring in the true."

THE WAITS.

The False.

Listen to the sweet refrain
Floating down the moonlit lane—
Wench and stripling, lad and lass,
Chanting *Good King Wenceslas*.

The True.

Every evening at the gate
Figures the accursed Wait:
All of them, I say, are curs'd;
But the basses are the worst.

THE POSTMAN'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

The False.

"This has been a heavy year;
Give him half-a-sovereign, dear."

The True.

"Nothing but rejected verse!
Tell the man I've lost my purse."

CRACKERS.

The False.

There are crackers for the boys,
Crammed with quips and caps and
toys.

The True.

There is something which they lack;
Crackers do not always crack.

SNOWBALLING.

The False.

Everyone whose heart is right
Loves to have a snowball fight.

The True.

I have never loved it yet;
English snow is very wet.

SKATING.

The False.

O'er the ringing ice we skim,
Glad at heart and lithe of limb.

The True.

Skating is a fraud, I think;
There is plenty at the rink.

SLIDING.

The False.

When it freezes, we shall make
Splendid slides upon the lake.

The True.

If I want to have a fall,
I can get it in the hall.

SKI-ING.

The False.

"Let us *ski* across the downs;
We can call upon the Browns."

The True.

"On the whole I feel that we
Should not shine upon a *ski*."

SEEING THE NEW YEAR IN.

The False.

Here we stand, mid frost and time,
Listening for the village chime,
Soon the solemn note is heard,
And the Vicar says a word.

The True.

Playing Bridge, we do not hear
When the bells ring off the year,
And discover with a shock
It is nearly two o'clock.

Seasonable Greeting.

FOR SITTING MEMBERS "Mr. Blank begs to wish you the compliments of the season and to solicit the favour of your vote at all the elections in the New Year."

"The ship rides the Atlantic waves with ridiculous ease, and most of the passengers have mustered for every meal."

The Daily Telegraph.

It is really quite an ordinary condiment. (N.B.—To get the full flavour of this paragraph read it aloud to your friends.)

The Flowing Bowl.

"CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

Give your friends — soda water."

Advt. in "Non-Resistant Guardian."

Keep it moving, Perkins.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BLUE BIRD."

On my second annual visit to Mr. TRENCH's aviary in the Haymarket I confess that I forfeited the luxury-of-Being-in-one's-Stall-at-the-Start in favour of the more human Happiness-of-Dining-in-Comfort. But I saw quite as many beautiful things as I can ever take in at one sitting. I did not however find occasion to make any great change in my opinion of M. MATTERLINCK's work. I felt, as I felt before, that if he chooses to represent the search for



HAYDEN

Gentleman with pear-shaped figure, to Tyttil (Master Eric RAE). "I am the Luxury-of-Owning-Land."

Pear's Voice (from the Pit). "Then you must have been overlooked by Lloyd George."

happiness symbolically in the concrete shape of children looking about for a Blue Bird, he should be logical with his symbols and not make them behave as they never would or could; not make his children hang about churchyards at midnight, for instance, or inspect caverns full of noxious bogies.

In any work, too, of which the decorative quality keeps the eye busily employed, I protest that the spectator ought not to be made to think too furiously. The general scheme of this allegory may be simple enough, but over its details, often apparently arbitrary, one exhausts oneself in trying to discover a meaning where I daresay the author himself was at a loss to know what he was driving at.

The new scenes, showing (1) a feast of wanton and obese gourmands; (2) the same as gibbering brown spectres

stripped of their external gauds and internal adipose deposit; (3) a bevy of higher Happineses, did not help much to remedy the inconsistency of the author's original design. For here, to judge by their nomenclature, we have a host of abstractions—such as the Happiness-of-Being-Well, and the Joy-of-Walking-Barefoot-in-the-Dew—imported into a play which sets out to illustrate its ideas by symbolism. What are these humanised abstractions doing here? They ought to be birds. If you start by symbolising your Happiness-in-Chief as a Blue Pigeon then your particular Happineses should be represented by Blue Canaries and Green Thrushes and Purple Tomtits. The fact is that M. MATTERLINCK has strung loosely together some pretty fancies and moral lessons, and that Mr. TRENCH has given them an amazingly beautiful setting; but to say that *The Blue Bird* is a perfect work of art, in any constructive sense, is to talk through one's Gibus.

In the interval that followed these novelties I own that I freely enjoyed the Luxury-of-Not-Being-Proached-at. What the boy Tyttil thought of it all I can't imagine; or how he contrived to escape the self-consciousness which everybody was working hard to instil into him. It is enormously to the credit of his undefeated innocence that he didn't wake up next morning a confirmed prig. It was no fault of the style of instruction employed by his guides and councillors—*Light and Night*, and the Caretaker of the Palace of Happiness from whose lips came a steady flow of adult rhetoric like a dictation lesson. What should a little child of nature want to know, for example, of the "peerless joy of maternal love"? All this kind of thing was really being shot over his head at the larger intelligences of stall and pit.

The play could well do with a little more comic relief, though Mr. RICHY, as *Bread*, contributed some pice effects in this line, and Tyttil was funny among the tombstones. Personally, I never frequent churchyards at midnight and cannot say whether jokes about the dead are regarded as more seemly at this hour than in broad daylight. Master ERIC RAE was extraordinarily good, and showed, I thought, a more appreciative interest in the various exhibits than the previous Tyttil did. I missed Miss INA PRELBY as *Water*, but she had had a hand in the charming dances, and her place was well filled by Miss SEYLER.

The lighting (and darkening) was admirably handled, notably in the approach to the Land of Memory, but

the veiled movements of the white draperies in the gloom of the forest were too rapid, and gave the effect of a pillow-fight.

I should like to end by saying that, after all traceable faults have been found, *The Blue Bird*, if not taken too seriously (as in some of the above stodgy remarks), is a really delightful entertainment. O. S.

"OUR LITTLE CINDERELLA."

On another page I have made a guess at the way in which modern pantomime strikes Cinderella. Let me say at once that I do not mean *Cinderella* of the Playhouse, for Mr. LEO TREVOR has made a gallant attempt to escape from modern pantomime. His "ugly sisters" are women, his Prince is a man; for this alone he deserves our thanks. Moreover the story goes along straightforwardly, without any pauses for performing seals and such, while the lyrics have a real connection with the plot, and never wander into irrelevant



HAYDEN

"Maude, with his exquisite face, And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky." Truncheon.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE ... Lord Panterfield, inquiries after Kelly. In fact, Mr. TREVOR gave himself every chance of success, and then, alas! just missed it.

I first began to fear that he had missed it when one of the sisters started cutting short her words in the manner of PHIL RAY. This method of conversation, straight from the Tivoli, always makes me laugh, but it also made me wonder whether Mr. TREVOR meant to borrow anything else from the music-halls. And so when fun began to be extracted from the fact that the Baron's

clothes smelt unpleasantly of Bloomer's Best to Powder, and when the Baron bent down to the accompaniment of a loud tearing noise, why then I knew that we should have to wait till next year for the real *Cinderella*.

But *Our Little Cinderella* will do to go on with; it is a step in the right direction. HERMANN LÖHR's music is pretty, the play is beautifully staged, and the lyrics of ARTHUR WIMPERIS are well above the average. (One verse, in a song called "*The Captain*," should be left out; decent theatres don't sneer at the Territorials nowadays.) "And if some of the 'book' is a little stuffy there is a good deal in it that is fresh and charming. In fact, it comes midway between *Pinkie* and *Pantomime*; and the question whether its attempt to attract the devotees of each will make a lasting appeal to those of either. Luckily, however, for the success of *The Playhouse* afternoons one hour a lot of the "moderate man" just now.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE as the Baron, *Lord Putterfield*, is as delightful in this sort of play as he is in any other. He, his servant *Messenger* (Mr. H. J. Ford), and *Hurlingham* (Mr. ROBERT AVERELL) provided most of the fun, the last-named being a real tower of strength to the cast. Mr. HUBERT BROMILOW was an extremely handsome Prince, but I don't think he ought to have made eyes at the stalls. Both the sisters were good, and Miss MARGERY MAUDE was very sweet and simple and pretty as *Cinderella*. I liked her best in her old clothes and with her hair down, and she too seemed more at home then. To one dear little fairy, whom I take to have been Miss RENÉE MAYER, I offer my humble tribute of thanks—bless her!

M.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS;

OR, THE NEW IDEALISM.

It has been urged upon Mr. HAROLD COX and Mr. BELLOC that they should stand again for Parliament, not as Liberals or Conservatives, but in the Business Government interest. Hitherto, however, the Business party's demands have not been defined. Perhaps the following Election Address might be found useful when the time comes.

To the Electors of—

Gentlemen (or to be more practical, Men) of—, I come before you as a Candidate for the vacancy caused by the [here state reason of bye-election] of your late Member. I will not waste either your time or my own, by polite and flattering circumlocution, which means nothing. I do not consider you the most en-



Indignant Lady. "I'VE BEEN WAVING AND SHOUTING TO THE DRIVER. WHERE ARE HIS EYES?"

Conductor. "THE FACT IS, LADY, HE'S ONLY GOT ONE PAIR, AND HE KEEPS THEM FOR HIS MISTRESS."

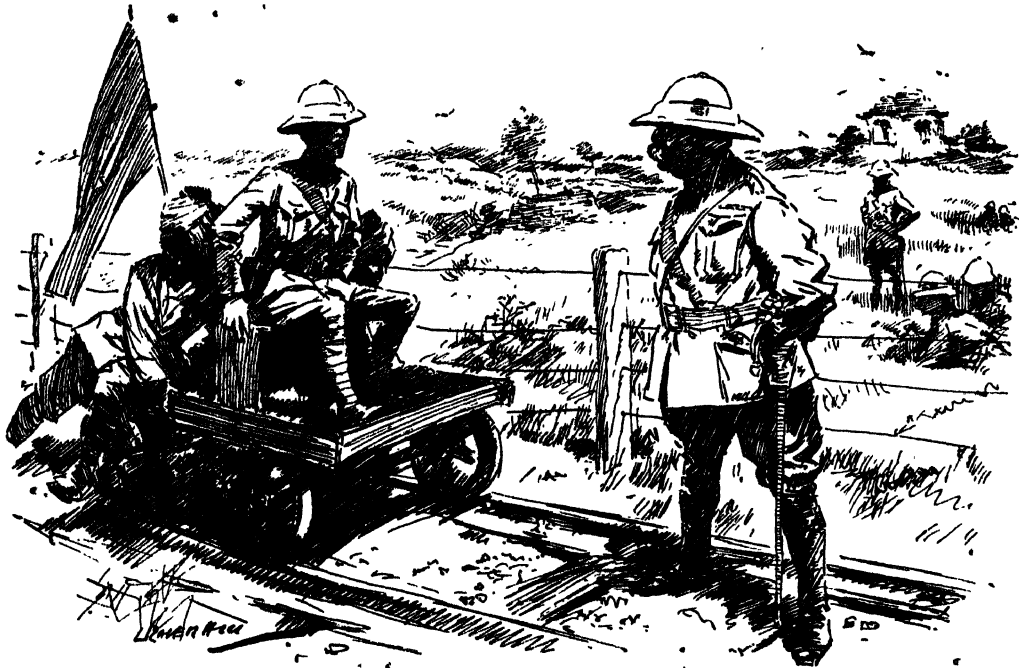
lightened set of voters in the country, nor do you want to be called so. We first essential in a Foreign Secretary understand each other. I want to get is fluent French and a smattering, of into Parliament in order to keep an eye course, of other tongues, therefore I should go for him to the Berlitz School that they do not talk too much and too of Languages and take their most insincerely and squander public money; capable linguist. The War Minister you want a representative who will should be a practical soldier, and one knows only too well where to find him protect your interests.

The old fetish of Party is dead, so far as I am concerned. When the Government brings in a measure that I believe in I shall vote for it; when it brings in a measure that I do not care about I shall vote against it. I intend to be equally at home in both Lobbies if need be; and the Government Whip and I will never be heard calling each other "old chap."

My ideal of the House of Commons is a kind of glorified Whiteley's. Every holder of office must understand his

department through and through. The first essential in a Foreign Secretary is fluent French and a smattering, of course, of other tongues, therefore I should go for him to the Berlitz School of Languages and take their most capable linguist. The War Minister should be a practical soldier, and one knows only too well where to find him. The Chancellor of the Exchequer should understand finance; a ROTHSCHILD could easily be found for the post, and who better? The best Home Secretary is an experienced London stipendiary magistrate. (No humourist need apply.) The perfect Postmaster-General would be an elderly, thoughtful postman. And so on. All my selections, you observe, would be characterised by a blunt, genial common sense.

As for the Premier, he should above all things be a shrewd, prosperous man.



INDIAN MANŒUVRES.

Peppy Colonel. "CAN'T COME THIS WAY, YOUNGSTER, WE'RE DESTROYING THE LINE."

Nervous Sub. "BUT EXCUSE ME, SIR, I'M A—ER—ARMOURED TRAIN."

Co'ncl. "ARMOURED TRAIN, ARE YOU? WELL, I'M A D—D FLYING MACHINE! SO CLEAR OUT!"

of affairs, one who knows the world and is awake to its little games, as high above party as poverty, and accustomed to authority. I should not demand in him any intimacy with Parliamentary procedure; he could always be kept right by legal advisers at his elbow. What I do demand in him is commercial imagination, the instinct for success. Such a man, for example, as Sir THOMAS LIPTON or Mr. JOSEPH LYONS or Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS—men who have worked their way to positions of eminence and respect—men whose names are familiar as household words—men, to whom failure is unknown and unthinkable—men who have no gift of spurious rhetoric, no mediæval superstitions, no patience with frippery, no aptitude for marking time. Such a man it would be a pleasure and privilege to serve, and under him England would rapidly recover her old commercial prestige and gain a reputation for mercantile ability that she has never yet enjoyed.

This, Voters of —, is my creed. Return me as your Member and I will do my best for you and for the country. Your Friend.

THE REJECTED PHIRASE.

THE poor old fellow groaned and then rose wearily.

"Well, well," he cried. "I suppose I shall have to go on the rates. . . ."

"You don't understand? Perhaps you don't know all the years I've been employed, Sir. I have been employed regularly. I have scarcely missed an election; '68, '74, '80 ('85 I don't count—I was out of work for such a short time), '86, '92, '95. I had a fat job on each occasion. All the papers gave me space. But there's an end at last."

I nodded sympathetically, as if I understood, which I didn't.

"When did you begin to suffer?" I asked.

"1900," he answered promptly; "1900 was the beginning. I saw before the election was three days old that I'd get no work *that time*! And I didn't. However, 1906 cheered me up. I had a thoroughly good run all the election."

"Then what has happened since?"

"The election of last January has happened since! This December elec-

tion has happened since! The Liberals have had a majority three times running. I had made quite certain of regular employment by their Press this time, but—"

"But who *are* you, anyhow?" I burst out.

"I? Surely you know me? I used to be one of the best known election phrases in England. I've had my place in the leading article of nearly every losing side since '68. But while I managed to hang on in '85 and 1900, I can't hang on any longer. I'm the well-known SWING OF THE PENDULUM!"

An advertisement in the *Nassau Guardian and Bahama Islands Advocate and Intelligencer* (the paper everybody is talking about just now—it's on all the bookstalls; you simply *must* have a copy)—well, an advertisement in it starts as follows:

"In connection with my Fresh Meat Trade I have installed a Cold Storage Cabinet in which I can take care of all my customers."

The rush for places in this Cabinet in hot weather is said to be terrific; even Mr. ASQUITH has never experienced anything like it.



NO MOURNERS.

THE OLD YEAR. "I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T BEEN VERY POPULAR. TOO LITTLE SUN,
AND TOO MANY ELECTIONS." [Dies.]

PATAGONIAN WRESTLING.

(By a "Times" expert.)

AFTER the Icelandic wrestlers come the Patagonians, the *dernier cri* in the annals of the *palaestra*. Ball games—if we except the primitive sport known

Boltibol, introduced by the troglodyte immigrants from Peru in the eighth century—have never caught on in Patagonia, and it is not surprising that the gigantic aborigines, a gizzard-hearted set of men who preferred fighting to every other pastime, should have adopted wrestling as their favourite diversion.

As far back as the fifteenth century Prince Alfonso, known as the *Trottoire di Globo*, alluded to the species of co-operative contest known as *Skrimchanko*, practised by the Patagonian braves on the borders of Tierra del Fuego. From that day until the visit of Mr. HERBERT PRICHARD the knowledge of *Skrim*, as it is generally called, was a jealously guarded national secret, and no exhibition was given before strangers until Mr. PRICHARD'S visit in quest of the Giant Sloth, when two Patagonian Bishops, Snitram Stykkibak and Tango Blennidip, wrestled in his presence at the Court of King Cocodrillo.

Now, however, the barrier is broken down, and Occabot Tucyvan, the champion of Patagonia, is giving object-lessons in co-operative *Skrimchanko* to the Londoners. Years ago this writer saw Patagonian wrestling in the Falkland Islands, but the performance was perfunctory, and a charming young, giantess, measuring 6 ft. 8 in. in her stockings, with amber-coloured hair and emerald eyes, who had donned her "dinkiest" pampooties with alabaster speedles honour of the occasion, was better worth looking at than the laborious efforts of the perspiring *Skrimchankers*. She reminded me of the lines of KEATS:—

"By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pygmy's growth. She could
have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck,
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel."
Truly she was a most enchanting scion
of the era of Stridbrug.

But to return to Occabot Tucyvan, who is to wrestle to-morrow night at the Bolosseum with Strindberg, the Horrible Finn. He is a beautifully built athlete, whose muscular development is only equalled by his superlative artistry. Indeed, in sheer *bravura* of footwork he reminds me more of a great organist

forbidden. The stance is remarkably open, resembling the posture of a skater executing the Mohawk. The various refinements of the *hipe*, the *swoggle*, and the dorsal *portamento* are all used to good purpose by the Patagonian expert. So also are the variants of the *spoop* and the counter-spoop, which involve a temporary desolating of the clavicular clinker-hold—always a dangerous manoeuvre—but they are seldom resorted to without triumphant results by the best exponents of *Skrimchanko*.

The costume of the Patagonian wrestlers, again, is quite unusual in its *textitura*. It consists of the *bastique*, a sort of kilt made of the untanned hide of the Giant Sloth; a steep-crowned *sambbrero*; and waterproof buskins of porpoise skin laced with thongs of raw mesquite. A close-fitting vest of granulated eulabash completes the costume. It should be added that, unlike the Cumberland, Cornish and Græco-Roman wrestlers, the Patagonians sing without intermission during each of the bouts to the accompaniment of a brass-nose-flute played by their backers.

Skrimchanko, in fine, is the most intellectual and exquisite style of wrestling known, and its variety seems inexhaustible. But its complexity is so great and cryptic that to master it is the study of a lifetime, and even the

English athlete of infinite leisure could hardly hope to acquire the transcendent but apparently effortless technique of an Occabot. We admire but dare not imitate his post-Straussian virtuosity.



CELEBRITIES OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT.

(Suggested by a sad picture of Mr. Grahame-White in a Bath-chair
MR. BERNARD SHAW LOOKS FOR AFTERNOON TEA AT THE VICTORIA

than anything else. His polyphonic dexterity is a treat to witness, and in sheer contrapuntal prestidigitation he recalls the best achievements of G. O. SMITH or BLOOMER.

THE TECHNIQUE OF SKRIMCHANKO.

Without diagrams it is impossible, of course, to give a lucid explanation of the innumerable gambits and counter-gambits of the Patagonian wrestlers. The grip is strongly reminiscent of the corbel-clutch practised by the Tony-pandy miners in dealing with refractory policemen. But all scaffolding, buffing, clicking and tamping are rigorously

"Archdeacon Sinclair, the chairman of the National Council of Public Morals, and the Rev. F. B. Meyer, vice chairman, point out that in future this organization will be known as the National Council of Public Morals—a title which, it is suggested, is more in keeping with the comprehensive educational character of the work."—*Morning Leader*.

That settles it. Now we shall join



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

You open *The Private Life of Cecil Rhodes*, by his Private Secretary, with every hope of studying human greatness apart from the delusive glare of the limelight. You think to discover at last the Empire-maker's attitude to a refractory stud, discover the genesis of an imperial idea over the buttered egg. At any rate, you shall see for yourself the true relations of those public schemes of which you read with those domestic circumstances which you have experienced. You close the book with a sense of having learnt little more than that one **Cecil Rhodes**, a plutocrat, was most kind to his employés, and not, as has apparently been alleged, in any way addicted to drink. For the rest there is an interesting account of Kimberley under siege, and a detailed programme of the great man's funeral. I should have liked to say a word in favour of Mr. **JOHN LANE's** excellently upholstered publication, but the dismal truth is that, whether from too little acquaintance with the art or too much with the subject, Mr. **PHILIP JOURDAN** has not shown himself a gifted biographer. He gives you a number of details of the real life, but leaves behind him no impression of the real man. And that, I am afraid, does not spell suc-

Of course if a nicely-brought-up young girl, and a clergyman's daughter too, must run away with a free-thinking Socialist, bearing the ominous name of *Hammeryard*, when she has just promised to marry a virtuous, if terribly self-satisfied, Conservative M.P., well, what can one expect? That is what the heroine of *The Bride's Mirror* (**HUTCHINSON**) does, and very heavily she has to suffer for it; and to us at least her rashness seems all the more surprising because **MARGARET BAILLIE SAUNDERS** has penalised her with the curiously cacophonous name of *Sheila Sachster*, which anyone (I should have supposed) would have taken the earliest opportunity to alter by legal ceremony; for it was only after some time and earnest entreaty that *Hammeryard* consented to marry her. All the figures reflected in *The Bride's Mirror* are very clever and very clearly defined, *Sheila* herself being a particularly haunting image; the authoress too has a fine, if rather bitter, sense of humour. "Oh, Adela . . . but Christian clarity; when things are made legal, and that—and I believe she has suffered—forgives, doesn't it? After all, it has to." "I hope," said Adela cuttingly, "my principles will never descend to expediency." But was it necessary to add to *Hammeryard's* already colossal iniquities by making him hereditarily in league with the Powers of Darkness? If there be any ethics in novel-writing, it is the aristocrat surely, not the self-made man, who should descend from wicked and Rosicrucian forebears.

Mr. **CLAUDE WASHBURN**, in *Pages from the Book of Paris*

(CONSTABLE), insists rather unnecessarily upon his youth, for that he is young in thought—whatever his years may be—is abundantly evident. I am not, however, saying this in a spirit of depreciation, because youthfulness gives a charm to his book. I have great hopes for Mr. **WASHBURN**, since his complaint (if it is a complaint) is one which can be cured. He is that rare anomaly, a delightful platitudinarian; and to listen to him talking about love, for instance, is as ingenuous an entertainment as can possibly be desired. Nevertheless it would be unfair to him if I failed to add that he does not confine himself to platitudes. It may be superfluous for him to state (in brackets) that "no sincere feeling is despicable," but I can congratulate him upon his observation when he says that the Philistines "are at bottom the most sentimental of creatures." As for Paris, he has captured the elusive spirit of that city, and when otherwise disengaged he writes of his captive with genuine feeling. For Mr. **LESTER HORNBY's** illustrations I have nothing but praise.

I fancy that **Baroness VON HUTTEN** might have found

several more suitable titles for her latest novel than *The Green Patch* (**HUTCHINSON**), because the incident to which this refers does not come till almost the end of the book, when what is, to my mind, the best part of the story has been told. Really, there are two stories. The first treats, delightfully, of the growing up of the three *Lambe* girls, and the life of their charming scatter-brained father. In an early chapter the children (abandoned in an open-boat by their parent, who has dived overboard to battle, and forgotten them) are rescued by *Hughie Gunning*. He promptly falls in love with beautiful stupid *Sylvia*, the eldest; *Susan*, the second, is equally in love with him; and the third girl, *Daphne*, cares for nobody but her father. The question which of them he will marry provides the plot of the tale, and very well told and entertaining it is. But when this was finally settled, and for some reason the book was found to be not quite the right length, I rather fancy that **Baroness VON HUTTEN** may have said to herself, "Why not tack on an excellent idea I've got about a husband who accidentally puts out the eye of his wife's lover?" Accordingly the whole thing is shifted off to Malta, with a married *Daphne* as heroine, and a new set of characters. Even the note of these last chapters different. The second story is exceedingly clever in its own way; but I objected to it because it was so obviously not the one we began with. Besides, I wanted to hear what had become of all the nice people in the other.

"Correction.—P. Mitchelmore writes: 'In my letter in *Saturday's Mercury* there is a misprint. It should read the old shipping port, instead of "old higginsport."'

This having been satisfactorily explained, the local "Mitchelmore Society" is now turning its attention to the more obscure passages of **BROWNING**.



IMPROBABLE SCENES.—IX.

A BOOKING-OFFICE CLERK FORCIBLY RETRIEVING A PASSENGER TO WHOM HE HAS GIVEN TOO LITTLE CHANGE.



BERNARD PARTRIDGE

THE Tory Earl of Meadsbridge had given up his park to the Boy Scouts for a field-day. All the neighbourhood was made free to come and look on. Like so many of his order and political persuasion, he had been at much expense of money and pains to assist Mr. HALDAKE in his Territorial Scheme, but his heart was even more deeply engaged in the success of the Boy Scouts movement, which he regarded as the best thing that had happened to England within his memory. His youngest boy had joined them, and was at this moment manœuvring beside his favourite comrade, the son of the local plumber.

Tory by tradition, but very liberal in all matters that concerned his tenantry, the Earl himself had never taken more than a desultory interest in party-politics, and was therefore classed among the "Wild Peers" or "Backwoodsmen" that go to make the gaiety of Luncheon. But his eldest son had stood for the neighbouring borough of Meadsbridge and just been defeated by a Radical carpet-bagger from London. Blagden by name—who had rented a villa in the neighbourhood in order to woo the constituency. He had lingered in the scenes of his triumph and was among the spectators in the park this afternoon. I chanced to find myself beside him. On his other side, also by chance, was Joynes, the plumber, watching his son at work with the Scouts. I think the new Mr. must have imagined Joynes to be one of his working-men supporters, for he opened speech with him on a note of affability.

"An excellent idea, these Boy Scouts," he said, "if only it doesn't encourage the military spirit. Socially and morally I am all in favour of the movement; brings all kinds together; helps to break down class-hatred."

"Don't you let LORD GEORGE hear you saying things like that, Sir," said Joynes.

Blagden threw a quick glance of suspicion at his man. "If the CHANCELLOR," he replied, "may seem at times to say a few hard home-truths about the Peers, you ought not to blame him. It all comes of his passion for the Cause of the People."

"Well, I'm one of the People," said Joynes, "but I voted Unionist."

"You voted for the Peers?" said Blagden, employing *The Daily Chronicle's* party-denomination. "But that's very generous of you, and rather exceptional."

"Why 'exceptional'?" said Joynes. "A good half of England voted my way this election."

"Ah, but those were the well-to-do, with their selfish interests—publicans and pluralists and so forth."

"Don't you make any mistake about that, Sir," said Joynes. "Lots of 'em were of my class, and thousands and thousands more would have voted the same way if they could have got the idea of the Referendum into their thick heads. But a week's notice wasn't enough. You want a whole Zoo-ful of purloins saying nothing else for a couple of years on end. Then they begin to take it in, like 'Your food will cost you more.' Give 'em time and I'd bet you an even dollar that if they could have a Referendum on the Referendum they'd accept it."

"I do not take your bet," said Blagden, "firstly because I am not a betting-man, and secondly because I think I should lose my money. But it is our business as the People's Choice to save them, if necessary, from themselves. 'Trust the People's Representatives,' is our watchword. Your Tory Candidates went about saying: 'Don't trust me; trust yourselves.' And the People took 'em at their word."

It was at this point that I intervened in the cause of comity. "If I may venture to say so, you seem, Sir," said I, "to assume that the Liberals will have a monopoly of Government for the remainder of Time. That is a prospect which, as a cross-bencher, I should regard with abhorrence for its lack of variety. But supposing—for such things have happened before—supposing the Tories came back one day; and supposing they passed a Bill so violently curtailing the franchise as to ensure their party a continuance of power till the crack of doom—again a prospect that I should deplore on the ground I have mentioned. Where would your party be then without the Referendum, for which, in the plenitude of your strength, you have nothing but contempt?"

"There would be a Revolution," said Blagden, sonorously.

"Ah," said Joy nes, "if Revolutions are to be part of the game, perhaps we shan't have to wait till the Unionists come back. What about Ulster?"

"Don't let's talk of Revolutions," said a quiet voice beside me. I looked and saw an oldish gentleman of a very genial countenance. "Let's stick," he said, "to the Referendum. I happen, though not a party-politician myself, to be addicted to the habit of referring to my own constituency."

"And what may your constituency be?" said Blagden.

"The civilised world in general," said the old gentleman calmly; then added, as if to correct an impression of immodesty, "in particular, the British Empire."

I could see that Blagden thought he had to do with a soft-brained old crony who ought to be humoured. "And how often," said he, "do you use the Referendum?"

"Once a week, and, by way of confirmation, twice a year. It chances that I have at this moment, under my arm, an example of the bulkier kind of Referendum."

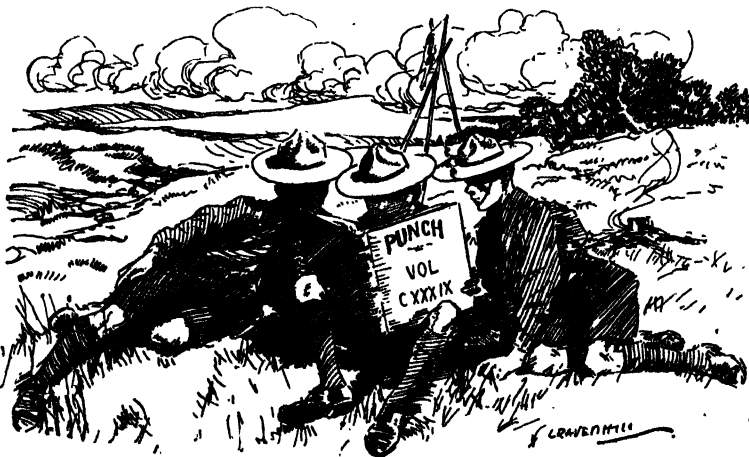
"What's this about the Referendum?" said Lord Meadsbridge as he strolled up and greeted the old gentleman with a smile of protest. "No party-politics allowed within earshot of Boy Scouts, you know!"

"My dear host," said the quiet voice, "there are other things besides party-politics that may be classed as Referenda—in the sense that they need to be submitted for approval to the public intelligence. And such are the contents of this parcel of which I propose to present a facsimile to each troop of the Boy Scouts at whose evolutions I have to-day had the great pleasure of assisting. Had the political wisdom it contains been of a partisan colour I should never have permitted myself to make this offering in such a quarter!"

"My dear Mr. PUNCH," said his lordship, "though I am only a Backwoods Peer" (here he bowed and smiled to Blagden), "yet I have read your Epilogues for years and years, and I have wit enough to guess how this one is going to end. You are about to say—"

"I am," said Mr. PUNCH (for it seems that he had been correctly accosted); "I am about to say that I hope to have the honour of presenting to each troop of your Boy Scouts an early specimen of my

One Hundred and Thirty-Ninth Volume.





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